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NO. CXLIV.—MAY, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL TREES.



THERE have been no Methuselahs since the flood. Man's maximum of life is a century. Only the elephant and the tortoise feebly imitate the longevity of the antediluvians. But there are living things that outlive them all—things statelier far than the tallest man or the largest quadruped—living things that were companions of the gray-beards before Noah, from birth to death, and lived to bless their hoary-headed grandchildren. Such are now the only living links between us and the remote Past.

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 144.—Z Z

They are TREES—grand old trees, about which memories cluster like the trailing vines. They are not numerous, and are therefore more precious. In the shadows of the dark forest—in the light of the lofty hills—in the warmth and beauty of the broad plains of the great globe, they stand in matchless dignity as exceptions. They are Patriarchs in the society of the vegetable kingdom, receiving the homage of myriads of children—Priests, who have ministered long and nobly at Nature's altar—Kings, before whom vast multitudes have fallen prostrate—Chroniclers, within whose invisible archives are recorded the deeds of many generations of men who have risen and fallen since the ancestral seeds of the ancient trees were planted. With what mute eloquence do they address us! With what moving pathos do the trees of Olivet discourse of Jesus, his beautiful life and sublime death! How the cedars of Lebanon talk of Solomon, and Hiram, and the great Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem! How the presence of "those green-robed senators of mighty woods" stirs the spirit of worship in the human soul!

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

In our own country, and in our own time, there have been, and still are, ancient trees intimately connected with our history as colonists and as a nation, and which command the reverence of every American. In my journeys over most of the States during the last fifteen years I have seen many of them, learned the traditions that have made them famous, and placed sketches of them in my port-folio. From these I have chosen some of the most remarkable as the subject of this paper.

I.—THE BIG TREE.

Probably the most ancient of these living links of the Present with the Past was "The Big Tree" that stood on the bank of the Genesee River, near the village of Geneseo, New York. When the white man first saw it it was the patriarch of the Genesee Valley, and was so revered by the Senecas that they named the beautiful savanna around it and their village near it "Big Tree." It also gave name to an eminent Seneca chief, the coadjutor and friend of Corn-planter, Half-town, Farmers-brother, and other great leaders of the warlike Seneca nation, when Sullivan, with a chastising army, swept so ruthlessly through their beautiful land in the early autumn of 1779, annihilating villages, and leaving sombre tracks of desolation behind him, that Washington, "chief of the pale-faces," who was held responsible for the act, was called, like Demetrius of old, *An-na-ta-kau-les*, or The Town-Destroyer. "When your army entered the Six Nations," said Corn-

planter to Washington in 1792, "we called you 'The Town-Destroyer'; and to this day, when that name is heard, our women look behind them and turn pale, and our children cling close to the necks of their mothers."

The Big Tree was an oak; and when, with a small party, I visited and sketched it in the summer of 1857, a few weeks before its destruction, its appearance was a fair counterpart of another thus described by Spenser:

"A huge oak, dry and dead,
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old;
Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head;
Whose feet on earth had got but feeble hold,
And half-disbowed stands above the ground,
With wreathed roots and naked arms."

It was a sultry day in August. Our visit was brief, for a tempest was gathering, and frequent peals of thunder warned us to retreat to the shelter of the town. But we had time to study the venerable tree. It was in evident peril from the abrading current of the Genesee. Little of it was left but its mighty trunk. A vigorous elm, that had germinated beneath its roots, had clasped one of its larger but decayed branches, and seemed like another *Aeneas* piously bearing old Anchises in its filial arms. But it was a treacherous friend. It robbed the old tree of its needed sustenance, and hour by hour, while it twined its young branches lovingly among the gnarled ones of the patriarch, it drew from it its life-blood. A local writer happily compared the relationship to the contact of the hardy Indian with the white man, and wrote:

"Crushed in the Saxon's treacherous grasp
The Indian's heart is broke:
The graceful elm's insidious clasp
Destroys the mighty oak!"

We measured the trunk, and found it to be twenty-six feet nine inches in circumference. Its age was doubtless more than a thousand years. During a great flood in the Genesee River, early in November, 1857, The Big Tree and the treacherous elm were swept away, and buried in the bosom of Lake Ontario.

Ni-ho-ron-ta-go-wa, or Big-Tree, the Seneca chief, whose residence was at Geneseo, was active in the council and the field. He was less a sachem than a chief—less a diplomat than a warrior; yet he was often employed in the civil service of his nation. He was the friend of Washington and his cause; and in the early autumn of 1779 he traversed the Seneca country and tried to dissuade his people from fighting the Americans with Brant. But he was unsuccessful. Sullivan was invading his domain. His countrymen flew to arms in defense of their families, corn-fields, orchards, and villages. Big-Tree's patriotism rose superior to his friendship for the republicans, and placing himself at the head of his warriors he became the most powerful opponent of Sullivan's invading army. But his resentment soon cooled, and he was with Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne, in after-years, in the Ohio country, where they were endeavoring to "conquer a peace" among



THE CHARTER OAK.

the restless tribes of the Northwest. With *Corn-planter* and the aged *Gu-a-su-tha* he was at the treaty of Greenville, which ended the war. That treaty caused his death. He loved Colonel Butler, who was killed at St. Clair's defeat, and had sworn to sacrifice three victims to the manes of his friend. The treaty of peace deprived him of the opportunity, and in his exasperation he committed suicide.

Big-Tree died, an aged man, more than sixty years before his namesake in the Genesee Valley. He was only an infant in years compared to the longevity of that venerable oak.

II.—THE CHARTER OAK.

Doubtless next in age to The Big Tree was the famous Charter Oak, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, which was standing, in the height of its glory, and estimated to be six hundred years old, when the good Hooker and his followers planted the seeds of a Commonwealth there. It was upon a slope of Wyllis's Hill. During a lull in the storm at the autumnal equinox, in 1848, I stood in Charter Street, sheltered by a friend's umbrella, and sketched that venerable tree—a "gnarled oak" indeed. The gale had been sweeping over the land for thirty hours, and had stripped the oak of nearly all its leaves, covering the ground beneath with foliage and acorns. Its circumference, a foot from the ground, was twenty-five feet.

The orifice through which the charter of the Commonwealth of Connecticut was thrust, on the memorable night of the 31st of October, 1687, was smaller at the time of my visit (scarcely admitting a hand) than in the days of Andross, but the cavity remained the same. Sixty years ago, a lady wrote of the Charter Oak, saying, "Age seems to have curtailed its branches, yet it is not exceeded in the height of its coloring or richness of its foliage. The cavity (orifice), which was the asylum of our Charter, was near the roots, and large enough to admit a child. Within the space of eight years that cavity has closed, as if it had fulfilled the divine purpose for which the tree had been reared." On a stormy night in August, 1854, the old oak was prostrated; and now almost every particle of it is in some pleasing form wrought by the cunning hand of art, and cherished as a memento of a curious episode in our colonial history.

That episode is indeed curious. When James, Duke of York, one of the worst of the Stuart dynasty, ascended the British throne, he took measures, by the advice of unscrupulous courtiers, to suppress the growth of free governments in America, which had been established and fostered under liberal charters given by his brother and predecessor, Charles the Second. He conceived a scheme for making all New England a sort of vice-royalty; and he sent Edmund Andross, a bigot and petty tyrant, to take

away the charters from the different colonies, and rule over them all as Governor-General. Connecticut refused to give up her charter. The incensed Andross went to Hartford with a band of soldiers, at the close of October, 1687, while the Assembly was in session, to demand an instant surrender of it. He walked into the Assembly chamber with all the assumed dignity of a Dietator. The members received him courteously. He made his demand with hauteur, and the subject was discussed with dignified freedom until evening and the eandles were lighted. The charter, contained in a neat, long box, was placed upon the table. Andross stretched forth his hand to take it, when the lights were suddenly extinguished, loud huzzas went up from a large crowd outside, and many pressed into the Assembly chamber. Captain Wadsworth, according to a concerted plan, had seized the charter, and borne it away in the gloom unperceived. He hid it in the cavity of a venerable oak in front of the mansion of the Honorable Samuel Wyllys, a magistrate of the colony.

The eandles were soon relighted, order was restored, but the charter could not be found. No one could or would reveal the place of its concealment. Andross stormed, and threatened them with the hot displeasure of the King. The members heard him with calmness, and they uttered no word of remonstrance when he took possession of their records, declared the General Court dissolved, and the Government at an end,

writing FINIS upon their journal at the close of such declaration. They knew the value and power of their preserved Constitution.

The Charter was not long concealed. James was soon driven from the British throne, and Andross from New England. Eminent English jurists decided that as Connecticut had never surrendered its charter it remained in full force. It was drawn from its hiding-place, and the government was immediately re-established under it. From that time until its destruction Wyllys's venerable tree was known as the Charter Oak.

An interesting fact may properly be mentioned in this connection. Charles the Second granted the charter to Connecticut, which was concealed in an oak for its preservation. Charles himself was concealed in a hollow oak eleven years before (1676), for his own preservation, after the battle of Worcester. In honor of his King, and in commemoration of this event, Dr. Halley, the astronomer, named a constellation in the heavens *Robur Caroli*. The oak may be justly styled a royal tree. Spenser speaks of it as

"The builder oak, sole King of forests all."

It is an emblem of strength, constancy, virtue, and long life; attributes which ought to be the characteristics of a monarch.

III.—PENN'S TREATY TREE.

In the summer of 1682 a small vessel called the *Welcome* sailed from England with William Penn and a company of Quakers for the shores



PENN'S TREATY TREE

of the Delaware Bay and River, on the borders of which lay a broad domain that had been granted to Penn by his sovereign. The settlers received him with great joy when he landed early in October. "It is the best day we have ever seen," said the Swedes.

After making some arrangements with the colonists Penn proceeded up the river, in November, to Shackamaxon (now Kensington precinct, Philadelphia), and there, under the wide-spreading but leafless branches of a venerable elm-tree, on the bank of the Delaware, he made a treaty with the Indians, not for their lands, but of peace and friendship. "We meet," said Penn, "in the broad pathway of good faith and good-will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

The simple-minded children of the forest were delighted with this doctrine, so different from the practices of the Puritans and the Cavaliers of which they had heard. "We will live," they said, "in love with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." And they did so. "William Penn began," said Voltaire, "with making a league with the Americans his neighbors. It is the only treaty between those nations and the Christians which was never sworn to, and never broken."

Penn then proceeded to found the capital of his province, between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, where the Swedes had already built a church. The city was named Philadelphia—brotherly love—and houses soon began to rise upon "the virgin elysian shore." Thus was established the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, upon principles expressed in the name of the capital.

"Thou'l find," said the Quaker, "in me and mine,
But friends and brothers to thee and thine,
Who abuse no power and admit no line,
Twixt the red man and the white."
And bright was the spot where the Quaker came
To leave his hat, his drab, and his name,
That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame
Till its final blast shall die."

"The Treaty Tree," as the great elm was ever afterward called, became an object of veneration. Penn loved the spot; and twenty years afterward, when he contemplated making his permanent residence in Pennsylvania, he tried to purchase the fine house of Thomas Fairman, by the tree, and the estate around it, considering it, he said, "one of the pleasantest situations on the river for a governor." Benjamin West commemorated the scene of the treaty in a beautiful painting—a picture, however, full of absurdities. He omitted the river; and he represented Penn as an old man in the Quaker garb of George the Third's time, whereas he was a young

man, thirty-eight years old, dressed in the costume of the better class in Charles the Second's reign, and wearing, as a badge of distinction on that occasion, a sash of blue silk net-work around his waist. That sash is preserved by the Penn family in England.

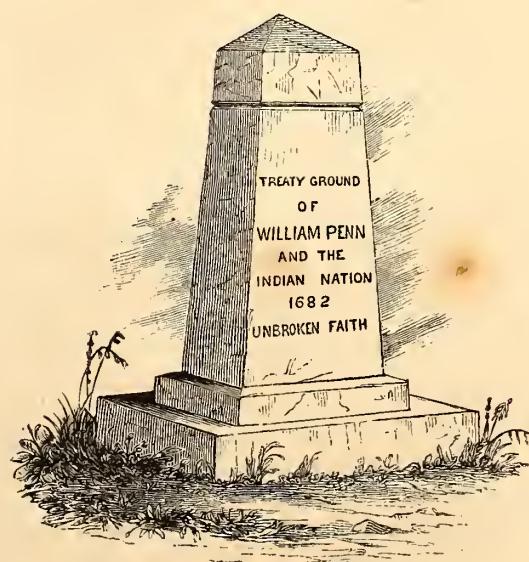
The venerable and venerated "Treaty Tree" was protected with great care. It was not lofty but wide-spread. Birch made a drawing of it at the beginning of this century. George Lehman made one at a later period; and from that, in which the city of Philadelphia is seen in the distance, our little sketch was copied. During a gentle gale, on the night of the 3d of March, 1810, the venerable elm was prostrated. Its consecutive rings proved it to be two hundred and eighty-three years of age. The circumference of its trunk was twenty-four feet. The wood was converted by art into a great variety of forms for preservation. An arm-chair was made of it and presented to the venerable Dr. Rush. The Penn Society erected a monument upon its site, with suitable inscriptions,* which now stands near the intersection of Beach and Hanover streets, Kensington suburbs.

The venerable Judge Peters, the esteemed personal friend of Washington, thus wrote after the tree had fallen:

"Let each take a relic from that hallowed tree,
Which, like Penn, whom it shaded, immortal shall be;
As the pride of our forests let elms be renowned,
For the justly-prized virtues with which they abound.

* * * * *

Though Time has devoted our tree to decay,
The sage lessons it witnessed survive to our day;
May our trust-worthy statesmen, when called to the
helm,
Ne'er forget the wise *treaty* held under the ELM."



TREATY TREE MONUMENT.

* The following is a copy of the inscriptions:

North Side.—"Treaty-ground of William Penn and the Indian Nation, 1682. Unbroken Faith."

South Side.—"William Penn, born 1644. Died 1718."

West Side.—"Placed by the Penn Society, A.D. 1827, to mark the site of the great Elm-Tree."

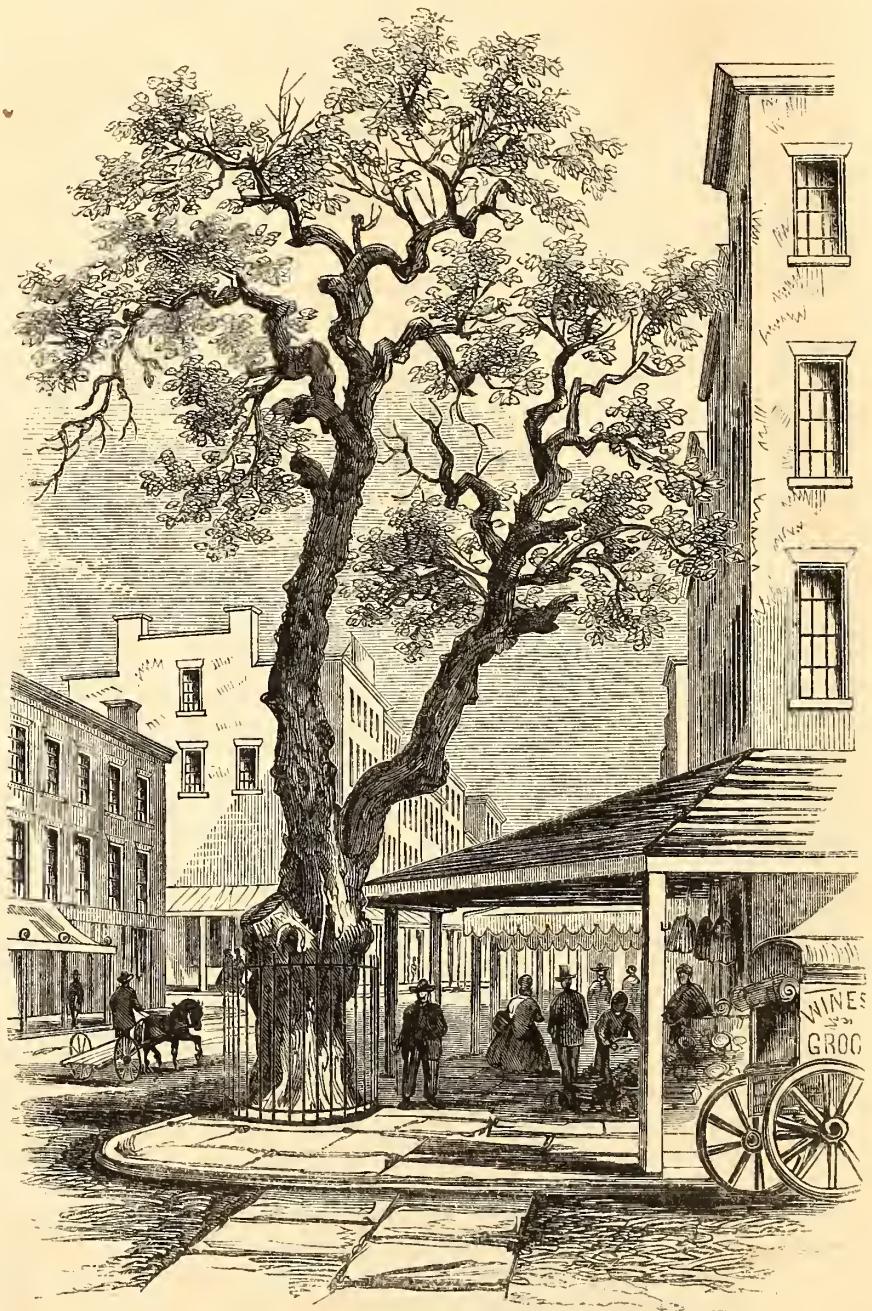
East Side.—"Pennsylvania founded 1681, by deeds of Peace."

IV.—THE STUYVESANT PEAR-TREE.

“Peter the Headstrong,” of Irving’s inimitable comic history of early New York, was not always disputing with democratic burgomasters, watching interloping Yankees, silencing the complaints of those who were not fond of despotism, nor fighting Swedes and Indians. He loved the country and the delights afforded by farm and garden. He loved *home*, in its broadest Tenthic sense; and during the first year of his life in New Amsterdam (now New York) he laid the foundations of domestic happiness by marrying Judith Bayard, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy Huguenot, whom he found blooming in this Western wild. He had built a house of small yellow brick brought from Holland, remote from the town, laid out a garden, and planted in it some choice pear-trees from his native country, in 1647. Peter Stuyvesant was a soldier, with a silver leg and an attractive face. He was a bachelor of forty-five when he married Judith, the black-eyed brunette.

Stuyvesant’s life as Governor in New Netherland was a stormy one. It was only at his house, in the bosom of his “Bowerie Farm,” that he found peace. Fledgeling democrats, Puritan interlopers, exasperated Indians, ambitious Swedes, and a rebellious Patroon agent, high up the Mauritius or Hudson, continually disturbed the current of his public life.

At length a greater calamity fell upon Stuyvesant. The lately-restored monarch of England, with the impudence of the Prince of Darkness, who offered the Lord from heaven whole kingdoms of which he did not own a rood, gave the fair domain of the Dutch West India Company to his brother, James, Duke of York and Albany, and granted him military power sufficient for him to come and take it with the strong hand and will of a highway robber. Resistance was useless. All the people of Manhattan counseled surrender; but Peter Stuyvesant, with the proverbial obstinacy of his race, stood out for three days against the threats of enemies and the remonstrances of friends. At



THE STUYVESANT PEAR-TREE.

last he yielded. Dutch power in North America crumbled, and New Netherland and New Amsterdam became New York.

Stuyvesant retired to his farm, built a chapel on the site of the present St. Mark’s Church, and, after eighteen years of repose in the bosom of domestic life, he was buried there, leaving his farm to yield enormous wealth to his descendants. Time wrought mighty changes in farm, in house, and in garden. At last no living thing that Stuyvesant had fostered with his own hand remained except a solitary pear-tree. The farm and the garden lie beneath costly structures of brick and stone; yet that pear-tree continues to blossom and bear fruit. Year after year it has been bereft of branches, until it has become little more than a venerable trunk.

The Stuyvesant Pear-Tree (now two hundred and fourteen years old) stands on the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street—the oldest living thing in the city of New York.

V.—GATES'S WEEPING WILLOW.

Only nine streets above the Stuyvesant Pear-Tree stood a venerable willow-tree, until 1860, when it was cut down. Our sketch presents it as it appeared in 1845. Its history is somewhat interesting, and the record of its pedigree is curious and worth preserving. It is as follows:

Soon after Pope, the eminent English poet, built his villa at Twickenham a friend in Smyrna sent him a drum of figs. In it was a small twig, which Pope stuck in the ground on the bank of the Thames, near his dwelling. It took root, grew rapidly, and became the admiration of the poet and his friends, for it was the *Salix Babylonica*, or Weeping Willow. This was the parent of all its kind in England and the United States. But its life was short. Pope died, and Lord Spenser became the owner and careful guardian of Twickenham. It was finally purchased by Lady Howe, to whom Pope once addressed the following lines, in reply to her question, "What is Prudery?"

"'Tis a beldam
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows.
'Tis a virgin, hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature:
Lean and fretful—would seem wise,
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you."

Lady Howe had little reverence for the material works of Pope's taste and genius. She leveled the villa, and built a commonplace house near the site; and every thing that he prized was suffered to fall into decay. A Scotch writer, who visited the spot a few years ago, remarked, "The house of the poet was gone, ruthlessly pulled down by a lady—Queen of the Goths and Vandals might she well be called; a lady of rank was she and title; and her only object in this wanton piece of barbarism would seem to have been to demonstrate, by an overt act, how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the breast of some of the aristocracy of rank for the abiding-place of the aristocracy of genius.....The Willow-Tree, also springing from the hand of the poet, as much one of his works as the 'Messiah' or the 'Windsor Forest', whose pendent boughs overshadowed the silvery Thames, was pulled up by the roots!"

The British officers who came to Boston in 1775 to "crush the American rebellion," expected to complete the business in a few weeks. Some came prepared for sporting; and one young officer made preparations for settling upon the confiscated land of some "rebel." He brought with him, wrapped in oil-silk, a twig from Pope's Willow to plant in his American grounds. Events disappointed him. He had become acquainted with Mr. Custis, Washing-



GATES'S WEEPING WILLOW.



PONTIAC'S MEMORIAL TREE.

ton's step-son, and who was his aid at Cambridge. The young officer presented his twig to him. Custis planted it near his house at Abingdon, in Virginia, where it grew vigorously.

In 1790 General Gates leased a farm on Rose Hill, on Manhattan Island. His house (consumed in 1845) was at the end of a lane leading from the Boston road, now Third Avenue. He brought from Abingdon a shoot from Custis's willow, and planted it at the entrance gate to his lane. It became in time the venerable willow we have delineated on the corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-second Street. It was a grandchild of Pope's Weeping Willow at Twickenham.

VI.—PONTIAC'S MEMORIAL TREE.

I was in Detroit in the autumn of 1860, and in company with a friend rode out northward a mile on Jefferson Avenue to see the great white-wood tree, whose scars commemorate a tragedy performed in its presence about a hundred years ago. A little stream, known in early times as Parent's Creek, comes down from gentle hills after beautifying Elmwood Cemetery, passes under Jefferson Avenue, and flows into the Detroit River a few rods distant. The chief events of the tragedy alluded to may be related in few words.

Pontiac, a great Ottawa warrior and statesman, formed a league of several of the Indian tribes in the Northwest, at the close of the French and Indian war, for the purpose of exterminating the English west of Oswego and Fort Duquesne.

He said to the Canadians at a Council in his camp: "I have told you before, and I now tell you again, that when I took up the hatchet it was for your good. This year the English must all perish throughout Canada. The Master of Life commands it." He then told them that they must act with him, or he would be their enemy. They cited the capitulation at Montreal, which transferred Canada to the English, and refused to join him. He pressed forward in his conspiracy without them, and finally invested Detroit with a formidable force.

In July, 1763, Pontiac was encamped behind a swamp a mile and a half north of the fort at Detroit. Captain Dalzell, who had ranged with Putnam in Northern New York, arrived with reinforcements at the close of the month, and obtained permission to attack Pontiac immediately. A perfidious Canadian informed Pontiac, and he made ready for the attack.

At little past midnight Dalzell marched to Parent's Creek. The darkness was intense. A thousand eager ears were listening for their approach. Five hundred dusky warriors were lurking near the rude log bridge, in the wild ravine through which Parent's Creek flowed. Dalzell's advancee was just crossing the bridge when terrific yells in front, and a blaze of musketry on the left flank, revealed the presence of the wily foe. Half of the advancee party were slain, and the remainder shrank back appalled. The main body, advancing, also recoiled. Then came an-

other volley, when the voice of Dalzell in the van inspirited his men. With his followers he pushed across the bridge, and charged up the hill; but in the blackness the skulking enemy could not be seen, and his presence was known only by the flash of his guns.

Word now reached Dalzell that the Indians, in large numbers, had gone to cut off his communication with the fort. He sounded a retreat, and in good order pressed toward Detroit, exposed to a most perilous enfilading fire. Day dawned with a thick fog; and now, for the first time, the enemy were seen. They came darting through the mist on flank and rear, and as suddenly disappeared after firing deadly shots upon the English. One of these slew Captain Dalzell, while he was attempting to bear off a wounded sergeant. The detachment finally reached the fort, having lost sixty-one of their number, in killed and wounded. Most of the slain fell at the bridge; and Parent's Creek has ever since been called from that circumstance Bloody Run.

The bridge was much nearer the river than Jefferson Avenue; and the huge tree I have delineated, sixteen feet in circumference, and scarred by the bullets of that battle, stood in a thicket in the ravine between the assailants and the assailed.

VII.—THE WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

The thunder-peal of revolution that went forth from Lexington and Concord aroused all New

England, and a formidable army was soon gathered around Boston, with a determination to confine the British invader to that peninsula or drive him into the sea. The storm-cloud of war grew more portentous every hour. At length it burst upon Bunker Hill, and the great conflict for American Independence began. The patriots looked for a competent captain to lead them to absolute freedom and peace. That commander was found in George Washington, of Virginia. A New England delegate suggested him, a Maryland delegate nominated him, and the Confederate Congress appointed him commander-in-chief of all "the Continental forces raised or to be raised for the defense of American liberty." The army at Boston was adopted as the army of the nation; and on the 21st of June, 1775, Washington left Philadelphia for the New England capital to take command of it. He arrived at Cambridge, and made his head-quarters there on the 2d of July. He was accompanied by Major-General Lee, his next in command, and other officers, and received the most enthusiastic greetings from the people on the way.

At about nine o'clock on the morning of the 3d of July, Washington, accompanied by the general officers of the army who were present, proceeded on foot from the quarters of the Commander-in-chief, to a great Elm-Tree at the north end of Cambridge Common, near which the Republican forces were drawn up in proper order. Under the shadow of that wide-spreading tree, Washington stepped forward a few paces, made



THE WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

some appropriate remarks, drew his sword, and formally assumed the command of the army.

Eighty-six years have passed away since that imposing and important event occurred. The great Elm-Tree is still there, flourishing in the pride of its strength and beauty. Near it, when I sketched it in 1848, was Moore's house, one of the oldest in Cambridge, in which then lived the venerable Mrs. Moore, who saw the ceremony from the window of that dwelling. The venerable Elm stands there in the midst of a busy city, a living representative of the forest that covered the land when the "Pilgrim Fathers" came.

VIII.—THE TORY TULIP-TREE.

On a dismal morning in January, 1849, I crossed the dividing line between North and South Carolina, near the Broad River. A chilling northeast wind, freighted with sleet, was driving over the dreary country; and wet snow, two inches deep, covered the ground. I was on

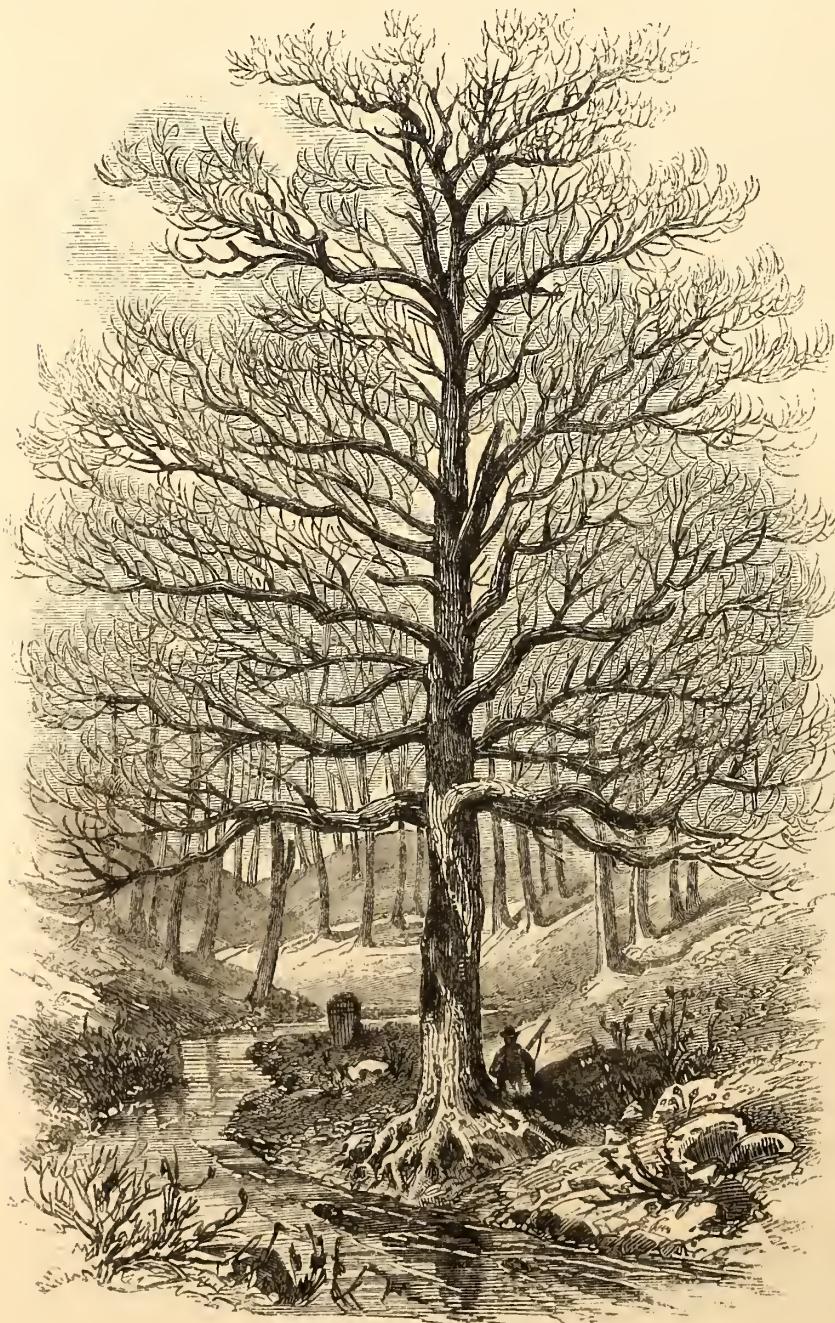
my way to King's Mountain, where Major Patrick Ferguson, one of Lord Cornwallis's officers, with more than a thousand South Carolina Tories, was attacked and defeated by the Republicans, under Colonels Cleveland, Shelby, Campbell, Sevier, and M'Dowell, in October, 1780.

I arrived near the battle-ground in the afternoon when the clouds were breaking; and, on horseback, accompanied by a resident in the neighborhood, ascended the pleasant wooded hills to the memorable spot. The sun was low in the west, and its slant rays, gleaming through the boughs dripping with the melting snows, garnished the forest for a few moments with all the seeming splendors of the mines. In a little dell at the northern foot of the hill, whereon most of the battle was fought, was a clear brook, laving the roots of an enormous Tulip-Tree, whose branches were wide-spread. "That," said Mr. Leslie, my companion, "we call the Tory Tree, because, after the battle here, ten Tories

were hung upon those two lower branches." "Were they not prisoners of war?" I asked. "They were taken in battle," he replied; "but they were too wicked to live."

The conduct of the Tories in Upper South Carolina was so relentless and cruel that some of the Republican leaders resolved that, if certain persons among them should fall into their hands, they should be hung as robbers and murderers. Several of these were in Ferguson's band at King's Mountain. In the hard-fought battle that ensued many of that band were killed, and the remainder were made prisoners. The crimes of some had placed them out of the pale of mercy. They were tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and ten of them were hung upon the Tulip-Tree in the dell, even then a young giant of the forest.

Near that tree, in the lonely hollow of the solitary mountains, is an humble monument to mark the spot where American officers, and Ferguson, the leader of the Tories, who were slain in battle, were buried. One inscription reads: "Col. Ferguson, an Officer belonging to his Britannie Majesty, was here defeated and killed."



THE TORY TULIP-TREE.

IX.—THE JANE M'CREA TREE.

Until within ten years, a majestic Pine-Tree stood by the highway, between the villages of Fort Edward and Sandy Hill, on the Upper Hudson. I first saw it in the summer of 1848, when an unaccountable decay had stripped it of its emerald robe, and left it standing, spectre-like, on the border of a wooded glen. Its top had been broken off by a November gale, and its more delicate branches were falling at the touch of every breeze. Upon its huge trunk, full fifteen feet in circumference, was carved in bold letters—"JANE M'CREA, 1777." It stood on the brow of a slope covered with shrubbery and small trees, at the foot of which bubbled a clear and copious fountain called "The Jane M'Creä Spring." The hollow was called "The Jane M'Creä Glen." The name of the damsel seemed to be audible in the rustle of every leaf, in the chirp of every grasshopper, and in the note of every bird in that charmed and charming spot. It is interwoven with the poetry, the romance, and the history of the country in a sad story, which that Pine-Tree for fifty years commemorated, and then fell into decay. At last it bowed before the woodman's axe, in anticipation of being laid prone by some fierce storm.

The story of Jane M'Creä is a sad one indeed. She was the young and lovely daughter of a Scotch clergyman in New Jersey. After his death she took up her abode with her brother, near Fort Edward. A neighbor's son became her accepted lover. The old war for independence was then raging. He was a loyalist, and was in the army of Burgoyne when, in the summer of 1777, it came sweeping victoriously from Lake Champlain to the Hudson. Jenny, as Miss M'Creä was called, visited a loyalist friend at Fort Edward, where she heard of the approach of the British, hoping to see her lover. But painted sav-

ages preceded the army. Early one morning a party of them rushed from the woods, seized Jenny and her friend, and started with them up the road toward Sandy Hill. Jenny was light and slender; her friend was a heavy, corpulent woman.

The report of Indians near soon reached the fort, and a detachment was sent out to confront them. The Indians were just making off with the prisoner, having Jenny on horseback, and her corpulent friend between two stalwart savages. The soldiers fired several volleys, but the Indians escaped unhurt. Not so the fair prisoner. A bullet intended for her captor killed the poor girl. She fell to the ground near the



THE JANE M'CREA TREE.

Spring, below the great Pine-Tree, and expired. The savages immediately scalped her, and carried her long black tresses in triumph to the camp of Burgoyne to receive the usual reward for such trophies.

The bereaved lover purchased the beautiful locks of his betrothed, deserted from the army, and retired to Canada, where he lived to be an old man. He never recovered from the shock of that sad event. He had always been gay and garrulous; ever afterward he was melancholy and taciturn. He never married; avoided society; and at the close of every July, near the time of the anniversary of his bereavement, he would shut himself in his room for several days, and refuse to see even his most intimate friends.

Such was the tragedy that caused the stately Pine, portrayed in the engraving, to be called **THE JANE M'CREA TREE.**

X.—BALM OF GILEAD TREE, FORT EDWARD.

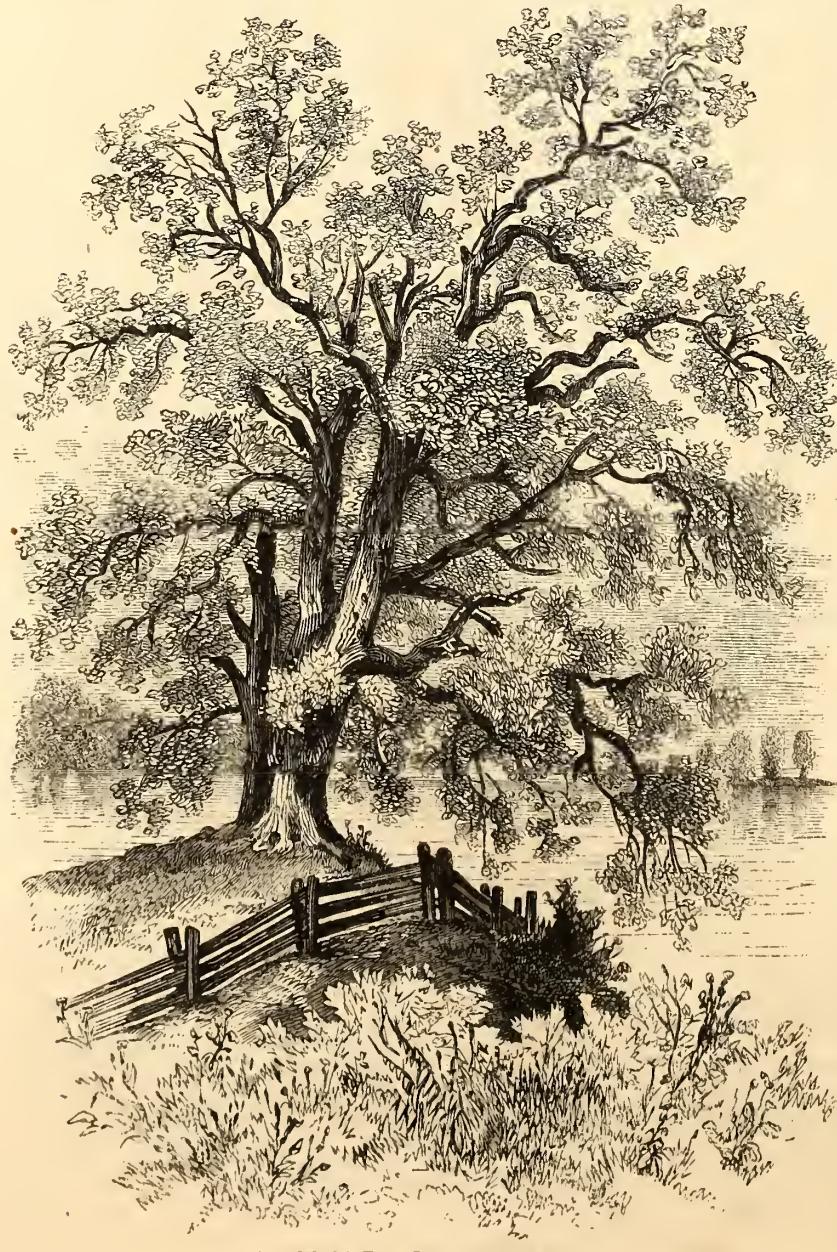
There is another tree at Fort Edward, around which cluster many historical associations. It is a Balm of Gilead—one of the oldest in the

country—that stood at the water-gate of Fort Edward, in the pride of its early maturity, a hundred years ago. It was then a tree of the forest, left standing on the river's brink when the woods were removed and the fort built, in 1775.

"The fire that threatened us with destruction," wrote Colonel Haviland to his sister in March, 1756, "spared our noble Balm of Gilead tree at the water-gate. The wind was from the northwest. Not a twig was scorched, and we expect to see it budding in a few weeks."

The fire referred to originated in the barracks, near the northwest angle of the fort. Colonel Haviland was in command of the garrison, and summoned them to the rescue. The magazine was only twelve feet distant, and contained three hundred barrels of gunpowder. Cannon were brought to bear on the burning buildings, but they could not be speedily demolished. Major (afterward General) Israel Putnam was stationed on Rogers's Island in the Hudson, opposite the fort. When the flames burst out he hurried across the river, rushed into the fortress, took his station on the roof of the barracks, and ordered the soldiers to form a line to the river, and hand him buckets of water. Nearer and nearer the flames approached the magazine. The peril was imminent, and Colonel Haviland ordered Putnam down. But the brave Major would not leave his position until he found the roof tottering to its fall. He then leaped to the ground, and placing himself between the burning building and the magazine he poured on water with all his might. The external planks of the magazine were now consumed, and only a thin partition remained between the flames and the powder. The hero was not dismayed by even this appalling danger, and finally succeeded in subduing the flames, and in saving the magazine, the fort, and the garrison. He was dreadfully burned in that heroic conflict with fire, and it was several weeks before he recovered from his wounds.

When I last visited Fort Edward, in the summer of 1859, and made the accompanying sketch, the venerable tree, which is composed of three huge stems starting from the root, was shorn of the beautiful proportions which it exhibited a few



BALM OF GILEAD TREE, FORT EDWARD



THE MAGNOLIA COUNCIL TREE AT CHARLESTON.

years before. Since I first visited it, in 1848, lightning had three times struck one of the stems. There it stood, a seamed and blighted trunk, in melancholy contrast with its remaining vigorous companions.

XI.—MAGNOLIA COUNCIL TREE, CHARLESTON.

I was in Charleston, South Carolina, early in 1849, and rode out toward evening to the remains of the lines of fortifications thrown across the Neck during the Revolution. It was just at sunset when we rode through an avenue of live-oaks draped with moss, and visited the ruins of the magazine, officers' quarters, and other structures of that period, about four miles from the city. On our way, a mile and a half nearer the town, we turned aside to see a venerable and magnificent Magnolia-Tree, under which, according to well-sustained tradition, General Lincoln held a council with his officers and leading citizens of Charleston during the siege of that place by the British in 1780. It was on the 21st day of April—a bright and sultry day; and there, in the open air, in the shade of that noble Magnolia, close by the quaint cottage of Colonel William Cummington, they discussed the propriety of an attempted retreat of the army to the

open country. Sir Henry Clinton, who had carried on the siege for several weeks, had just been reinforced by Lord Cornwallis with three thousand troops from New York. The city would be speedily blockaded by sea and land, and there was no hope of safety for the army but in flight. The representatives of the inhabitants objected to its departure, because they feared the exasperation of the enemy after suffering such obstinate resistance. Lincoln remained, and three weeks afterward the army and city were surrendered to the British.

This beautiful Council Tree, as it was called, was ever held in special veneration by the loyal inhabitants of Charleston. Its branches, at the time of my visit, had spread over a space of more than two hundred square feet. But on that very day the indolent owner, displaying the absence of the nobler sensibilities of the human heart, had cut it down for fire-wood! In the old house near it he and his mother were born, and both had played in its shade in their childhood! There it lay, a prone giant, with trunk and branches as vigorous as they were when the storm of war was raging around it seventy years before. I made careful drawings of it and the old house, marked the place of the stump, and

thus have preserved a portrait of the famous Magnolia Council Tree.

XII.—WAYNE'S BLACK WALNUT.

"I'll storm hell, if *you* will only plan it," said the impetuous General Wayne—Mad Anthony, as his countrymen called him—when conversing with Washington on the subject of attacking the fort on Stony Point, near the lower entrance to the Hudson Highlands, in the summer of 1779. It had been in possession of the British a short time, and Wayne was anxious to drive them from it, or make the garrison prisoners. The enterprise seemed rash, but Washington consented to the undertaking.

Wayne determined to surprise the garrison at midnight. At noon on the 15th of July he led a large party of Massachusetts infantry cautiously through the defiles of the mountains, and at eight o'clock in the evening rendezvoused in a thicket about a mile and a half below the fort,

on the road to Haverstraw. He had formed his plans with care. The dogs in the neighborhood were all killed, to prevent their attracting the notice of the sentinels by their barking. A shrewd negro named Pompey, who furnished the officers of the garrison with berries and fruit, had their unbounded confidence, and obtained the countersign regularly, on the plea that, it being hoeing-corn time, his master would not let him go to the fort except at night, was employed by Wayne as his guide. Under a large Black Walnut-Tree, on the border of the thicket, and not far from the road, Wayne gave his orders to his officers, and directed them to follow Pompey. At eleven o'clock they moved from that tree toward the fort, as stealthily as tigers crouching for their prey. Pompey gave the countersign to the sentinels, and while conversing with them they were seized and gagged by the Americans. Thns silenee was secured and alarm prevented, nntil the party, in two columns, ascended the rough promontory on which the fort lay. Then they answered picket-guns by bayonet-thrusts. The garrison were aroused by the cry "To arms!" It was too late; victory was with Wayne; and at two o'clock in the morning he wrote to Washington: "The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnston, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free."

I have been told that since I visited and sketched the venerable Walnut-Tree it has perished by decay or the axe. It stood on the river side of the road, between Haverstraw and Stony Point.

XIII.—ARNOLD'S WILLOW.

A few years ago the almost lifeless remains of a huge Willow-Tree stood on the border of a marsh near Beverly Dock, in the Hudson Highlands, almost opposite West Point. It was known as Arnold's Willow, because it was there, a flourishing tree, before treason clouded his reputation. It stood by the side of the pathway by which he fled from his head-quarters to the river, when his treachery was revealed, late in September, 1780.

Arnold's flight was precipitate and perilous. His



WAYNE'S BLACK WALNUT.



ARNOLD'S WILLOW.

quarters were at the house of Colonel Beverly Robinson, on the high ground overlooking the dock and the marsh. His treason was to have been consummated while Washington was in Connecticut in conference with French officers, by surrendering into the hands of the British the post of West Point and its dependencies.

Major André, the Adjutant-General of the British army, had made all the arrangements with him, and was returning to New York, when he was captured, with the evidence of Arnold's treason in his possession. A stupid officer, who did not comprehend the case, wrote to Arnold, informing him of the arrest of André. Washington had just returned. He rode over from Fishkill before breakfast, and sent Hamilton and Lafayette forward, while he tarried on professional duty, to take that meal with Arnold and his wife. But Mrs. Arnold was confined in her room, and did not appear.

The gentlemen were at breakfast when the letter reached Arnold, informing him of André's fate. He immediately left the table, went to his room, told his wife that he must leave her, perhaps forever, kissed his babe in her arms, mounted a horse belonging to one of the officers,

and fled at full gallop down the lane, by the old Willow-Tree, to the shore. His barge was in readiness. He entered it in haste, and bidding the oarsmen pull southward with all their strength, for his business was urgent, he escaped to the British sloop-of-war *Vulture*, then lying in Tappan Bay.

Major André was executed as a spy; but Arnold lived twenty years to feel the tortures of a troubled conscience and the bitter scorn of his fellow-men. He had attempted to sell the liberties of his country for the commission of a brevet-brigadier in the British army, and fifty thousand dollars in gold.

“From Cain to Catiline, the world hath known
 Her Traitors—vaunted votaries of crime—
 Caligula and Nero sat alone
 Upon the pinnacle of vice sublime;
 But they were moved by hate, or wish to climb
 The rugged steeps of Fame, in letters bold
 To write their names upon the scroll of Time;
 Therefore their crimes some virtue did enfold—
 But Arnold! thine had none—‘twas all for sordid gold!”
 Those whom he had served loathed and scorned him. Cornwallis would not associate with him in Virginia; and in England even the Government could not gain him recognition in society.

XIV.—THE RHODE ISLAND SYCAMORE.

The voyager up Narraganset Bay from Newport to Providence will observe the bald appearance of Rhode Island. The absence of forests, or large trees singly or in groups, excites curiosity and commands remark. Doubtless few travelers are aware that this baldness is the effect of the desolation wrought by the British, while for three years they occupied Rhode Island. Necessity and wantonness went hand in hand in the work of demolition; and when, in October, 1779, they left the Island one solitary tree, an aged Sycamore, was all they had left of the stately groves and patches of fine forest that had beautified the Island. That venerable tree was yet standing when I visited Rhode Island, late in autumn several years ago. The coast storms had then defoliated it. It stood upon the estate of Vaucluse, the property of Thonias R. Hazzard, between his fine mansion and the Seacownet or Eastern Channel. It was thirty-two feet in circumference within twelve inches of the ground. The storms had riven its trunks and topmost branches, and it was the picture of a desolated Anak of the woods; yet it seemed to be filled with vigor that promised it life for centuries to come.

Seacownet Channel, just below Vaucluse, was the scene of one of the most dashing exploits of the Revolutionary war. The British had blocked

it up with a floating battery, the *Pigot*, armed with twelve 8-pounders and ten swivels. Captain Silas Talbot undertook the capture of the *Pigot*. Embarking sixty men on the *Hawk*, a coasting schooner, armed, besides small arms, only with three 3-pounders, he sailed down under cover of darkness, grappled the enemy, boarded, drove the crew below, coiled the cables over the hatchway to secure his prisoners, and carried off his prize to Stonington.

The destruction of wood on Rhode Island at that time was the cause of great distress to the loyal inhabitants who returned at the opening of the severely cold winter of 1780. Fuel was so scarce that wood sold in Newport for twenty dollars a cord.

That majestic Sycamore, if it still lives, is doubtless many hundred years old. It may have been there when the Scandinavian sea-kings trod the forests around it, and reared the old Tower at Newport. It was there when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and when Roger Williams seated himself at Providence, that he might enjoy perfect freedom in the wilderness. No doubt the eyes of Philip of Mount Hope and Canonchet of Canonicut, of Witamo, and Miantonomoh of the beautiful Aquidah have looked upon that patriarch, which stood, and may still stand, upon that gentle eastern slope of the Island, a solitary survivor of the primeval forest.

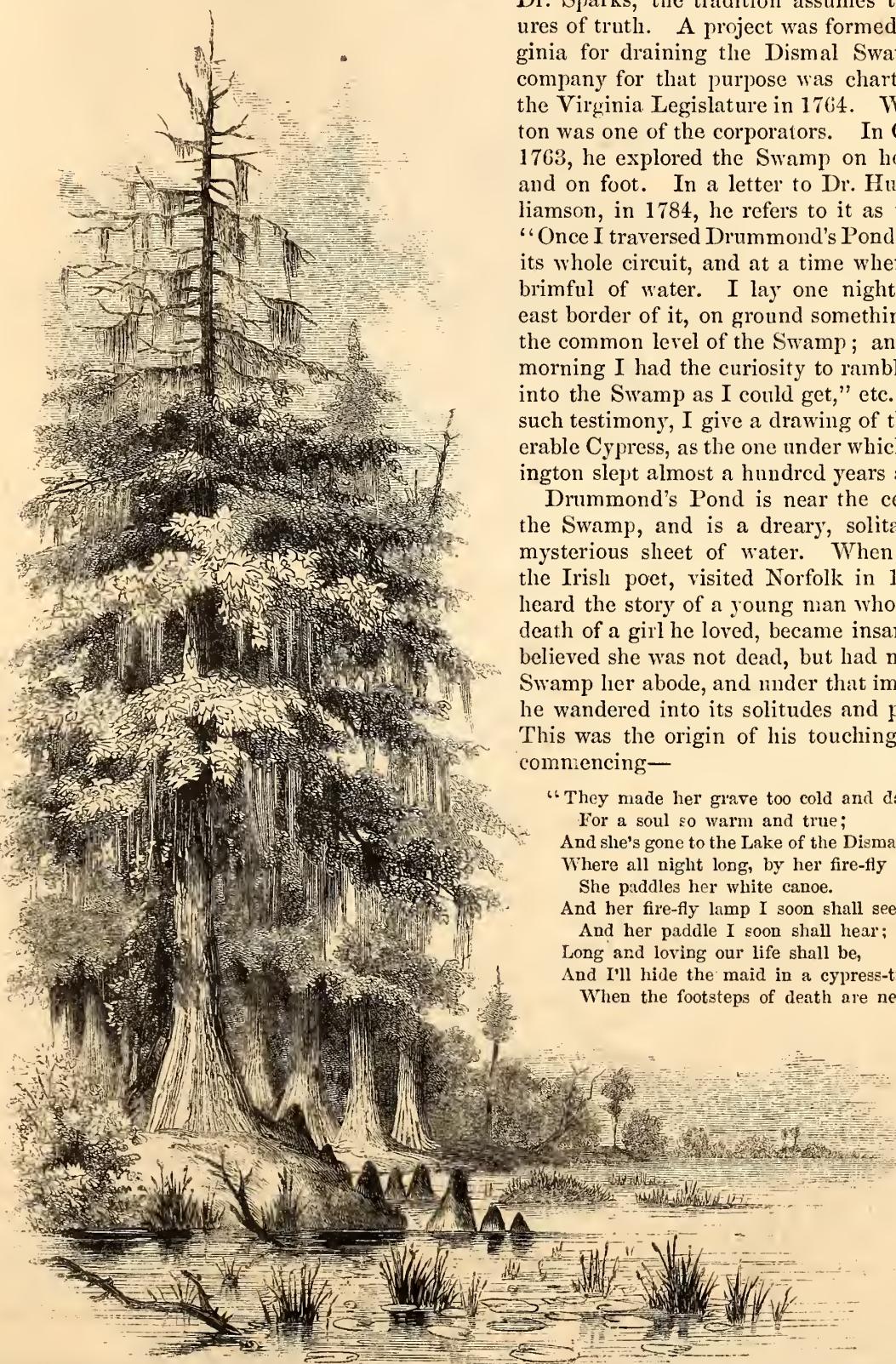


THE RHODE ISLAND SYCAMORE.

XV.—THE WASHINGTON CYPRESS.

I arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia, on Easter eve, a few years ago, and early on Monday morning started for the Dismal Swamp, accompanied by a gentleman well acquainted with the history and localities of the neighborhood. We rode into the depths of its solitudes along the Dismal Swamp Canal, contemplating with wonder the magnificent cypresses, junipers, oaks, gums, and pines, draped with long moss, that cover it.

We penetrated to Drummond's Pond, and



THE WASHINGTON CYPRESS.

went a short distance along its northeastern verge to an immense Cypress-Tree, at the foot of which, tradition avers, Washington once passed a night. The gentleman assured me that an old man, who died at Richmond twenty-five years before, once went to the Swamp with him, pointed out that tree, and affirmed that he accompanied Washington on that occasion, as a guide, though a young man only nineteen years of age. I sketched the Cypress and its surroundings, but did not believe the story. But on reference to Washington's writings, collected by

Dr. Sparks, the tradition assumes the features of truth. A project was formed in Virginia for draining the Dismal Swamp. A company for that purpose was chartered by the Virginia Legislature in 1764. Washington was one of the corporators. In October, 1763, he explored the Swamp on horseback and on foot. In a letter to Dr. Hugh Williamson, in 1784, he refers to it as follows: "Once I traversed Drummond's Pond through its whole circuit, and at a time when it was brimful of water. I lay one night on the east border of it, on ground something above the common level of the Swamp; and in the morning I had the curiosity to ramble as far into the Swamp as I could get," etc. Upon such testimony, I give a drawing of that venerable Cypress, as the one under which Washington slept almost a hundred years ago.

Drummond's Pond is near the centre of the Swamp, and is a dreary, solitary, and mysterious sheet of water. When Moore, the Irish poet, visited Norfolk in 1804, he heard the story of a young man who, on the death of a girl he loved, became insane. He believed she was not dead, but had made the Swamp her abode, and under that impression he wandered into its solitudes and perished. This was the origin of his touching ballad, commencing—

"They made her grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by her fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.
And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree
When the footsteps of death are near."



THE MIAMI APPLE-TREE.

XVI.—THE MIAMI APPLE-TREE.

At the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph rivers, where they form the Maumee River, or Miami of the Lakes, in Indiana, is a rich plain—so rich that Indian corn has been raised upon the same field for a hundred consecutive years without exhausting the soil. It is opposite the city of Fort Wayne, that stands upon the site of the Indian village of *Ke-ki-on-ga*. There was once one of the most noted villages of the Miami tribe of Indians; and there *Mish-i-ki-nak-wa*, or Little Turtle, the famous Miami chief, was born and lived until late in life. He and his people have long since passed away, and only a single living thing remains with which they were associated. It is a venerable Apple-Tree, still bearing fruit when I visited it late in September, 1860. It is from a seed doubtless dropped by some French priest or trader in early times. It was a fruit-bearing tree a hundred years ago, when *Pe-she-wa* (Wild Cat) or Riehardville, the successor of Little Turtle, was born under it; and it exhibits now—with a trunk more than twenty feet in diameter, seamed and scarred by age and the elements—remarkable vigor.

Glimpses of the city of Fort Wayne may be seen from the old Apple-Tree; and around it are clustered memories of stirring scenes near the close of the last century, when American

armies were sent into that region to chastise the hostile Indians. On the Maumee, near by, a detachment of General Harmar's troops were defeated and decimated by the Indians, under Little Turtle, in the autumn of 1791. The sanguinary scene was at the ford, just below the Miami village; and Richardville, who was with Little Turtle, always declared that the bodies of the white men lay so thick in the stream that a man could walk over on them without wetting his feet.

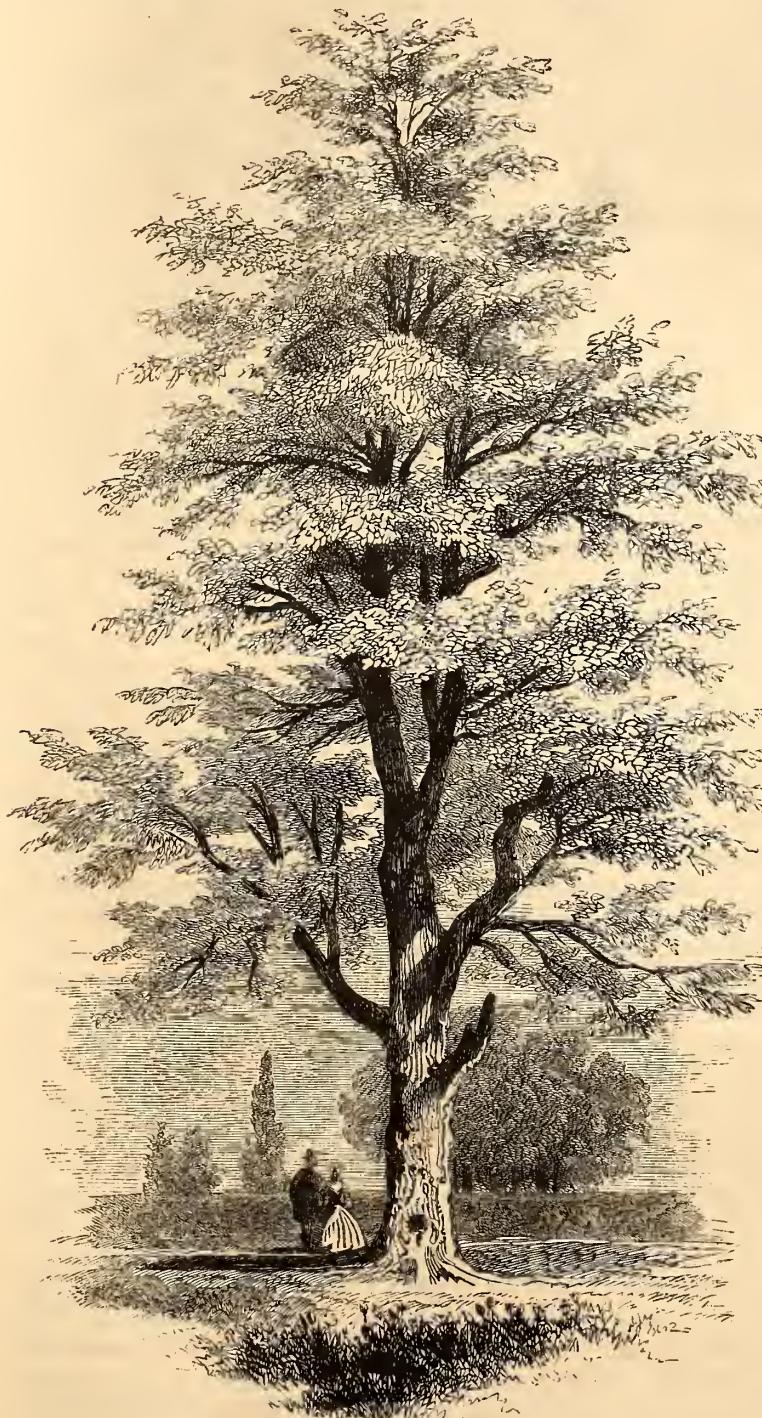
A short distance from Little Turtle's village, in another direction, lies a beautiful and fertile plain, between the St. Mary and St. Joseph, opposite Fort Wayne. There, in a garden, near an apple-orchard planted by Captain Wells, the white brother-in-law of Little Turtle (who was killed at Chicago in 1812), is the grave of the chief. That orchard is the oldest in Northern Indiana, having been planted in 1804.

Little Turtle commanded the Miamis at the defeat of St. Clair, in the autumn of 1791. He was also in command in the battle with Wayne, at the Fallen Timbers, in 1794. He was not a chief by birth, but by election, on account of personal merits. He died in 1812, when *Co-is-see*, his nephew, pronounced a funeral oration at his grave.

Volney, the eminent French traveler and philosopher, became acquainted with Little Turtle

in Philadelphia, in 1797, two years after he led his people in making the final treaty of peace with Wayne, at Greenville. By his assistance Volney made a vocabulary of the Miami language.

While in Philadelphia Little Turtle sat for his portrait, and alternated with an Irish gentleman. They were both fond of joking, and sometimes pushed each other pretty hard. On one occasion, when they met at the artist's studio, the chief was very sedate, and said but little. The Irish gentleman told him that he was defeated in badinage, and did not wish to talk. (They talked through an interpreter.) Little Turtle replied, "He mistakes; I was just thinking of proposing to this man to paint us both on one board, and then I would stand face to face with him, and blackguard him to all eternity!"



VILLERÉ'S PECAN-TREE.

XVII.—VILLERÉ'S PECAN-TREE.

"Sumter has undoubtedly fallen!" I said to my traveling companion, as I sat upon the base of an unfinished monument, sketching the battle-ground at New Orleans, on the 12th of April, 1861, and heard seven discharges of cannon in the direction of the city. The telegraph had informed us in the morning of the attack upon it. The conjecture became certainty a few hours later, when we returned to the St. Charles. During those hours we visited the fine old residence of General Villeré, a few miles below the city. It was the head-quarters of the British army at the time of the battle on the plain of Chalmette, on the 8th of January, 1815. A few rods from the mansion, on the broad lawn that surrounds it, we were shown a stately Pecan - Tree, beneath which were buried the viscera of General Packenham, the British commander-in-chief, who was mortally wounded in that battle. The tree is tall, and about nine feet in circumference. On account of its associations it is the subject of superstitious reverence among the negroes, because, since the event that made it famous, it has never borne fruit. On the bark, near an orifice in the tree, are dark red spots, which the superstitious declare to be blood, having been seen there ever since the day of Packenham's burial.

After the battle the bodies of the slain or mortally wounded British officers were taken to Villeré's. Some of them were interred in the garden, by torch-light, the same night. Those of Generals Packenham and Gibbs, and of Colonels Dale and Rennie, were placed in casks of rum, after proper preparation, and sent to England. The viscera of each were first removed and buried. Packenham's, as we have observed, were buried at the foot of the great Pecan - Tree, then standing in the garden, but now included in the lawn.

The remainder of the dead of the British army were buried in the rear of Bienvenu's plantation near. The implements of culture have never since touched the spot. A grove of inferior cypresses mark the dreary cemetery, and it is regarded with awe by the superstitious negroes.

Near the famous Pecan - Tree stands another, younger but not more vigorous, that bears fruit in abundance. This fact makes the barrenness of its notable companion seem more remarkable.



THE FOX OAK AT FLUSHING.

XVIII.—THE FOX OAK AT FLUSHING.

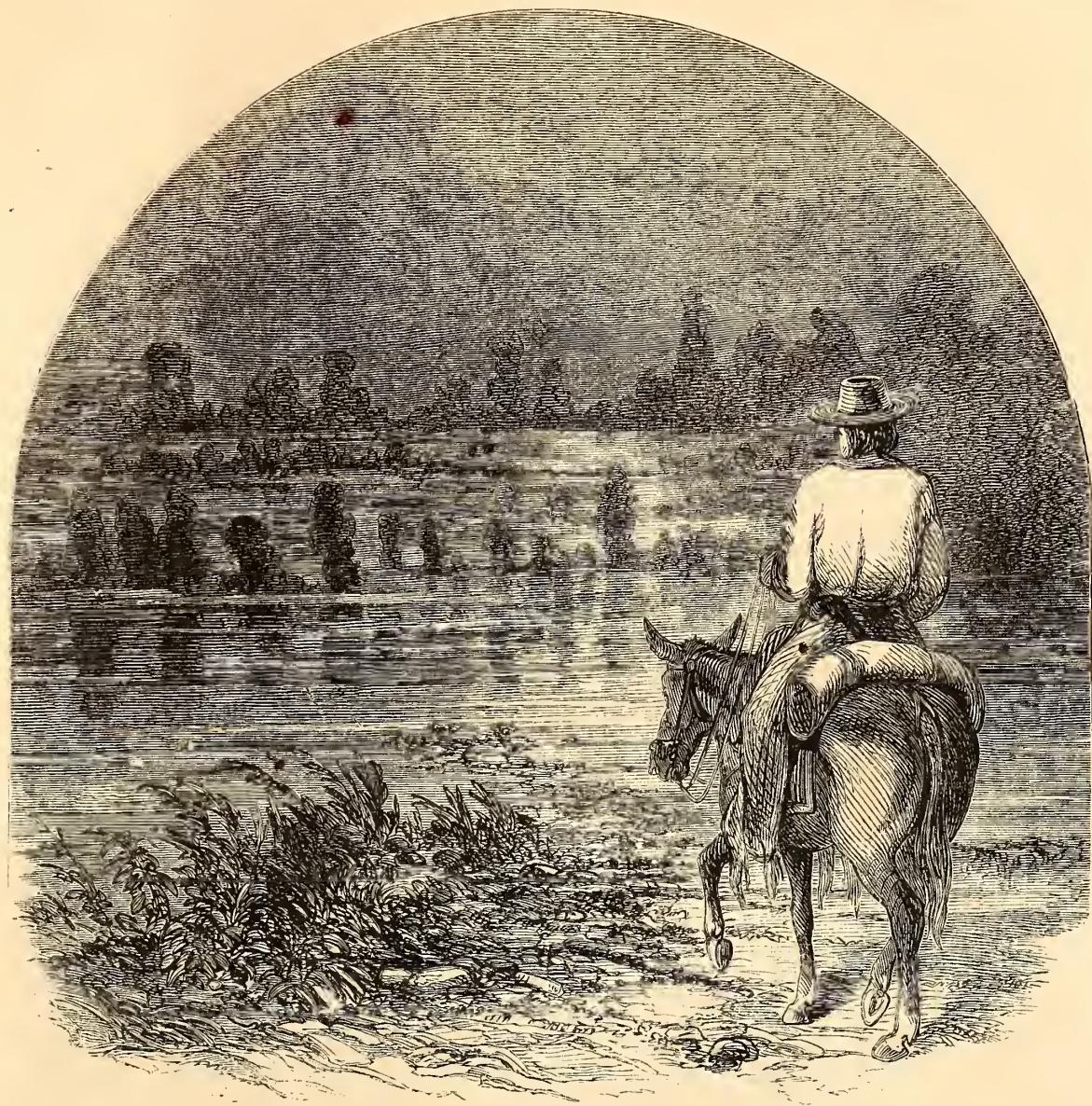
The last in the order of our historical trees, and the one latest sketched, is in the eastern part of the village of Flushing, Long Island, a few miles from New York city, and known as the Fox Oak. It is in quiet Bowne Avenue, not far from the ancient mansion of the Bowne family, erected in 1661. It has ever been held in reverence by the Society of Friends or Quakers, because it once sheltered George Fox, the founder of their sect, while preaching to a multitude. Fox came to America in the year 1672, on a religious visit. He landed at Philadelphia, where he remained a while. He then passed through New Jersey to Middletown, where he embarked for Gravesend at the western extremity of Long Island. From Gravesend he traveled by land the whole length of Long Island. Returning he stopped at Flushing, "where," he says in his journal, "we had a meeting of many hundred people." There being no place of worship large enough to hold the multitude, Fox preached in the shade of two large white-oak trees near the house of John Bowne, a Quaker, who entertained him. The oaks were made famous by that remarkable gathering.

Several years ago those venerable oaks showed signs of decay; and one of them fell one pleasant, breezy afternoon in September, 1841. Its companion remains, but its life is extinct. I give a portrait of it as it appeared in August, 1861. From the ascertained age of the other one, it is supposed to be at least four hundred

years old. Its circumference, two feet from the ground, is sixteen feet.

Fox, in his journal, mentions an extraordinary circumstance that occurred soon after his visit on Long Island. "We passed," he said. "from Flushing to Gravesend, about twenty miles, and had three precious meetings there. While we were at Shrewsbury, John Jay, a Friend, of Barbadoes, who came with us from Rhode Island, fell from his horse and *broke his neck*, as the people said. Those near him took him up for dead, carried him a good way, and laid him on a tree. I got to him as soon as I could, and concluded he was dead. Whereupon I took his head in both my hands, and setting my knees against the tree, raised his head two or three times with all my might, and *brought it on*. He soon began to rattle in his throat, and quickly after to breathe. The people were amazed; but I told them to be of good faith, and carry him into the house. He began to speak, but did not know where he had been. The next day we passed away, and he with us, about sixteen miles, to a meeting at Middletown, through woods and bogs, and over a river where we swam our horses. *Many hundred miles* did he travel with us after that."

With the Fox Oak at Flushing we will close these brief sketches of American Historical Trees and their associations; and will leave the subject with the pleasant thought that our group comprises a variety of species, and that their consideration has introduced us to a wide field of historical research.



MIRAGE IN THE SALINAS VALLEY.

A DANGEROUS JOURNEY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the summer of 1849 I had occasion to visit San Luis Obispo, a small town about two hundred and fifty miles south of San Francisco. At that time no steamers touched at the Embarcadero, and but little dependence could be placed upon the small sailing craft that occasionally visited that isolated part of the coast. The trail through the Salinas and Santa Marguerita valleys was considered the only reliable route, though even that was not altogether as safe as could be desired. A portion of the country lying between the old Mission of Soledad and San Miguel was infested by roving bands of Sonorians and lawless native Californians. Several drovers, who had started from San Francisco by this route to purchase cattle on the southern ranches, had never reached their destination. It was generally believed that they had been murdered on the way. Indeed, in two instances, this fact was established by the discovery of the mutilated remains of the murdered men. No clew could be obtained to the perpetrators of the

deed; nor do I know that any legal measures were taken to find them. At that period the only laws existing were those administered by the Alcaldes, under the Mexican system, which had been temporarily adopted in connection with the provisional government established by General Riley. The people generally were too deeply interested in the development of the gold regions to give themselves much concern about the condition of other parts of the country; and the chances of bringing criminals to punishment in the southern districts were very remote.

My business was connected with the revenue service. A vessel laden with foreign goods had been wrecked on the coast within a short distance of San Luis. It was necessary that immediate official inquiry should be made into the circumstances, with a view of securing payment of duties upon the cargo. I was also charged with a commission to establish a line of Post-offices on the land route to Los Angeles, and enter into contracts for the carrying of the mails.

By the advice of some friends in San Francisco, I purchased a fine-looking mule, recently from the Colorado. The owner, a Texan gen-

tleman, assured me that he had never mounted a better animal; and so far as I was capable of judging, the recommendation seemed to be justly merited. I willingly paid him his price—three hundred dollars. Next day, having provided myself with a good pair of blankets, a few pounds of coffee, sugar, and hard bread, and a hunting-knife and tin cup, I bade adieu to my friends and set out on my journey. A tedious voyage of six months around Cape Horn had given me a peculiar relish for shore-life. There was something very pleasant in the novelty of the scenery and the inspiring freshness of the air. The rush of emigrants from all parts of the world; the amusing scenes along the road; the free, social, and hopeful spirit which prevailed among all classes; the clear, bright sky and wonderful richness of coloring that characterized the atmosphere, all contributed to produce the most agreeable sensations. It was a long and rather hazardous journey I had undertaken, and it would doubtless be very lonesome after passing San Jose; but the idea of depending solely on my own resources, and becoming, in some sort, an adventurer in an almost unknown country, had something in it irresistibly captivating to one of my roving disposition. I had traveled through Texas under nearly similar circumstances, and enjoyed many pleasant recollections of the trip. There is a charm about this wild sort of life, the entire freedom from restraint, the luxury of fresh air, the camp under the trees, with a bright fire and a canopy of stars overhead, that once experienced can never be forgotten.

Nothing of importance occurred till the evening of the fourth day. I met crowds of travelers all along the road, singing and shouting in sheer exuberance of spirit; and not unfrequently had some very pleasant and congenial company, bound either to the mines or in search of vacant Government land for the location of claims. The road through the valleys of Santa Clara and San Jose was perfectly enchanting; winding through oak groves, and fields of wild oats and flowers; and nothing could exceed the balminess of the air. Indeed the whole country seemed to me more like a succession of beautiful parks, in which each turn of the road might bring in view some elegant mansion, with sweeping lawns in front, and graceful ladies mounted on palfreys, than a rude and uncivilized part of the world hitherto almost unknown.

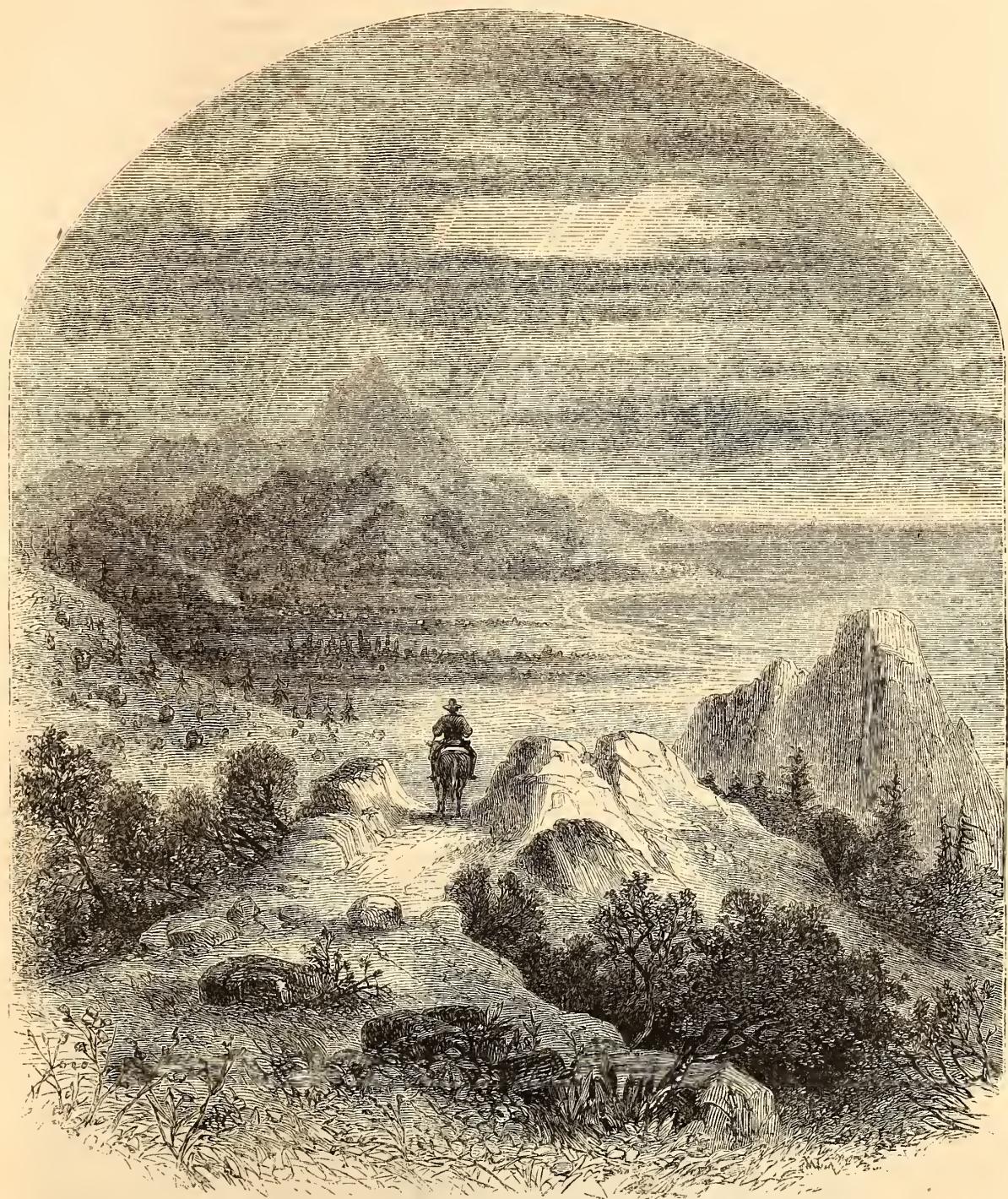
I stopped a night at San Jose, where I was most hospitably received by the Alcalde, an American gentleman of intelligence, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Next day, after a pleasant ride of forty-five miles, I reached the Mission of San Juan—one of the most eligibly located of all the old missionary establishments. It was now in a state of decay. The vineyards were but partially cultivated, and the secos, or ditches for the irrigation of the land, were entirely dry. I got some very good pears from the old Spaniard in charge of the Mission—a rare luxury after a long sea-voyage. The only tavern in the place

was the "United States," kept by an American and his wife in an old adobe house, originally a part of the missionary establishment. Having secured accommodations for my mule, I took up my quarters for the night at the "United States." The woman seemed to be the principal manager. Perhaps I might have noticed her a little closely, since she was the only white woman I had enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with for some time. It was very certain, however, that she struck me as an uncommon person—tall, raw-boned, sharp, and masculine—with a wild and piercing expression of eye, and a smile singularly startling and unfeminine. I even fancied that her teeth were long and pointed, and that she resembled a picture of an Ogress I had seen when a child. The man was a subdued and melancholy-looking person, presenting no particular trait of character in his appearance save that of general abandonment to the influence of misfortune. His dress and expression impressed me with the idea that he had experienced much trouble without possessing that strong power of recuperation so common among American adventurers in California.

It would scarcely be worth while noticing these casual acquaintances of a night, since they have nothing to do with my narrative, but for the remarkable illustration they afford of the hardships that were encountered at that time on the emigrant routes to California. In the course of conversation with the man, I found that he and his wife were among the few survivors of a party whose terrible sufferings in the mountains during the past winter had been the theme of much comment in the newspapers. He did not state—what I already knew from the published narrative of their adventures—that the woman had subsisted for some time on the dead body of a child belonging to one of the party. It was said that the man had held out to the last, and refused to participate in this horrible feast of human flesh.

So strangely impressive was it to be brought in direct contact with a fellow-being—especially of the gentler sex—who had absolutely eaten of human flesh, that I could not but look upon this woman with a shudder. Her sufferings had been intense; that was evident from her marked and weather-beaten features. Doubtless she had struggled against the cravings of hunger as long as reason lasted. But still the one terrible act, whether the result of necessity or insanity, invested her with a repellent atmosphere of horror. Her very smile struck me as the gloating expression of a cannibal over human blood. In vain I struggled against this unchristian feeling. Was it right to judge a poor creature whose great misfortune was perhaps no offense against the laws of nature? She might be the tenderest and best of women—I knew nothing of her history. It was a pitiable case. But, after all, she had eaten of human flesh; there was no getting over that.

When I sat down to supper this woman was obliging enough to hand me a plate of meat. I



PASS OF SAN JUAN.

was hungry, and tried to eat it. Every morsel seemed to stick in my throat. I could not feel quite sure that it was what it seemed to be. The odor even disgusted me. Nor could I partake of the bread she passed to me with any more relish. It was probably made by her hands—the same hands that had torn the flesh from a corpse and passed the reeking shreds to her mouth. The taint of an imaginary corruption was upon it.

The room allotted to me for the night was roughly furnished, as might reasonably be expected; but apart from this, the bedding was filthy; and, in common with every thing about the house, the slatternly appearance of the furniture did not tend to remove the unpleasant impression I had formed of my hostess. Whether

owing to the vermin, or an unfounded suspicion that she might become hungry during the night, I slept but little. The picture of the terrible Ogress that I had seen when a child, and the story of the little children that she had devoured, assumed a fearful reality, and became strangely mingled in my dreams with this woman's face. I was glad when daylight afforded me an excuse to get up and take a stroll in the fresh air.

After an early breakfast I mounted my mule and pursued my journey over the pass of the San Juan. The view from the summit was magnificent. Beyond a range of sand-hills toward the right stretched the great Pacific. Ridges of mountains, singularly varied in outline, swept down in front into the broad valley of the Salinas. The pine forests of Monterey

and Santa Cruz were dimly perceptible in the distance; and to the left was a wilderness of rugged cliffs, as far as the eye could reach, weird and desolate as a Cape Horn sea suddenly petrified in the midst of a storm. Descending through a series of beautiful little valleys clothed in a golden drapery of wild oats, and charmingly diversified with groves of oak and sycamore, and rich shrubbery of ceonosa, hazel, and wild grape, I at length entered the great valley of the Salinas, nine miles from the Mission of San Juan. At that time innumerable herds of cattle covered the rich pastures of this magnificent valley; and although there are still many to be seen there, the number has been greatly reduced during the last ten years. A large portion of the country bordering on the Salinas River, as far south as the mission of Soledad, has been cut up into small ranches and farms; and thriving settlements and extensive fields of grain are now to be seen where formerly ranged wild bands of cattle, mustang, and innumerable herds of antelope.

Turning to the southward, and keeping in view the two great ranges of mountains which were the chief landmarks in former times, the scene that lay outspread before me resembled rather some wild region of enchantment than any thing that could be supposed to exist in a material world—so light and hazy were the distant mountains, so vaguely mingled the earth and sky, so rich and fanciful the atmospheric tints, and so visionary the groves that decorated the plain. Never before had I witnessed the Mirage in the full perfection of its beauty. The whole scene was transformed into a series of magnificent optical illusions, surpassing the

wildest dreams of romance. Points of woodland, sweeping from the base of the mountains far into the valley, were reflected in mystic lakes. Herds of cattle loomed up on the surface of the sleeping waters like miniature fleets of vessels with variegated sails. Mounds of yellow sand, rising a little above the level of the plain, had all the effect of rich Oriental cities, with gorgeous palaces of gold, mosques and minarets and wondrous temples glittering with jewels and precious stones. Bands of antelope coursed gracefully over the fore-ground; but so light and vaguely defined were their forms that they seemed rather to sail through the air than touch the earth. By the illusory process of the refraction, they appeared to sweep into the lakes and assume the forms of aerial boats, more fanciful and richly colored than the caiques of Constantinople. Birds too, of snowy plumage, skimmed over the silvery waste; and islands that lay sleeping in the glowing light were covered with myriads of water-fowl. A solitary vulture, sitting upon the carcass of some dead animal a few hundred yards off, loomed into the form of a fabulous monster of olden times, with a gory head and a beak that opened as if to swallow all within his reach. These wonderful features in the scene were continually changing: the lakes disappeared with their islands and fleets, and new lakes, with still stranger and more fantastic illusions, merged into existence out of the rarefied atmosphere. Thus hour after hour was I beguiled on my way through this mystic region of enchantment.

Toward evening I reached the Salinas River, where I stopped to rest and water my mule. A Spanish vaquero, whom I found under the trees



ANTELOPE IN THE MIRAGE.

enjoying the siesta to which that race are addicted, informed me that it was "*Dos leguas, poco mas o meno*," to Soledad. As he lived there, he would show me the way. It was inhabited by the Sobranis family, and they owned sixteen square lèguas of land and "*muchos granada*." This much I contrived to understand; but when I handed the vaquero a fine Princeps cigar, and he took a few whiffs and became eloquent, I entirely lost the train of his observations. It is possible he may have been reciting a poem on pastoral life. At all events, we jogged along very sociably, and in something over an hour reached the Mission.

A more desolate place than Soledad can not well be imagined. The old church is partially in ruins, and the adobe huts built for the Indians are roofless, and the walls tumbled about in shapeless piles. Not a tree or shrub is to be seen any where in the vicinity. The ground is bare, like an open road, save in front of the main building (formerly occupied by the priests), where the carcasses and bones of cattle are scattered about, presenting a disgusting spectacle. But this is a common sight on the Spanish ranches. Too lazy to carry the meat very far, the rancheros generally do their butchering in front of the door, and leave the Indians and buzzards to dispose of the offal.

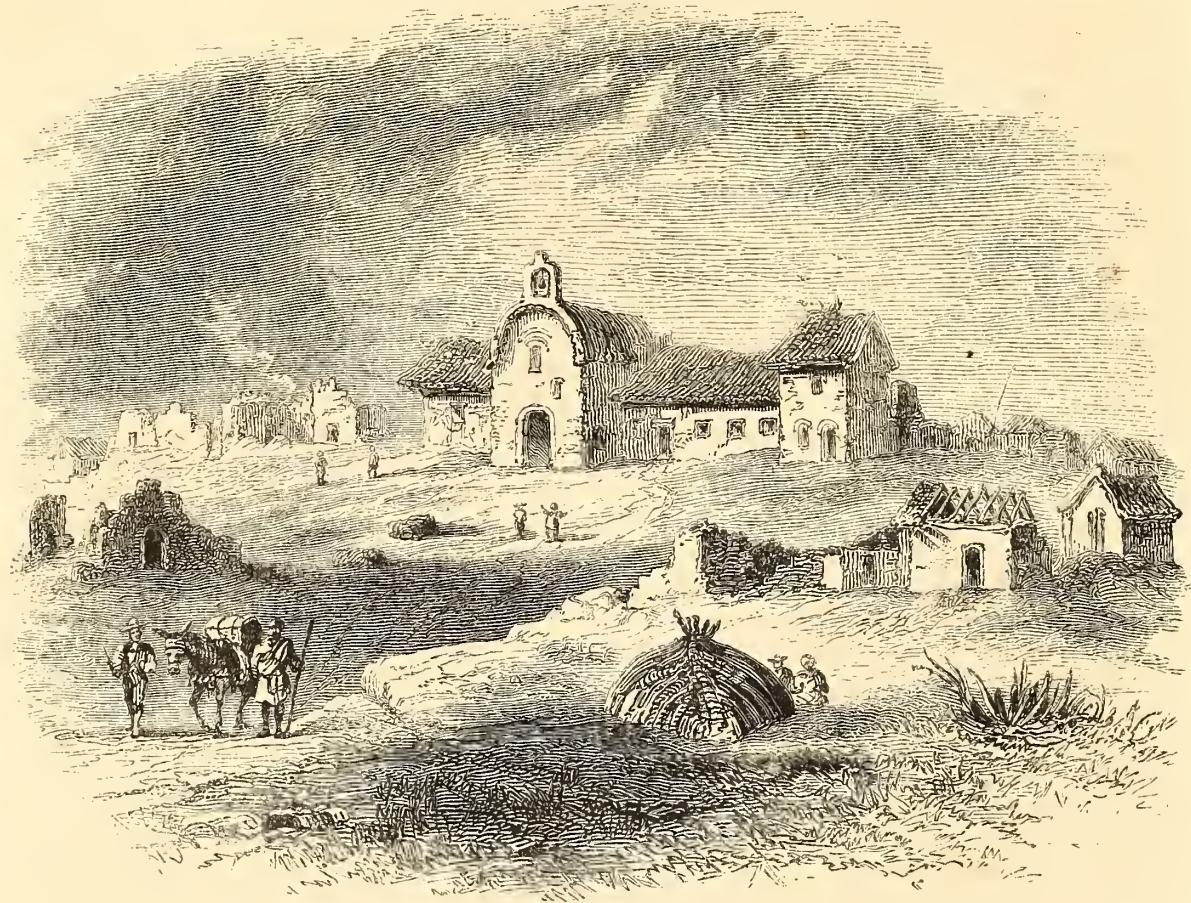
A young Spaniard, one of the proprietors, was

the only person at home, with the exception of a few dirty Indians who were lying about the door. He received me rather coldly, as I thought, and took no concern whatever about my mule. I learned afterward that this family had been greatly imposed upon by travelers passing northward to the mines, who killed their cattle, stole their corn, stopped of nights and went away without paying any thing. At first they freely entertained all who came along in the genuine style of Spanish hospitality; but not content with the kind treatment bestowed upon them, their rough guests seldom left the premises without carrying away whatever they could lay hands upon. This naturally imbibited them against strangers, and of course I had to bear my share of the ill-feeling manifested toward the traveling public. It was not long, however, before I discovered a key to my young host's good graces. He was strumming on an old guitar when I arrived, and soon resumed his solitary amusement, not seeming disposed to respond to my feeble attempts at his native language, but rather enjoying the idea of drawing himself into the doleful sphere of his own music. As soon as a favorable opportunity occurred I took the guitar, and struck up such a lively song of "The Frogs that tried to Come it, but couldn't get a Chance," that the cadaverous visage of my host gradually relaxed into a smile, then into a broad grin, and at the climax he absolutely laughed. It was all right. Music had soothed the savage breast. Sobranis was conquered. He immediately directed the vaquero to see to my animal, and set to work and got me an excellent supper of tortillas and frijoles, jerked beef and oja; after which he insisted upon learning the song of the Frog, which of course I was obliged to teach him. So passed the hours till late bedtime. Notwithstanding the fleas, which abounded in overwhelming numbers, I contrived to sleep soundly. Next morning, after a good breakfast of coffee, tortillas, jerked beef, etc., as before, I mounted my mule and proceeded on my journey, much to the regret of Sobranis, who positively refused to accept a cent for the accommodations he had afforded me.

In the vicinity of the sea-shore, and as far inland as Soledad, the temperature was delightfully cool and bracing; but beyond the first turning-point of mountains to the southward a marked change was perceptible. Although the sun was not more than two hours high, the heat was intense. The rich black soil, which had been thoroughly saturated with the winter rains, was now baked nearly as hard as stone, and was cracked open in deep fissures, rendering the trail in some places quite difficult even for the practiced feet of the mule. Every thing like vegetation was parched to a crisp with the scorching rays of the sun. The bed of the river was quite dry, and no sign of moisture was visible for many miles. The rich fields of wild oats were no longer to be seen, but dried and cracking wastes of wild mustard, sage-weed, and bunch grass. In some places deserts of sand without a particle



VULTURE IN THE MIRAGE.



SOLEDAD.

of vegetation, and incrusted with saline deposits, stretched along the base of the mountains as far as the eye could reach. The glare on these plains of alkali (as they were commonly called) was absolutely blinding. Toward noon, so intense was the heat, I thought it impossible to endure it another hour. A dry hot cloud of dust rose from the parched earth, and hung around me like the fiery breath of an oven. Neither tree nor shrub was to be seen any where along the wayside. As I toiled wearily along, scarcely able to get my mule out of a walk, I thought of Denham and Clapperton, the brothers Lander, Mungo Park, and all the great African explorers, and wondered how they could have endured for weeks and months what I found it so hard to bear for a few hours. There was no respite, nothing in the world to alleviate the burning heat; not even a stunted shrub to creep under. And yet, thought I, this is but a flash in the pan to the deserts of Africa. Not that the heat is more intense there; for I believe it is admitted that the thermometer rises higher in California than in any other part of the world. I have known it to be 130° Fahrenheit in the mines, and have been told that in the gulches of some of the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada it has been known to reach 150° . The official table published by Congress shows that the maximum heat at Fort Miller is 118° , while at Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, it does not exceed 110° . In the narrative of the voyages of Lord Anson, written by his Chaplain, it is conceded that the heat is greater in California, owing to local

causes, than at any known point between the tropics. But very different is it in Africa, or any tropical country, in this respect—that the climate of California is never oppressive, whatever may be the temperature. The nights are delightfully cool, and the mornings peculiarly fresh and bracing. Hence the suffering from heat is never protracted beyond a few hours. At all events, not to go into any further dissertation upon climate, I found it quite warm enough on the present occasion, and would have been very glad to accept the loan of an umbrella had any body been at hand to offer it to me.

About an hour before sunset, as I was riding slowly along enjoying the approaching shades of evening, I discovered for the first time that my mule was lame. I had traveled very leisurely on account of the heat, making not over thirty miles. The nearest water, as the young Spaniard, Sobranis, had informed me, was at a point yet distant about five miles. I saw that it was necessary to hurry, and began to spur my mule in the hope of being able to reach this camping place; but I soon perceived that the poor animal was not only lame but badly foundered. At least it seemed so then, though my convictions on that point were somewhat shaken by what subsequently occurred. I had succeeded, after considerable spurring, in getting him into a lopé, when he suddenly stumbled and threw me over his head. The shock of the fall stunned me for a few moments; but fortunately I was not hurt. I must have turned a complete somersault. As soon as consciousness returned I

found that I was lying on my back in the middle of the road, the mule quietly grazing within ten feet. I got up a little bewildered, shook off some of the dust, and started to regain the bridle; but to my great surprise the mule put back his ears, kicked up his heels, and ran off at a rate of speed that I deemed a foundered animal entirely incapable of achieving. There was not the slightest symptom of lameness in his gait. He "loped" as freely as if he had just begun his journey. In vain I shouted and ran after him. Sometimes he seemed absolutely to enjoy my helpless condition, and would permit me to approach within two or three feet, but never to get hold of the bridle. Every attempt of that kind he resented by whirling suddenly and kicking at me with both heels, so that once or twice it was a miracle how I escaped. For the first time since morning, notwithstanding the heat of the day, my skin became moist. A profuse sweat broke out all over me, and I was parched with a burning thirst. It was thirty miles from Soledad, the nearest inhabited place that I knew of, and even if I felt disposed to turn back it would have been at great risk and inconvenience. My blankets, coat, pistol, and papers—the whole of incalculable importance to me—were firmly strapped behind the saddle, and there was no way of getting at them without securing the mule. Upon reflection it seemed best to follow him to the watering-place. He must be pretty thirsty after his hard day's journey in the sun, and would not be likely to pass that. I therefore walked on as fast as possible, keeping the mule as near in the trail as his stubborn nature would permit. It was not without difficulty, however, that I could discern the right trail, for it was frequently intersected by others, and occasionally became lost in patches of sand and sage-brush.

In this way, with considerable toil, I had advanced about two miles when I discovered that a large band of Spanish cattle, which had been visible for some time in the distance, began to close in toward the line of my route, evidently with the intention of cutting me off. Their gestures were quite hostile enough to inspire a solitary and unarmed footman with uneasiness. A fierce-looking bull led the way, followed by a lowing regiment of stags, steers, and eows, crowding one upon the other in their furious charge. As they advanced, the leader occasionally stopped to tear up the earth and shake his horns; but the mass kept crowding on, their tails switching high in the air, and uttering the most fearful bellowing, while they tossed their horns and stared wildly, as if in mingled rage and astonishment. I had heard too much of the wild cattle of California, and their hostility toward men on foot at this season of the year, not to become at once sensible of my dangerous position.

The nearest tree was half a mile to the left, on the margin of a dry creek. There was a grove of small oaks winding for some distance along the banks of the creek; but between the

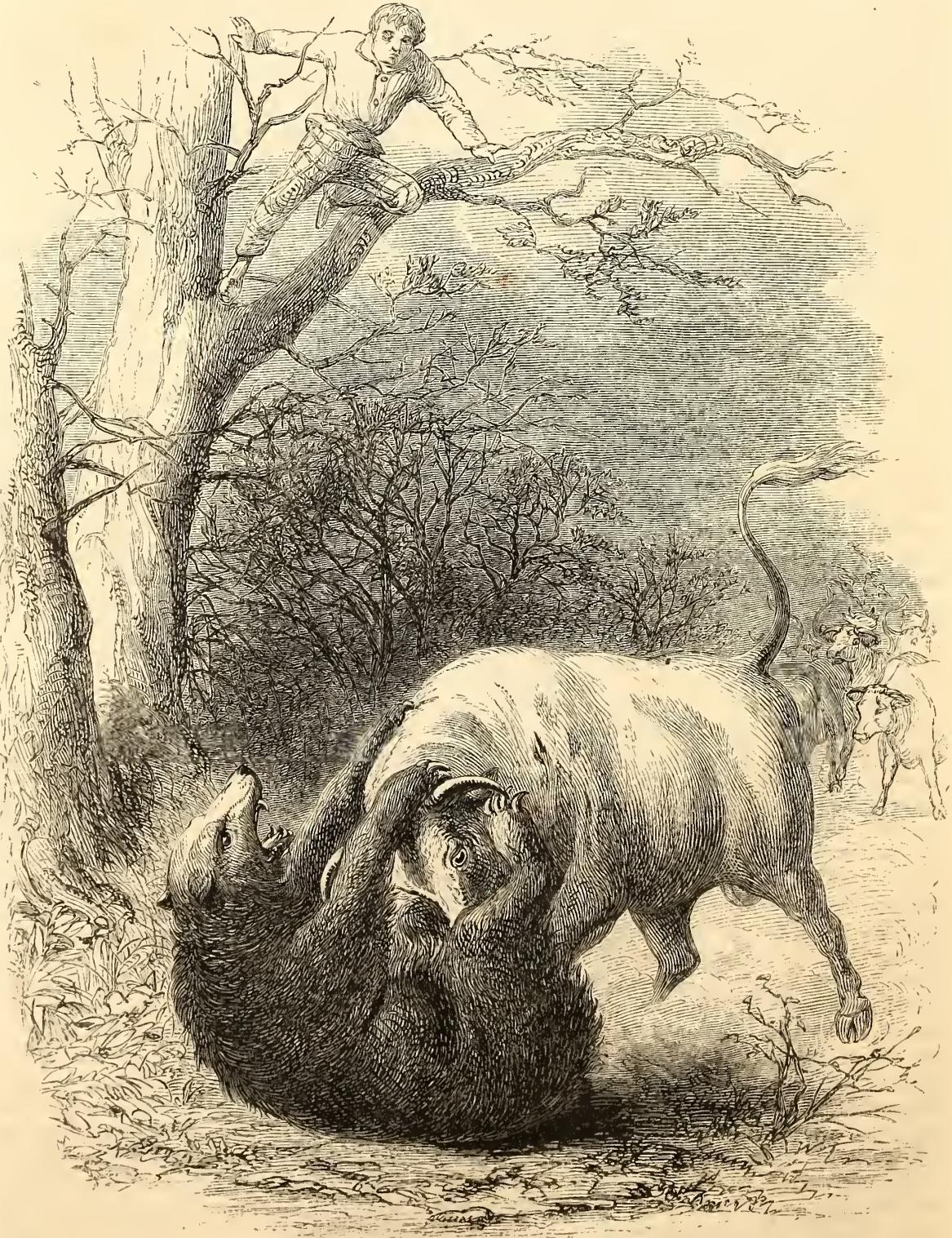
spot where I stood and this place of security scattering bands of cattle were grazing. However, there was no time to hesitate upon a choice of difficulties. Two or three hundred wild cattle rushing furiously toward one in an open plain assist him in coming to a very rapid conclusion. I know of no position in which human strength is of so little avail—the tremendous aggregation of brute force opposed to one feeble pair of arms seems so utterly irresistible. I confess instinct lent me a helping hand in this emergency. Scarcely conscious of the act, I ran with all my might for the nearest tree. The thundering of heavy hoofs after me, and the furious bellowing that resounded over the plain, spread a contagion among the grazing herds on the way, and with one accord they joined in the chase. It is in no spirit of boastfulness that I assert the fact, but I certainly made that half-mile in as few minutes as ever the same distance was made by mortal man. When I reached the tree I looked back. The advance body of the cattle were within a hundred yards, bearing down in a whirlwind of dust. I lost no time in making my retreat secure. As the enemy rushed in, tearing up the earth and glaring at me with their fierce, wild eyes, I had gained the fork of the tree, about six feet from the ground, and felt very thankful that I was beyond their reach. Still there was something fearful in being blockaded in such a place for the night. An intolerable thirst parched my throat. The effects of the exertion were scarcely perceptible at first, but as I regained my breath it seemed impossible to exist an hour longer without water. In this valley the climate is so intensely dry during the summer heats that the juices of the system are quickly absorbed, and the skin becomes like a sheet of parchment. My head felt as if compressed in a band of iron; my tongue was dry and swollen. I would have given all I possessed, or ever hoped to possess, for a single glass of water.

While in this position, with the prospect of a dreary night before me, and suffering the keenest physical anguish, a very singular circumstance occurred to relieve me of further apprehension respecting the cattle, though it suggested a new danger for which I was equally unprepared. A fine young bull had descended the bed of the creek in search of a water-hole. While pushing his way through the bushes he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro, and hear the heavy crash of drift-wood as the two powerful animals writhed in their fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore-shoulders; but instead of manifesting signs of defeat, he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. Instinct had taught him to seek an open space.

A more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw; lithe and wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to glance at him when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in a wild state, broke through the opening.

A trial of brute force that baffles description now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by the cattle, my sympathies were greatly in favor of the bull, which seemed to me to be much the

nobler animal of the two. He did not wait to meet the charge, but lowering his head, boldly rushed upon his savage adversary. The grizzly was active and wary. He no sooner got within reach of the bull's horns than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping the head to the ground by main strength and the tremendous weight of his body, while he bit at the nose with his teeth, and raked stripes of flesh from the shoulders with his hind paws. The two animals must have been of very nearly equal weight. On the one side there was the advantage of superior agility and two sets of weapons—the teeth and claws; but on the other, greater powers of endurance and more inflexible courage. The



A DUEL A LA MORT.

position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the blood streamed from his nostrils—the bear straining every muscle to drag him to the ground. No advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended on the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased struggling, to regain breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed while they were locked in this motionless but terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps. The bear stood up to receive him. I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the issue of the conflict. The cattle from the surrounding plains had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants; but as if withheld by terror, none seemed disposed to interfere. Rendered furious by his wounds, the bull now gathered up all his energies, and charged with such impetuous force and ferocity that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length, by a sudden and well-directed motion of his head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent the battle must soon end. Both were grievously wounded, and neither could last much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the desperate certainty of death—the bear rolling over and over, vainly striking out to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping, thrusting, and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At length, as if determined to end the conflict, the bull drew back, lowered his head, and made one tremendous charge; but blinded by the blood that trickled down his forehead, he missed his mark, and rolled headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled and was upon him. Thoroughly invigorated by the prospect of a speedy victory, he tore the flesh in huge masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe. The two rolled over and over in the terrible death-struggle; nothing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes would certainly have terminated the bloody strife, so far as my favorite was concerned, when, to my astonishment, I saw the bear relax in his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly a few yards from the spot. His entrails had burst entirely through the wound in his belly, and now lay in long strings over the ground. The next moment the bull was on his legs, erect and fierce as ever. Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final

and most desperate charge. In the death-struggle that ensued both animals seemed animated by supernatural strength. The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy that the bull, upon drawing back his head, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue, a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his whole face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was ripped completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust. But his strength was gone. A few more thrusts from the savage victor and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering convulsively, his huge body a resistless mass. A clutching motion of the claws—a groan—a gurgle of the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttered a deep bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walked off, not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the struggle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As the blood streamed from his wounds a death-chill came over him. He stood for some time, unyielding to the last, bracing himself up, his legs apart, his head gradually drooping; then dropped on his fore-knees and lay down; soon his head rested upon the ground; his body became motionless; a groan, a few convulsive respirations, and he too, the noble victor, was dead.

During this strange and sanguinary struggle the cattle, as I stated before, had gathered in around the combatants. The most daring, as if drawn toward the spot by the smell of blood or some irresistible fascination, formed a circle within twenty or thirty yards, and gazed at the murderous work that was going on with startled and terror-stricken eyes; but none dared to join in the defense of their champion. No sooner was the battle ended, and the victor and the vanquished stretched dead upon the ground, than a panic seized upon the excited multitude, and by one accord they set up a wild bellowing, switched their tails in the air, and started off full speed for the plains.

It was now nearly dark. The impressive scene I had just witnessed, and in which I had become so absorbed as to lose all consciousness of danger, now forcibly reminded me that this was not a safe place of retreat for the night. I descended from the tree, seeing all clear, and hurried out toward the edge of the plain, where I discovered a trail leading down parallel with the creek. The water-hole I knew must be on this creek, for there was no other in sight. It could not be more than two or three miles distant, and there was yet sufficient light to enable me to keep within range of the bushes on the

left. I walked on rapidly for nearly an hour, sometimes stumbling into the deep fissures which had been made in the ground by the heat of the sun, and often obliged to descend deep arroyas and seek for some time before I could find an outlet on the other side; but in the course of an hour I was rejoiced to see a point of woodland jutting into the plain, not over a few hundred yards distant, in the midst of which there was the glimmer of a fire.

I say rejoiced, for certainly that was the first sensation; but in approaching the light I could not but think of the savage character of the country, and the probability of meeting with company here as little to my liking as any I had yet encountered. This part of the Salinas was entirely out of the range of civilization; neither miners nor settlers had yet intruded upon these dreary solitudes; and the chances were greatly in favor of meeting a party of Sonoranian desperadoes or outlawed Californians. Yet what inducement could I present for robbery or murder in such a destitute plight? Without coat, blankets, pistol, or property of any kind except a watch concealed in the fob of my pantaloons—even without money, for what little I owned, not over forty or fifty dollars, was contained in a leather purse in the pocket of my coat—of what avail would it be to molest me? If plunder should be an object, they must already be in possession of all I had.

These considerations somewhat allayed my apprehensions; and, at all events, I saw no alternative but to keep on. As I descended from the plain into the oak grove bordering upon the bed of the creek, I observed that there were only two men in camp. From their costume—the common blue shirts, pantaloons, and rough boots of ordinary travelers on the way to the mines—I judged them to be Americans. Nor was I mistaken. The very first word I heard spoken was an oath, which it is unnecessary for me to repeat.

"I say, Griff," said one, in a coarse, brutal voice, "if he comes don't you budge. He'll be here certain!"

"Jack," replied the man addressed, "you've done enough of that. You'd better hold up a while, that's my opinion."

The other laughed; not a joyous laugh of natural mirthfulness, but something resembling a chuckling sneer that was horribly repelling. An instinctive feeling prompted me to retrace my steps and strike out for the mission of Soledad. Without well knowing why, I was impressed with an irresistible conviction that the spirit of sin brooded over this camp. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, I turned to retreat while yet undiscovered, when a man emerged from the bushes a little below, and called out, sharply, "Who's that? Answer quick, or you're a dead man!"

I answered at once, "An American—a friend. Don't shoot! It's all right!"

I then advanced into the camp, where I was greeted with an uneasy and suspicious stare,

very much unlike any reception I had ever met with before from a party of countrymen. There was either distrust or disappointment in their looks, probably both. The party consisted of three men—two of whom were standing by the fire cooking a piece of venison, while the third, who had hailed me from the bushes, seemed to have been on the look-out.

The man called "Jack"—he who had first spoken—was a swarthy, thick-set fellow, about thirty years of age, with a bull neck, a coarse black beard, and heavy sun-burned mustache. His eyes were overhung by bushy brows, and were of a cold, stony color and very deeply set, giving him an appearance of peeping out furtively from a chaparral of brush. A shock of black, matted hair covered his head; his hands were begrimed with dirt, and his dress was ragged, greasy, and stained with blotches of filth and blood. On his feet he wore a pair of coarse heavy boots out at the toes, in the legs of which his pantaloons were carelessly thrust, giving him a peculiarly slovenly and blackguard air. A belt around his waist with a revolver and knife, and a leather pouch for balls and patching, completed his costume and trappings. I instinctively recoiled from this man. His whole expression—his voice, manner, dress, and all—pronounced him a coarse and unmitigated villain. There was not a single redeeming point about him that I could discover. Hard, crafty, and cruel, profane, filthy, and brutal, his character was patent at a glance. If he was not intrinsically bad, nature had grievously belied him.

The other, to whom this fellow had addressed his remarks when I first heard their voices, and who was called "Griff," was apparently somewhat younger, though rough and weather-beaten, as if he had been much exposed. His form was gaunt and athletic, and his height over six feet. There was something very sad in the expression of his face, which was well chiseled, and not destitute of a certain quality of rough, manly beauty. A prominent nose; firm and compressed lips; a square projecting chin, evincing firmness, and a liquid blue eye, with a mingled expression of gentleness and determination; deep furrows, tending downward from the corners of his mouth; long waving hair, and a light mustache, gave him something of a heroic cast of countenance, which, but for an appearance of general recklessness, would have redeemed him under all the disadvantages of ragged clothes and evil associations. Yet I felt at once interested in this man. He seemed embarrassed as I scanned his features—apparently struggling with some natural impulse of politeness, which prompted him to offer me a more kindly welcome than his comrades had bestowed upon me; but if such an impulse moved him it was speedily checked. He drew his hat over his brow, and resumed his occupation at the fire without saying a word. Still even his silence was not unfriendly.

The third of this strange party was a lithe,



THE CAMP.

wiry man, not over five feet eight in height, but compact and not ungracefully formed. He was apparently much older than either of the others. To look upon him once was to receive an impression of evil that could never be effaced. His countenance was the most repellent I had ever seen—far surpassing that of the man “Jack” in cool, crafty malignity. I could readily imagine that this was the leader in all that required subtlety, intellect, and skill. His forehead was high and narrow; his eyes closely set together, black, and of piercing brilliancy; his features sharp and mobile; but it was his mouth that more than all gave him the distinguishing expression of cruelty and cunning. A sardonic smile continually played upon his thin, bloodless lips. Every muscle seemed under perfect control. It might well be said of this man that

“He could smile, and smile, and be a villain still,”

for villainy lurked in every feature. Yet he was not deficient in a certain air of personal neatness to which the other two had no pretensions. His jet-black hair was closely cut, and his face quite destitute of beard, and of that peculiar leaden color which indicates a long career of dissipa-

tion. In his dress he was even slightly foppish; wore a green cassimere hunting-jacket, with brass buttons; a white shirt, a breast-pin, and a pair of check pantaloons. His fingers were adorned with rings, and a watch-guard hung from his neck. The hilt of a bowie-knife, ornamented with silver, protruded from under the breast of his vest, and a revolver hung from a belt around his waist. In his motions he was quick, supine, and noiseless. Something of the basilisk there was about this man—something brilliant and glossy, as if he shone with a peculiar light. I fancied I had seen gamblers like him in New Orleans, fierce yet wary men, accustomed to play at hazardous games; glossy outside and of fascinating suavity, but corrupt to the core. Even his green coat added to the illusion; it fitted him so neatly, and seemed so like the natural slimy skin of a poisonous reptile. It was evident this was no ordinary adventurer. His manner was that of a man of the world; he had seen much, and he knew much, mostly of evil I fancied, for all that was about him was essentially bad. A certain deference toward him was perceptible in the manner of the other two men, especially in that of the thick-set fellow called

Jack, who lost much of his bravado air when "the Colonel" spoke; for such was the title accorded to the last-named of the party. The Colonel was pleased to scan me very closely for some moments before he opened his lips. When he spoke I was astonished at the change in his voice, which, when I first heard it, was sharp and hard. It was now wonderfully soft and silky.

"Sir," said he, blandly, "you seem to have lost your way. Have you walked far?"

"Not very," was my answer. "Only five miles. My mule threw me and ran away. I was unable to catch him, and thought probably he had made his way to this pool of water. Have you seen him?—a large brown mule with a roll of blankets and a coat fastened to the saddle?"

The Colonel smiled pleasantly.

"I see, friend, you are not accustomed to traveling in this rough style. Your mule has doubtless gone back to his old quarters, wherever you got him. A mule never goes farther in a new direction than he can help."

"But I saw him start for this point. He was very thirsty, I know; and, besides, he came from the Colorado not over a month ago. His course would naturally be to the southward if he desired to return to his old quarters."

"Very likely," said the Colonel, quietly: "it may be the same mule I sold to a gentleman from Texas, down there about that time."

"Yes—I bought him from a Texan. It must be the same!" I answered, glad to find some clew, however remote, to the object of my search.

The Colonel smiled again, and expressed his regret that it was not the nature of that mule to go in the direction of the Colorado. The fare for mules in that region was rather dry; and the animal in question had a very keen appreciation of good fare. At all events no such mule had been seen here—"unless, perhaps, you may have seen him," added the Colonel, turning to the thick-set man, and regarding him with a peculiar expression—the same basilisk eye that I had noticed before.

"I?" said Jack, laughing coarsely; "the last mule I saw was a small mustang horse that belongs to myself."

"Possibly you may have seen him?" suggested the Colonel, looking at the tall, gaunt man, Griff; and here I could not but notice the change in his expression. His brow unconsciously lowered, and there was something devilish in the cool malignity of his eye. Griff was silent. His frame seemed convulsed with some emotion of disgust or hatred. The Colonel turning quickly to me, observed with an affected suavity: "This man may possibly be able to tell you something about your mule."

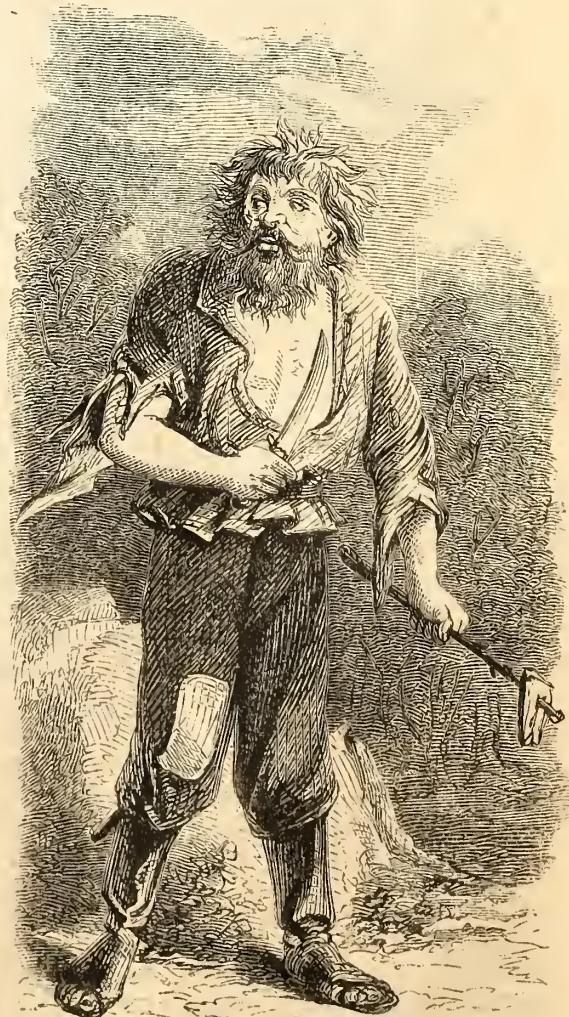
At this the person referred to drew himself up into an erect position, and gave a look at the Colonel—a look of such mingled hatred, defiance, and contempt, that I expected to see the latter wilt before it or draw his revolver. But he did neither. And here I detected the secret of his power over the other two men—imperturb-

able self-possession. He merely elevated his brows superciliously as Griff sternly remarked:

"You know as much of the mule as I do! What do you ask me for? Be careful."

"Oh," said the Colonel, jocularly, "I thought you might have seen him while I was absent. You know I'm not in the habit of noticing these things."

Griff resumed his slouching attitude, stirring the fire moodily, while the Colonel requested me to be seated, and proceeded to do the honors of the repast. All that I have attempted to describe was perfectly quiet; not a loud word was spoken, and but for the peculiar expression of each face, involving some dark complicity of experience, it might have passed unnoticed. There was really nothing said that necessarily bore an evil import. Yet what was it that filled me with such an indefinable abhorrence of these men—of two of them at least? That they were unprincipled adventurers, I knew; that they were depraved enough to be professed gamblers, highway robbers, or horse thieves, was reasonable to suppose from their appearance; but there was something more than that about them. The leader was no common gambler or horse-thief. He was too keen, too polished, too subtle for that. He might be a forger, a slave speculator, a dealer in blood-hounds, a gambler in fancy stocks; yet this was no country for the exercise



JACK.

of that sort of talent—at least that portion of it which he had chosen as a place of temporary abode. He might be on his way to the mines. I asked no questions. It was enough to feel the evil influence of the present; enough to know by intuition that the hands of this man were stained with some deadly sin.

Hungry as I was, I could not swallow the bread he gave me without a choking sensation of disgust. The act of eating with him implied a species of fellowship against which my very soul rebelled.

Of the swarthy man, Jack, I had a different impression. He was purely brutal. All his instincts were coarse, savage, and depraved. Whatever quickness or cunning he possessed was that of an animal. He was far inferior to the other in all the essential attributes of a successful villain. I looked upon him as upon a vicious brute.

For the tall fellow, Griff, I must confess I felt a strange sympathy. That he was not naturally depraved, no one who looked upon his fine features, and frank, manly bearing, could for a moment doubt. He might be dissipated, reckless—even criminal; but he surely was not all bad. There was something of conscience left in him yet—some human emotion of remorse. Otherwise why was his expression so strangely sad? Why was it that there seemed to be no bond of sympathy between him and the others—beyond, perhaps, some complicity in crime, either accidental or the result of evil associations? A deadly fascination seemed to be spread over him by the leader, against which he struggled in vain. The slight outburst of passion which I had witnessed showed too plainly the powerful thrallship in which he was held. His defiant tone—the withering hatred of his eye—the impatient gesture of contempt—were but the momentary ebullitions of a proud spirit. No sentiment of personal fear could have found a place in that manly breast. The cause of his submission lay deeper than that. Something of self-accusation must have had a share in it, thus to paralyze his strength—something more inextricable than any web that mortal man could cast over him unaided by a sense of his own iniquity. I could not conjecture what crime he had committed. Whatever it was, I had a strong yearning to befriend him. Surely there was still hope for him; he could not be utterly lost without bearing in his features the impress of unmitigated evil.

As soon as supper was over the Colonel lighted his pipe, and seemed disposed to be sociable. It was impossible for me to get over the abhorrence I had for this man. Even his efforts to be agreeable had something sinister in them that increased my dislike. Still, I was in the power of these men, whether they chose to exercise it for good or for evil; and it behooved me to suppress any disrelish I might have for their company.

"You came from Soledad to-day, I think you said?" observed the Colonel.

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"Yes; I stopped there last night."

"Did you meet any body on the road?" he asked, carelessly.

"Only two Spaniards from Santa Marguerita." The Colonel started.

"Any news from below?"

"None that I could understand. I don't speak the Spanish language."

"You heard nothing from San Miguel?"

"No."

"Which way are you bound, if I may take the liberty of asking?"

"To San Luis. I have business there connected with the revenue service. Unfortunately my mule has disappeared with my blankets, coat, pistol, what little money I had, and my official papers, which are of no use to any body but myself. I fear the loss will subject me to great inconvenience."

"You are aware, I suppose," said the Colonel, with the same disagreeable smile I had before noticed, "that the road is considered a little dangerous for solitary travelers. Murders have been committed between this and San Miguel."

"Any lately?" I asked, assuming more composure than I felt.

"Why, as for that," replied the Colonel, making an effort to be humorous, "it would be hard for me to keep the run of all I hear in this part of the country. Society is rather backward, and the newspapers do not keep us advised of the current events of the day."

Here there was a pause. I felt convinced that this man was capable of any deed, however dark and damning. Even while he spoke his fingers played with the butt of a revolver that hung from his belt. Something caught my eye as his hand moved—a small silver star near the lock of the pistol. This was not an ordinary mark. I at once knew the pistol to be mine. A friend had given it to me. The star was a fanciful device of his own, based upon the idea that its rays would guide the bullet to its destination. The Colonel detected my inquisitive glance, and smiled again in his peculiar way, but said nothing. If I had any doubt on the subject before, I now felt quite satisfied that he was not only a villain, but one who would not hesitate to take my life if it would serve his purpose. Whether his thoughts ran in that direction at present I could not determine. He possessed a wonderful power of inspiring dark impressions without uttering a word. The mere suspicion of such a design was at least unpleasant. At length he rose, having finished smoking his pipe, and with an air of indifference said,

"It must be getting late. Have you the time, Sir?"

I pulled out my watch, scarcely conscious of the act, and remarked that it wanted a few minutes of nine.

"A nice-looking watch that!" observed the Colonel. "It must be worth a hundred dollars."

"Yes, more than that," I answered; for I saw at once that any manifestation of suspicion

would be the last thing to answer my purpose. "It cost \$150 in New York. It is a genuine chronometer, and the casing is of solid gold."

The Colonel exchanged glances with the swarthy man, Jack, and proposed to go out and take a look at the horses. Before they had proceeded fifty yards they stopped and looked back. Griff had been sitting moodily before the fire during the conversation above related, and did not seem disposed to move at the summons of his leader, who now called sharply to him to come on. The same expression of defiant hatred that I had noticed before flashed from the man's eyes, and for a moment he seemed to struggle against the Colonel's malign influence. "Come!" said the latter, sharply, "what do you lag behind for? You know your duty!"

"Yes," muttered Griff, between his set teeth, "I know it! It is hardly necessary to remind me of it." He then rose and proceeded to join his comrades. As he passed by where I sat he hurriedly whispered, "Stay where you are. Don't attempt to escape yet. Depend upon me—I'll stand by you!"

It may readily be conceived that my sensations were not the most pleasant during the absence of the three men in whose power I was so strangely and unexpectedly placed. That two of them were quite capable of murdering me, if they had not already made up their minds to do so, was beyond question. I looked around and saw to my dismay that they scarcely took the trouble to conceal the robbery they had already perpetrated. My blankets lay under a tree not over fifteen steps from the fire, and my coat and saddle were carelessly thrown among the common camp equipments in the same place. What could one unarmed man do against three, or even two, fully armed desperadoes? My first impulse was to steal away, now that there was a chance—perhaps the only one I might have—and conceal myself in the bushes till morning, then endeavor to make my way along the bed of the creek to Soledad. Better trust to the grizzly bears than to such men as the Colonel and Jack. But it was more than probable they were thoroughly acquainted with every thicket and trail in the country, and would not be long in overtaking me on horseback. There was another serious consideration: I could not well afford to lose my mule, money, and papers. The latter were of incalculable value, and could not be replaced. I had no idea that they had been suffered to remain in my coat-pocket. So adroit a speculator as the Colonel must have ascertained their contents and placed them beyond danger of recovery. Besides, the man Griff had warned me not to attempt an escape yet. Was he to be trusted? Surely I could not be deceived in him. What object could he have in warning me unless to provide for my safety?

These considerations were unanswerable. I determined to remain and abide the issue.

It is said that danger sharpens men's wits. I believe it; for while there was ample reason to suppose these men were deliberating upon my

destruction, a scheme flashed upon my mind which I at once resolved to carry into effect. Up to this period I had given them a plain statement of my misfortune. They evidently regarded me as a very simple-minded and inexperienced traveler. Nothing could be easier than to improve upon that idea.

As soon as they returned and resumed their places around the fire I made some casual inquiries of the Colonel about the route from San Miguel to San Luis Obispo—professing to be exceedingly anxious to reach the latter place within five or six days.

The Colonel was bland and obliging as usual, giving me, without reserve, full particulars in regard to the route.

"But what's your hurry?" said he, smiling in his accustomed manner; "why not stay with us a few days and make yourself comfortable? The weather is rather warm for so long a pedestrian tour—unless, indeed, something is to be made by it." This he said with a low chuckle and a significant glance at the fellow with the thick neck.

"That is precisely why I want to get on," I answered; "a great deal is to be made by it if I get there in time, and a great deal lost if I don't. A vessel laden with foreign goods has gone ashore on the beach below the Embarcadera. I have advices that most of the cargo is saved. The duties, according to a copy of the manifest forwarded to the Custom-house at San Francisco, amount to over ten thousand dollars. The Supercargo writes that he can sell out on advantageous terms at San Luis, provided he can pay the duties there to some authorized officer of the Government within the period named. I am on my way down to receive the money. If I can get back with it to San Francisco within ten or twelve days it will be of considerable advantage to the Government as well as to myself. Unfortunately there is no water-communication at present, or I might gain time by taking a vessel. However, I apprehend no difficulty in being able to hire a mule at San Miguel. As for the stories of robbery and murder on the road, I have no faith in them. At all events I am not afraid to try the experiment."

This communication made an evident impression upon the minds of the Colonel and Jack, both of whom listened with intense interest. The man Griff looked a little puzzled, but a casual glance reassured him—he at once caught at my meaning. I could see that the Colonel was embarrassed as to what course to pursue in reference to the stolen property. He held down his head for some time, pretending to be occupied in clearing the stem of his pipe, but it was apparent that he was in considerable perplexity. Deep and guarded as he was, it was not difficult to conjecture what was passing in his mind. There was now a strong inducement for permitting me to proceed on my journey. The prospect of securing ten thousand dollars was worthy of some risk; yet, if he acknowledged the stealing of my mule and other property, it was not

likely I would again place myself in his power. On the other hand, I had seen the pistol, and must have some suspicion of the true state of the case.

I have often observed that men deeply versed in villainy, while they possess a certain sort of sagacity, are deficient in the perception of character when it involves a more comprehensive knowledge of human nature than usually falls within the limits of their individual experience. They are quick to detect every species of vulgar trickery, but their capacity to cope with straightforward truth is limited. They suspect either too much or too little, and lose confidence in their own penetration. With men like themselves they understand how to deal—they know by intuition the governing motives; but simplicity and frankness are weapons to which they are not accustomed. A direct statement of facts, in which they can see no motive of prudence, sets them at fault. They can analyze well through a dark atmosphere, but, like night-birds, have very dim perceptive powers in daylight.

While the Colonel could discover no interested motive in my simple statement respecting the loss of a vessel on the coast (of which he had probably heard from other sources), and could see no reason why I should not be simple enough to come back with a large sum of money, since I had been simple enough to lose a valuable mule and exhibit a valuable watch, he nevertheless seemed unable to extricate himself from suspicion in reference to the pistol—the only article of my property which he had reason to suppose I had seen. He could easily have said that he had found it on the trail; but he was not skilled in degrees of innocence. He had deferred his explanation too long, and, judging by himself, could not imagine that any other person would credit so flimsy a statement. In this he was correct, but his one-sided sagacity led him into puzzling inconsistencies.

To lull all suspicion on this point was indispensable to the success of my plan. The apparent confidence which I had manifested in the good faith of the party tended greatly to prevent the leader from coming to a satisfactory conclusion. So at least it appeared to me as I watched the uncertain movements of his hands and the changing expression of his countenance. He was evidently aware that I had seen the star on the handle of the pistol, yet my conduct indicated no suspicion. It was necessary that I should remove whatever doubt on the subject might be lurking in his mind. With this in view, I took occasion to renew the conversation relative to the route, stating that although I apprehended little danger, it was still an awkward position to be entirely without arms in a strange country.

“The loss of my pistol,” said I, “is a serious inconvenience. It must have fallen from my belt when the mule threw me, and become covered with dust. I could go back and find the place, but that would occupy nearly half a day, and I can not afford to lose the time. The only

particular value the pistol has is that it is a present from a friend who belonged to the Order of the Lone Star of Texas. The badge of the Association is marked upon the handle, as usual with arms belonging to the members.”

“Yes,” said the Colonel, after a pause, “I once belonged to that Order myself, and have a pistol similarly marked.”

“Perhaps you would be willing to dispose of it?” I observed. “Not that I have any money, but I would cheerfully give my watch for a good pistol, which would be at least three times its value.”

“My dear Sir,” said the Colonel, affecting an air of injured pride, “you certainly can not be aware that a member of the Lone Star never sells or barters his arms. Any thing else—but not his weapons of personal defense. Fortunately, however, I have a spare revolver, which is entirely at your service. As for your watch, I should be sorry to deprive you of so useful an article, and one which would be of no value to myself. Time is of little consequence to men who are accustomed to spend it as they please, and whose chief dependence is on the sun, moon, and stars.”

I accepted the proffered gift, as may be supposed, without the slightest qualms of conscience in depriving the donor of so valuable a piece of property; and having expressed my thanks, noticed that while pretending to search for the pistol among the camp equipments he took care to cover up my blanket and coat.

The Colonel soon returned to the fire, and handed me a very handsome revolver, a belt, powder-flask, and small leather bag containing caps, balls, and other necessary appendages. It struck me as a little strange, that having apparently made up his mind to let me depart, he had not offered to lend me an animal to ride upon; but a moment’s reflection satisfied me that there was good cause for this. There could be no doubt from the character of the party that the horses were stolen, and would be recognized on the road. Besides, he knew I could easily hire a horse or mule at San Miguel.

After this I observed that the Colonel took occasion to speak a few words to Jack, the import of which I could only conjecture had some reference to my papers. Jack answered aloud, “Yes, the grass is bad there. I’ll go put my mustang in another place.” He then walked away, and the Colonel busied himself in preparing our sleeping quarters for the night.

It was nearly eleven o’clock. In about fifteen minutes Jack returned, and we all lay down in different directions, within a short distance of the fire. A saddle-blanket, kindly furnished by my chief entertainer, enabled me to make quite a comfortable bed.

The night was mild and pleasant. A clear sky, spangled with stars, was visible through the tops of the trees, and never had I seen it look so beautifully serene. Could it be that guilt could slumber peacefully under that heavenly canopy? Surely the evil spirit must be

strong in the hearts of men who, unconscious of the reprobating purity of such a night, could thus forget their sins, and lie calmly sleeping upon the bosom of their mother earth. How deadened by a long career of crime must conscience be in the breast of him who, steeped in guilt, could thus, in the presence of his Maker,

“—O'er-labored with his being's strife,
Sink to that sweet forgetfulness of life!”

Neither the Colonel nor the man Jack moved an inch after taking their places. I almost envied them their capacity to sleep, so gentle and profound was their oblivion to the world and all its cares. To me this refreshing luxury was denied. My fate seemed to hang upon a thread. I could not feel any confidence in these men. They might become suspicious at any moment, and murder me as I lay helpless before them. For over two hours I watched them; they never moved. The probable fact was, they had made up their minds not to molest me, in view of the large sum of money I expected to collect at San Luis. My course seemed clear enough. But here was the difficulty. I could do nothing without my papers. Nor was I content to lose my mule, saddle, and blankets, which I knew to be in their possession.

The tall man, Griff, was restless, and turned repeatedly, moaning in his sleep, “God have pity on me! O God, have pity on me!”

It was a sad sight to behold him. No mortal eye could fathom the sufferings that thus moved him. Truly,

“The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like a scorpion girt by fire.”

At length—it must have been about an hour before day—he arose, looked cautiously around, and seeing all quiet, beckoned to me, and stealthily left the camp. On his way out he gathered up my blanket, saddle, and coat in his arms, and looked back to see if I had taken the hint. I lost no time in slipping from my covering, and following his receding figure. It was a trying moment. I expected to see the other two men rise, and held my pistol ready for defense. In a few minutes we were beyond immediate danger of discovery.

“Now,” said Griff—“now is your time. Here is your mule. Mount him and be off! They will undertake to pursue you as soon as they discover your absence; but I shall loose the riatas, and it will take them some time to catch the horses. You will find your papers on the trail as soon as you strike the plain. Get to San Miguel, and you are safe. They dare not go there; *but don't stop on the way.*”

While he was talking Griff fixed my saddle and pack on the mule, and I mounted without loss of time. What could I do to reward this noble fellow? In the hurry of the moment I handed him my watch.

“Friend,” said I, “you have done me an inestimable service. Take this trifle as a keepsake, and with it my best thanks. You and I may never meet again.”

“No, it is not likely we shall,” said Griff,

sadly. “Our ways are different. Keep your watch; I can't accept it. All I ask of you is not to judge me harshly. Good-by!”

The impulse to serve this unfortunate man was irresistible. I could not leave him thus. It was no idle curiosity that prompted me to probe the mystery of his conduct.

“In Heaven's name, friend, why do you stay with these bad men? What unholy power have they over you? Leave them, I implore you—leave them at once and forever. Come with me. I will do all I can for you. Surely you are not too far gone in crime for repentance. The vilest sinner may be saved!”

The poor fellow's frame was convulsed with agony. He sobbed like a child, and for a moment seemed unable to speak. Suddenly, as if recollecting himself, he said,

“No, Sir; I can not turn traitor. It is no use—I am gone beyond redemption. Their fate must be mine. God pity me! I struggled hard against the evil spirit; but he has conquered. I am gone, Sir—gone! Yet, believe me, I am not wholly depraved. A criminal in the eyes of the law; a robber; an outcast from society and civilization; but (here he lowered his voice to a whisper)—but **NOT A MURDERER.** O God, pity me! My mother—my poor old mother!”

This was all. The next moment he turned away, and was lost in the gloom of the trees.

WHAT ARE THE NERVES?

Old, nervous meant strong. The nervous man was he whose muscles were like cords beneath his skin, and whose frame was knit into the highest tension. The name of nerve was applied rather to the tendons than to those susceptible strings to which we have appropriated it. Men had scarcely, in those days, discovered that they had nerves. But these have come into more prominence in recent times, and however little we may know about them, we can no longer be ignorant of their existence. Probably few of those who live in cities, or come in any way within the vortex of our social life, have escaped occasional attacks of nervousness, or are able at all times to set that insidious enemy at defiance.

Is nervousness, then, an inevitable condition of civilization; a tax we must be content to pay for our advantages? or can we free ourselves from its assaults without paying too great a price for the immunity? What is the malady and its cause?—that we may know what the cure must be.

And first, have the nerves really any thing to do with it? or have they borne the blame, while other portions of our organization have been at fault? When we are in that excitable, tremulous condition, in which there is a morbid anxiety to labor, with diminished power of performance—when, without any definite ailment, we seem deadened in every faculty, while yet the least vexation is felt as an intolerable annoyance

—are we right in saying that it is especially the nervous system that breaks down?

In order to answer this question, we must obtain, if possible, a clear idea respecting this element of our being, and know what kind of a machinery it is that we are using. And, in truth, we are, in this respect, constructed in a way eminently adapted both to excite and to reward our curiosity. Beautiful, and even mysterious, as many of the exhibitions of nervous activity appear, and wonderful as are its aggregate results, as displayed in the varied processes of human life, there is hardly any thing in the whole range of science better ascertained, or more simple, than are many of its fundamental principles. In this respect the study of the nervous system is like that of astronomy, in which, while the great moving force still remains unexplained, yet many laws are clearly known, and these scarcely more interesting for their practical importance than for their simplicity. "If," says Sir Charles Bell, "I could address my reader with the same freedom, and with the same examples before me, with which I speak to my pupils on this subject, I think I could interest him in it." And no one who has once experienced the fascination of the study can help having the same feeling. But it must be remembered that our knowledge extends only to a certain point. While much can be explained with certainty, many problems still remain unsolved, many questions which we naturally ask can receive only a partial answer.

It was at one time thought that the presence of a nervous system constituted a distinction between the animal and the vegetable. But this opinion does not seem to be correct. The lowest animals have no discoverable nerves; they lead merely a sort of vegetative life, and their simple structure does not demand any special mechanism for bringing into union the actions of different parts. Yet, although this is the case, the nervous system is one of the chief characteristics of animal life, and it makes its appearance immediately there is exhibited in the animal scale any complexity of structure. It is by its means, indeed, that various organs are blended into a whole; and thus the animal is a unit or individual, while the plant always remains a mere bundle of more or less similar parts. The proper life of the animal consists in an ability to react in a definite manner upon objects that affect it from without, not only by a motion of the part immediately affected, but by the combined movements of many, and it may be distant, organs. In this lies the primary need for a nervous system. It is in its simplest aspect merely a channel by which the affections of one portion of the body are enabled to call out the activity of another. Keeping this idea in view, we shall find there is no difficulty in following, in their general principles, the structure or the functions of the nervous system, even in its most highly developed and complicated forms.

It was an ancient notion that man is a microcosm, a little world, combining in himself all

the powers and principles that are distributed throughout the greater world around him. In physiology the same idea has found a place in the representation that man embodies, and is a union of, all the lower animal natures. These ideas may have been mere dreams; yet they were dreams that contained an element of truth. The most rigid examination with the dissecting knife confirms them in a certain sense. In his nervous system man does present a combination of the structures and activities of the various forms of life below him. We live, in respect to our nerves, distinct and separate lives, and unite in our own person opposite existences. The spinal cord has one life of its own; the lower part of the brain another; and by means of its upper part we live a third kind of life, higher than the other two.

The effects, and the proof also, of this diversity of life within us are partially seen in the variety of actions which we are capable of carrying on at the same time without their interfering with each other. By this means it is that, without taking any thought, we breathe regularly fifteen times in the minute; that we maintain ourselves in the erect position without any consciousness of effort; that (almost equally without consciousness when our attention is otherwise engaged) we walk, or eat, or perform other habitual motions, and at the same time carry on a distinct train of thought, or perform complicated and delicate manual operations. We are able to do all these things at once because, besides distinct groups of muscles, we have distinct nervous systems operating within us, each regulating its own circle of activities.

But elaborate as is the structure thus provided as the condition of our varied life, and diverse as are the results which ensue from the action of its different parts, it is all constructed on one plan. Its operations when combined, as they are in our experience, make up a whole of which we can not think without wonder, and the intricacy of which seems to defy comprehension. But simplicity comes with analysis. The various elements which make up the nervous activity are presented to us by nature in various classes of animals, separated, and, as it were, distinctly exposed to view, while through them all there runs an identity of character which makes them easily reducible to a single law.

What are nerves wanted for? Not, in the first place, to make the body alive, or to give it the power of acting. The various structures of which it is composed, each for itself, have their own active properties, their own power of responding to stimulus. The muscle contracts when it is touched, or when it is galvanized, though no nerve be present; the gland pours forth its secretion under the like conditions. A due supply of blood alone is necessary for all these operations. But for animal life, except in its lowest grades, this kind of activity is not enough. The sensitive plant possesses as much as this; and indeed, so far as we can judge, this "irritability" (as the tendency to perform a mo-

tion on being touched is termed) is essentially the same property in the plant and in the animal. In fact, if we suppose such a mechanism to be connected with a sensitive plant, that on any given leaf being touched, not that leaf only, but others also, and those in a distant part of the plant, should be thrown into motion—say in such a way as to guard the irritated part—we should have a pretty good imitation of the animal activity. Such a result might be brought about if there were introduced into the plant a system of tubes, or fibres, which should convey the impulse from each point to various others; or more completely still, if these fibres were connected with a central apparatus that should gather up the impulses transmitted from every leaf, and pass them on in an orderly sequence to the rest. By such an arrangement it is evident a sort of animal intelligent-looking activity might be grafted on to the mere vegetable “irritability” of the plant. No fresh power would be needed in these fibres or in the central apparatus; only a capability of receiving, and transmitting unimpaired, the impulses conveyed to it from every quarter. No fresh power would be needed, only a “susceptibility” and a definite arrangement. In truth, owing to the greater amount of the action induced in the leaves of the sensitive plant than that of the stimulus by which they are excited—a mere breath being sufficient often to produce a long contractile motion—these actions might go on by means of such an arrangement of fibres, continually multiplying, until a slight touch might suffice to throw the whole tree into

—we will venture to say—convulsions. It is evident, however, that if any complicated series of actions were desired; if a touch (or other stimulus) applied to any single leaf were meant to call forth a corre-

sponding action in distant parts; and especially if any large number of these actions were to be combined together, and this in many or varied groups, then the arrangement of the fibres would need to be exceedingly exact and complex. There would need to be points also at which the various impulses might be transferred from one set of fibres to another, or their progress altogether arrested for a time. In brief, the arrangements would be somewhat like those of an elaborate telegraphic system.

Such a system of tubes or fibres would closely represent in some essential characters the nervous system. If we look at the human brain, we find that it consists mainly of a vast mass of fibres. Their number, tenuity, and variety of direction are so great, that no skill has hitherto availed to trace them in detail, though their

general course has been pretty well made out. The subjoined figure may give a general conception of their multitude, and the intricacy of the web they form. Emanating from the brain and spinal cord, long lines of fibres pass to each region of the body, and distribute themselves in a minute net-work around and within the substance of every organ. So fine is this net-work that, if we could see it by itself, it would appear before us a perfect image of the body, all pure nerve.

We have thus, in our own persons, to do with a structure similar to that which has been supposed. Our body is not primarily dependent upon its nerves; it is active in itself, instinct and throbbing with force almost in every part, but waiting the touch of the master's hand before, in health, its ordered activities are set free. Take away from a man his nervous system (if it could be done with impunity), and there were left not lifeless clay, not even a mere inanimate and passive mechanism; there were left a body physically alive, endowed with active powers as containing in every part more or less of nature's force; but a body worthless *as a body*, with no unity in its action, nor possibility of ordered movement to any definite purpose; a structure in the whole or in the parts of which more or fewer actions might go on, and go on with vigor, but in which these actions could be made subservient to no end.

The fibres which constitute the chief mass of the nervous system are simple in their structure, so far as the microscope can reveal it, and pre-

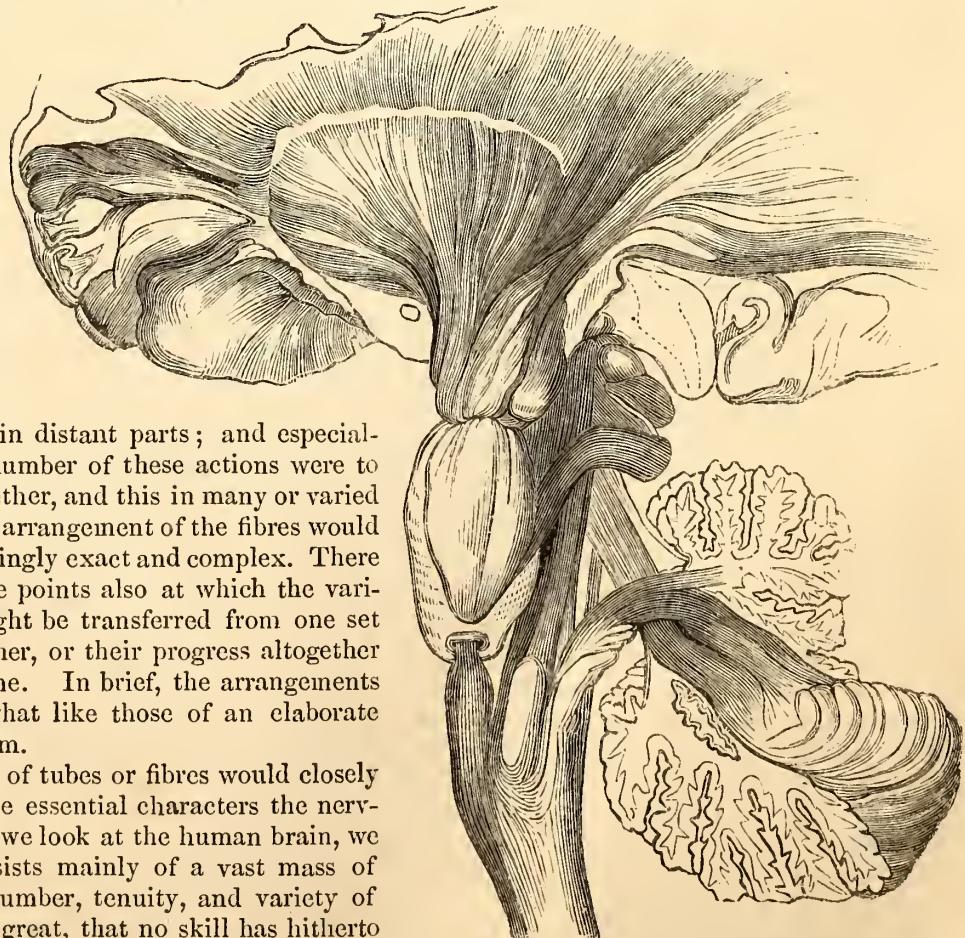


FIGURE 1.—THE FIBRES OF THE BRAIN.

sent a very curious analogy to a telegraphic wire. Like the latter, each nervous fibre consists of a small central thread (or tube, perhaps, in the case of the nerve, though the tubular structure can not be demonstrated) surrounded by a layer of a different substance. The central thread (or axis) is of a grayish color; the surrounding material is of a glassy appearance, soon becoming an opaque white after death, and giving their characteristic white appearance to the nerves. The fibre, consisting of these two portions, is included in a sheath (a sort of very fine skin) which separates it from the adjacent bodies. If we roll up a wax-candle in paper, that will give us a rough illustration of the nerve fibre. The paper is the external "sheath;" the wax is the intermediate white matter; the wick is the central axis. It is most natural to believe that the analogy suggested by this structure is a true one, and that the white substance acts the part of the gutta percha round the electric wire, as an insulating medium for the currents which travel along the central portion. But this is not proved. Probably, owing to the minuteness of the parts, it is beyond the possibility of experimental proof. For in man two or three thousand of these fibres would occupy but an inch in their largest part, and both at their origin and their termination they are much smaller. Many of them are contained in every nerve that is visible to the naked eye. Figure 2 represents a small nervous twig dividing.

They terminate in various ways. Their ends may thin out and become free, or they may form a loop, and so return back in their course. Each nerve fibre runs in an unbroken line from its origin to its termination.

There is another kind of nervous matter, besides the fibres; and that consists of cells. Two of the forms which

are shown in Figure 3. The nerve fibres sometimes run into them; sometimes they pass among them without appearing to communicate, as repre-

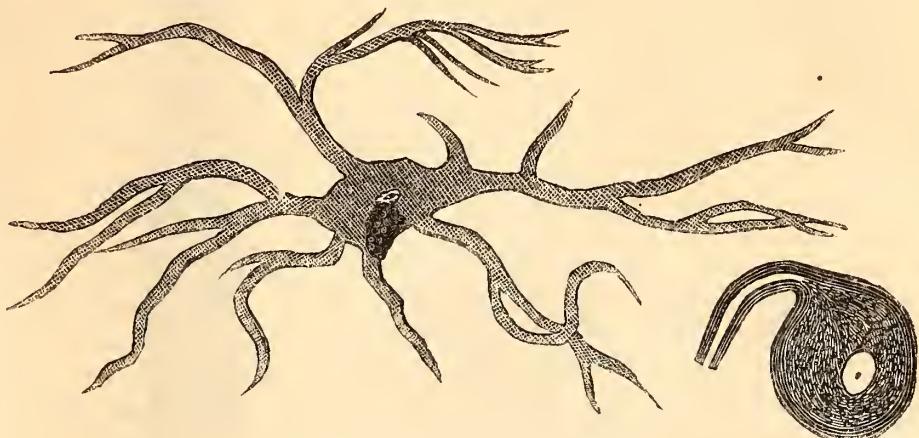


FIGURE 3.—NERVE CELLS, MAGNIFIED.

resented in Figure 4. Cells of this kind form a thin layer over the surface of the brain, and its fibres for the most part have their origin from

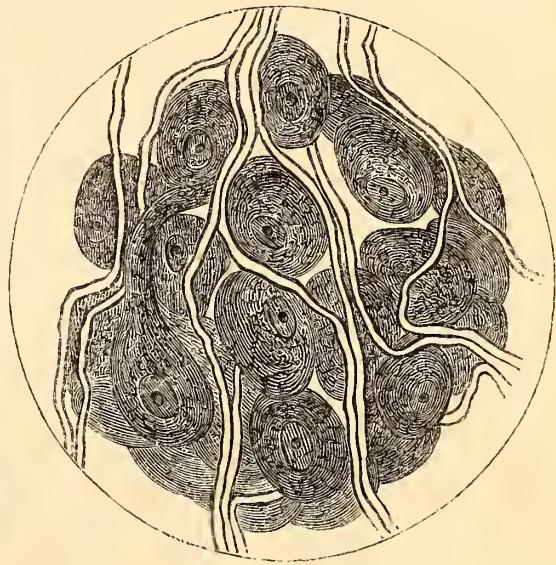


FIGURE 4.—NERVE CELLS AND FIBERS.

or among them. They also exist in large numbers in certain spots in the substance of the brain, and they are found within the spinal cord in its whole length. They have a pale pinkish hue, and wherever they are found they go by the name of "gray matter," the nerve fibres being called the white matter.

The fibres which constitute the nerves, strictly so called, are conductors, and they conduct to and from the cells. What, then, is the part played by the latter?

Before answering this question it is worth while to pause, and note (as we may well do with something like surprise) the extreme simplicity of form exhibited by this element of the nervous system. In the gray matter of the brain we are arrived at the very highest organic structure, the great achievement of the vital force, the texture in which bodily life culminates, and for the sake of which, we might almost say, all the other organs exist. And we find a structure of the very lowest form. Mere cells and gran-

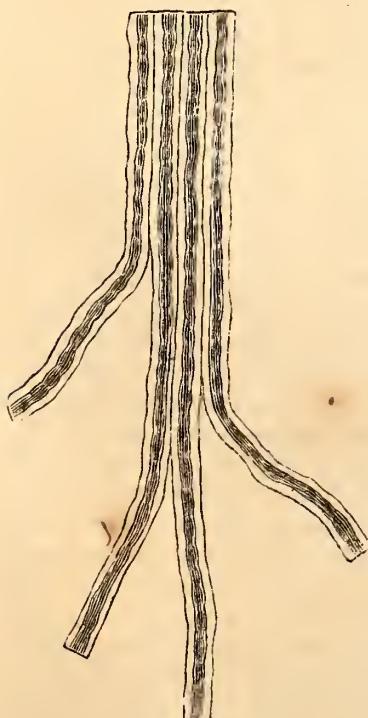


FIGURE 2.—NERVOUS TWIG DIVIDING.

ules—Nature's first and roughest work, her very starting-point in the organic kingdom—strewn in a mere mass with no appreciable order over the ends of a multitude of fibres, and loosely folded up, as it seems, for convenient stowage! This is what meets the eye. Is this the laboratory of reason; the birth-place of thought; the home of genius and imagination; the palace of the soul? Nay, is this even the source and spring of bodily order—the seat of government and control for the disorderly rabble of the muscles? Should we not have expected when we came thus to the inmost shrine of life, and penetrated to the council-chamber of the mind, to find all that had before appeared of skillful architecture and elaborate machinery surpassed and thrown into the shade? But it is all cast away. Mechanical contrivances for mechanical effects! Skillful grouping and complex organization there may be for the hand, the eye, the tongue; for all parts and every function where the mind is not. But where the spirit comes, take all that scaffolding away.

Whether this suggestion be a true one or not, we do not know. Most probably it is not true; because it is a guess, and expresses ignorance, which *ought* to be deceived. But it remains a noteworthy fact, nevertheless, and surely puts our anticipation somewhat at fault, that at the very summit of the organic world, every thing that we are accustomed to call structure, and to admire as beautiful either to the eye or to the intellect, sinks to its lowest pitch. The gray matter of the brain, however, is very abundantly supplied with blood.

But to descend again to *terra firma*—what is the part played by the gray or cellular matter, so far as we can discover it? In order to gain clear ideas on this point, we must consider the general plan on which the nervous system is arranged, and regard it first in its simplest forms. Omitting the lowest members of the animal series in which nerves are found (and in which precisely the same principles prevail), we find in the class of insects a pattern to which all the higher forms may be referred. Figure 5 is a diagram of the nervous system of the centipede. It consists of a series of little groups of nervous cells, arranged on each side of the middle line, a pair in every segment of the body, and additional ones in the head, connected with the organs of sight, smell, touch, etc. These are all united to each other by bands of fibres, and each one sends out nerves to the organs contained in the segment in which it is placed. The nervous system of the highest animals is but a repetition, in an enlarged and condensed form, of this simple type. Figure 6 represents the brain and spinal cord of man. The masses of cells, we perceive, have become joined together, and constitute not a series of double knots, but a continuous column of varying size, and those in the head have become enormously developed. But the parallel between the two structures remains, in spite of these changes. The spinal cord of man is a series of groups of cells, giving off

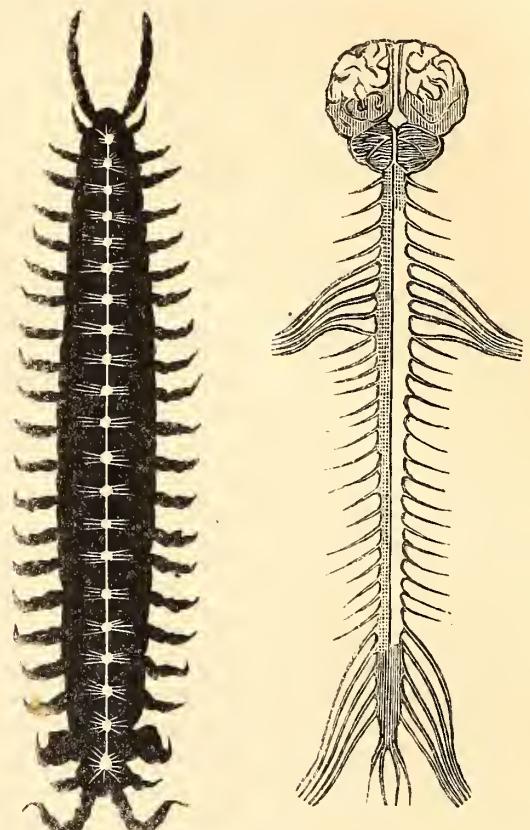


FIGURE 5.—NERVOUS SYSTEM OF THE CENTIPEDE.

FIGURE 6.—BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD OF MAN.

nerves on each side, and connected by communicating fibres with each other, and with the larger groups in the brain, which also give off nerves to the nose and eye, the skin and muscles of the face, and other parts.

Thus in man and all animals alike masses of gray matter, or cells, are placed at the centre, and nerve fibres connect them with the organs of the body. It has been proved also, by the beautiful experiments of Sir Charles Bell, that the nerve fibres are of two kinds—some conveying an influence from the organs to the centres where the nerve cells are placed, and others carrying back an influence from them to the organs. So these groups of cells evidently answer to the *stations* of the electric telegraph. They are the points at which the messages are received from one line and passed on along another.* But besides this, the cells are the generators of the nervous power. For the living telegraph flashes along its wires not only messages, but the force also which insures their fulfillment. A nerve bears inward, say from the hand or foot, an impression, it may be of the slightest kind; but the cells (richly bathed as they are by air-containing blood) are thrown into active change by this slight stimulus, and are thus able to send out a force along the nerves leading to large groups of muscles, and excite them all to vigorous motion. Just so a message from one line may, by its stimulus to human

* They are called "ganglia" in scientific language; but this word has no deep meaning: it signifies a knot, and was applied to them simply with reference to the form they present at some places. Where a nerve passes through a small group of cells, the latter looks something like a knot tied in it.

wills, be transmitted from a station in twenty new directions.

In its simplest form this is called the "reflex function"—a name given to it by Dr. Marshall Hall, to whose investigations we owe much of our knowledge respecting the laws of nervous action. The idea of a reflex action is simply that to which reference has been made before; a stimulus to one part of the body being conveyed by a conductor to the cells at the centre, and "reflected" by them upon another, which it excites to activity. Thus, for example, a pinch or prick of the skin excites the muscles to contract. The name of "reflex" has been given to this action, because it may, and in many cases naturally does, take place without consciousness. There may be no feeling and no will, yet actions having all the appearance of design may be produced. Thus in some cases of paralysis, when, owing to an injury of the spinal cord, all sensibility and all voluntary power, in respect to one or more of the limbs, are abolished, a pinch or tickling of the paralyzed member will cause it to be withdrawn, without any consciousness on the patient's part. This is an exhibition of the reflex function of the spinal cord. Similar results, of even more striking character, may be produced at will in the lower creatures. We know how long decapitated insects continue to move their limbs; how vigorously, for example, a headless wasp plies his sting. "If the head of a centipede be cut off while it is in motion, the body will continue to move onward by the action of the legs; and the same will take place in the separate parts if the body be divided into several distinct portions. After these actions have come to an end, they may be excited again by irritating any part of the nervous centres or the cut extremity of the nervous cord. The body is moved forward by the regular and successive action of the legs, as in the natural state, but its movements are always forward, never backward, and are only directed to one side when the forward movement is checked by an obstacle. If, again, the nervous cord of a centipede be divided in the middle of the trunk, so that the hinder legs are cut off from connection with the head, they will continue to move, but not in harmony with those of the fore-part of the body, being completely paralyzed so far as the animal's controlling power is concerned, though still capable of performing reflex movements by the influence of their own nerve cells, which may thus continue to propel the body in opposition to the determinations of the animal itself. The case is still more remarkable when the nervous cord is not merely divided, but a portion of it is entirely removed from the middle of the trunk; for the anterior legs still remain obedient to the animal's control, the legs of the segments from which the cord has been removed are altogether motionless, while those of the posterior segments continue to act in a manner which shows that the animal has no power of checking or directing them.

"The stimulus to the reflex movements of

the legs in the foregoing cases appears to be given by the contact of the extremities with the solid surface on which they rest. In other instances the appropriate impression can only be made by the contact of a liquid. Thus a water beetle, having had its head removed, remained motionless as long as it rested on a dry surface, but when cast into water, it executed the usual swimming motions with great energy and rapidity, striking all its comrades to one side by its violence, and persisting in these for more than half an hour."*

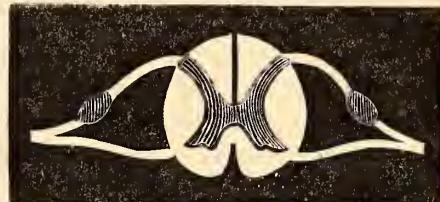


FIGURE 7.—SECTION OF THE SPINAL CORD.

Facts of this kind prove that the ordinary movements of the legs and wings, in insects and similar animals, are effected not by a direct effort of will, but reflexly, through the medium of the little collections of nervous cells with which the several parts are connected by their nerves; while impulses derived from their "brain" serve only to harmonize, control, and direct their spontaneous motions. The spinal cord in ourselves has a similar office. Figure 7 represents a section of it, about its middle portion. A nerve is seen proceeding from it on each side. The white portions in the figure represent the external layers of the cord, which consist of white fibres; the dark part represents the central cellular or gray matter. Each nerve arises from the cord by two roots: the anterior one is the nerve of motion, or that which conveys impulses from the centre to the muscles; the posterior is the nerve of sensation, which conveys impulses from the skin and other parts to the centre. It will be seen that the posterior root alone is in immediate connection with the gray matter. This root also has a small mass of nerve cells situated upon it, a short distance from its origin; the motor root has none. While the nerve is perfect, if it be irritated (as by galvanism, pricking, etc.) at any point below the junction of its roots, the animal gives signs of pain, and some or all of the muscles to which it is distributed are at the same time thrown into contraction. But the proof that these two "roots" of the nerve (or two nerves, as they should perhaps be considered, though they are bound up in one sheath) have different offices, is this: If the roots are separately divided, sensation is cut off by the division of the posterior, and the power of voluntary motion by that of the anterior root. At the same time, irritation of the posterior root *above* the point of division causes pain, and irritation of the anterior *below* the point at which it is divided still produces movement in the muscles. This was an experiment of Sir Charles Bell's, and it puts it beyond question that the

* Dr. Carpenter.

nerves which convey sensation upward and those which carry motor impulses downward are different.

We have called the nerve which carries impressions upward *sensitive*; and so it is, but only by virtue of the connection of the cord with the brain. If it be cut off from that, sensation ceases, but as before shown, all the actions which sensation ordinarily prompts do not cease. The spinal cord is organized as a centre for reflex action in the highest animals, as the simple nervous cord is in insects; and similar results to those which are produced in insects when connection with the head is severed ensue also, under like circumstances, in quadrupeds and man, though less powerfully, and lasting for a very brief interval. A fowl flaps her wings and struggles for several seconds after the spinal cord is completely divided. And in reptiles, in which the processes of life, being less vigorous, are also less rapidly exhausted, reflex actions will continue a long time after complete removal of the brain. A frog, for example, in such a condition will put up its leg as if to push away any thing that irritates its side. Cut off, therefore, from the brain, the nerve called sensitive still produces an effect, and induces more or less perfectly its appropriate action, although no sensation accompanies it. An action of this kind is called automatic.*

Thus we live an automatic life, in which various actions are carried on merely by virtue of the mechanical powers in the organs, and the arrangement of the nerves and cells within the spinal cord. We may call this our spinal life. It is the entire life, probably, of the lowest animals, whose functions are thus taken up into our being, and made a basis on which is erected the superstructure of our conscious, our human, life. By means of it we perform the actions which we can carry on without any heed, or even knowledge of their taking place. Walking, when our attention is wholly absorbed in something else, affords a good illustration of an action performed automatically. "When we are walking without attending to our steps, the foot coming down to the ground conveys the quasi-sensation of its contact to the spinal centres; these are roused to a corresponding motion; in other words, they command the muscles of the other leg to put it into a forward movement. No sooner is this executed than at the end of the movement another manifest quasi-sensation (an impression which might be felt but is not) is afforded by the fresh contact with the earth, which contact, reaching the centres, engenders a second motion, and so forth, throughout the walk. There is a simple circle, in which quasi-sensation excites

* The proof that there is no sensation when the connection with the brain is severed is given by cases of paralysis from disease or injury, in which this severance is effected, and consciousness in respect to the parts thus cut off is wholly wanting. It has been argued that there is a consciousness—a sensation—pertaining to the cord itself; but this is not within the ordinary meaning of the term, and that question belongs at present wholly to the domain of speculation.

motion at the centre, and motion produces quasi-sensation at the extremes. Thus, the foot on the ground represents sensation, and that in progress motion, and the two contemplated together represent the links in a chain of nervous fate."

This automatic action is the foundation of our nervous life; but other forms of life are in immediate relation with it, modifying and controlling it, and reducing it to a diminished amount and importance. Just as the animal rises in the scale, so do its lower, or automatic functions receive more influence from those above them, and express more fully the dictates of consciousness and will. Man is the least automatic of all animals, through the greater preponderance of his conscious part, which uses the automatic organs as its ever ready instrument. But the instrument must exist or it could not be used; and constantly supreme as is the rational part in man, it can exercise this supremacy only because the inferior, and merely physical powers, are ever waiting on its behests.

At the upper part of the spinal cord there is added on another set of nervous centres—masses, that is, of gray matter—which preside over other actions, those, namely, of breathing and of eating. These are still essentially automatic, yet less purely so than some of those whose seat is lower down the cord. They are situated in an expanded portion of the spinal cord, just below its junction with the brain; and here is found a special part of the nervous system, the destruction of which is at once fatal to life. Not, however, because there is any special vitality connected with it, but simply because on it depends the performance of respiration. To this part is conveyed the stimulus arising from the presence of impure blood in the lungs or in the system at large, and from it radiates the influence which calls into play the group of muscles which expand the chest. A sensation—the need of breathing—which becomes overpowering when long resisted, is normally connected with the performance of respiration; but this is not essential. In profound coma, or unconsciousness from disease, and under the action of chloroform, respiration continues, though slowly, and with diminished energy. The case is the same with the

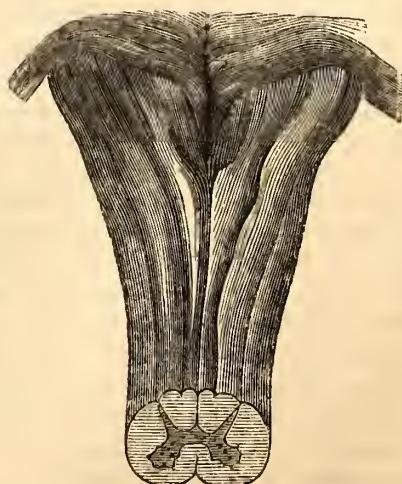


FIGURE 8.—UPPER PORTION OF THE SPINAL CORD.

act of swallowing, which, like breathing, is automatic so far as the act itself is concerned, being produced without, and even against, our will, upon the contact of food with the upper part of the throat ; and though normally connected with certain sensations, will yet take place in their absence. We swallow during sleep, and infants born with the brain wholly wanting can both breathe and suck. Figure 8 represents the upper portion of the spinal cord, on which three actions depend.

Each of these partly automatic actions has a special nerve appropriated as its *excitor*, that is, a nerve which receives impressions from the organs concerned—the lung cells on the one hand, and the surface of the back part of the mouth on the other. These nerves convey a stimulus to the centre, and from thence it is diffused through other nerves (of motion) to the muscles by which the appointed action is effected. But the excitement of these muscles is not dependent on this special nerve alone; respiration especially has the widest relations, and almost all the sensitive nerves in the body may rouse or modify it. The sudden inspiration produced by the shock of cold water on the skin is a familiar instance of this kind of action.

Above all these parts comes the brain, containing the nervous centres which subserve feeling, thought, and will ; but the description of these we must leave to another time, and also of the means by which all these separate parts are harmoniously blended into one, and made to co-operate in every action of the man. In the mean time we see what the method is by which a basis is laid for our higher life of consciousness and moral choice, in the subordination to these powers of an animal machine, in which the processes requisite for maintaining life are carried on of themselves. If we had to perform the actions that have been enumerated by direct volitions, all our energy would be squandered upon them, and we should have no time for anything better. Breathing alone would occupy all our life, if each breath were a distinct voluntary act. By the committal of so much to a mere unconscious operation of nervous power, mind is emancipated, and placed in its fit relations ; devoted to other interests and burdened with nobler cares.

This lower portion of the nervous system, however, controlling as it does the functions of chief necessity to life, is of paramount importance to health. Derangements of its action are seen in the paroxysms of asthma and the seizures of epilepsy, in both of which affections the muscles are thrown into excessive contraction through a morbid condition induced in the spinal cord. Of a different order are that languor and feeling of utter disability for muscular exertion which creep over us at times. These feelings show that the nerve-centres which preside over muscular exertion have become oppressed and sluggish, perhaps through being badly nourished for want of proper exercise. Of a different kind, again, are tremblings of the muscles,

or involuntary jerks and twitchings, and, in brief, all that condition known by the expressive name of “fidgets,” and which will sometimes affect the best-meaning people at the most unbecoming times. This affection is capable of a sufficiently simple explanation. The nervous centres which control the muscular activity (that “reflex” or involuntary activity which has been described) are then in a state of undue excitement, and yielding to stimuli too slight, or without any external stimulus at all, they call the muscles into irregular and spasmodic contraction. Cramps and a tendency to involuntary sighing are often due to a similar condition ; the muscles themselves, however, sometimes sharing with the spinal cord in an increased excitability.

What is the source of this irritability which renders it impossible to keep the muscles still ? We can answer, in general, that irritability means weakness—it is a tendency to too easy an overthrow of the balance in which the living textures exist ; the excessive action arises from too rapid a decay. A philosophical physician compares it to the whirling movement of the hands of a watch of which the mainspring is broken ; and the eminent French experimentalist, M. Claude Bernard, has thrown a light on this condition by pointing out that an unnatural proneness to activity exists in every organ of a living animal at a period immediately preceding the death of the part. In our physical as in our moral nature, strength is calm, patient, orderly ; weakness hurries, can not be at rest, attempts too much. The force which, in the living frame, binds up the elements into organic forms, being relaxed, too easily permits them to sink down, and ineffectual mimicries of energy ensue.

But how is living strength to be insured in respect to the functions we have spoken of ? The laws we have been tracing give us a partial answer to this question. Strength in the living body (for reasons that it would be very interesting to trace) is maintained by the full but natural exercise of each organ ; and as we have seen, the action of these portions of the nervous system is made dependent upon influences conveyed to them by the sensitive nerves distributed over the various parts of the body. And among these the nerves passing to the skin are the chief. The full access of all healthful stimuli to the surface, and its freedom from all that irritates or impedes its functions, are the first external conditions of the normal vigor of this nervous circle. Among these stimuli fresh air and pure water hold the first place. Sufficient warmth is second. The great and even wonderful advantages of cleanliness are partly referable to the direct influence of a skin healthily active, open to all the natural stimuli, and free from morbid irritation upon the nerve-centres of which it is the appointed excitant. This influence is altogether distinct from those cleansing functions which the healthy skin performs for the blood ; and in any just estimate of its value is far too important to be overlooked.

That state of general vigor which we call

"Tone" also depends upon the healthy action of these nervous centres. It consists in a habitual moderate contraction of the muscles, due to a constant stimulus exerted on them by the spinal cord, and is valuable less for itself than as a sign of a sound nervous balance. Tone is maintained partly by healthful impressions radiated upon the spinal cord, through the nerves, from all parts of the body, and partly by the stimulus poured down upon it from the brain. So it is disturbed by whatever conveys irritating or depressing influences in either direction. A single injudicious meal, a single sleepless night, a single passion or piece of bad news will destroy it. On the other hand, a vivid hope, a cheerful resolve, an absorbing interest will restore it as if by magic. For in man these lower officers in the nervous hierarchy draw their very breath according to the biddings of the higher powers. But the dependence of the higher on the lower is no less direct. The mutual action takes place in each line. A chief condition of keeping the brain healthy is to keep these unconscious nervous functions in full vigor and in natural alternations of activity and repose. Thus it is that (besides its effect in increasing the breathing and the general vigor of the vital processes) muscular exercise has so manifest a beneficial influence on a depressed or irritable state of mind. The bodily movement, by affording an outlet to the activity of the spinal cord, withdraws a source of irritation from the brain; or it may relieve excitement of that organ by carrying off its energy into a safe channel. We see evidence of the same law in the delightful effect of a cheerful walk, and in the demand for violent exertion which is so frequent in insanity. Every part of the nervous system makes its influence felt by all the rest. A sort of constitutional monarchy exists within us; no power in this small state is absolute, or can escape the checks and limitations which the other powers impose. Doubtless the brain is King; but Lords and Commons have their seats below, and guard their privilege with jealous zeal. If the "constitution" of our personal realm is to be preserved intact, it must be by the efforts of each part lawfully directed to a common end.

CLOTILDE AND THE CONTRABAND.

CLOTILDE at the piano played lingering chords—slow strains of Oratorios, or convent chorals and chants, humming softly meanwhile accompanying words in purely-uttered French. Without the night was dark and gloomy. Rain pattered, thunder muttered, and lightning flashed its fiery lances athwart the dense sky. Within all was radiance. Splendors of silk and damask, treasures of art and taste, illuminated by the rosy flames which streamed abroad from the tinted shades of the chandelier. A scene of luxury, and Clotilde playing at the piano—Clotilde, a young girl of French birth and parentage, whose face brings to mind the portraits of

the lovely but ill-fated Madame Roland, and a lineage that claims the blood of Dessaix and the Viosmenel. But Clotilde has a republican heritage as well. Her father, who died only last year, adopted America into his heart many years before, when he fled from France in consequence of a duel with one nearly allied to the throne. In time he thought to return. He never returned. In America he found free scope to express his republican ideas and freedom to live them out. Settling in New Orleans, not even the royal pardon of Louis Philippe, and almost a hint that his return would be welcome, had power to move him. "I am tired of kings," he said; and to the day of his death he occupied himself in writing, and sometimes publishing, sharp satires upon their form of government.

With such a precedent it is not strange that the daughter should go farther still. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, and moreover French, the name of freedom became to her in time fraught with wide meaning. At twenty, then, we find her an orphan, and sole possessor of an ample fortune—a dangerous position, truly, but there were events closing about her path more dangerous than these.

Yet on this night of May she sits there playing in a dream of other days—her childhood's days; and her thoughts are as unconscious of peril as in those early years when her father gave her her first ideas of republicanism and her mother related to her fascinating tales of the past, and inspired her with an enthusiasm almost equal to her own for the hero of Elba and St. Helena, under whom her ancestor, Dessaix, had won honor and renown.

All the late traditions of her mother's family turned upon "mon Empereur;" and the "conqueror" was never more fondly eulogized, nor his *crueille captivité* more indignantly deplored, than in those stories which the young French mother told her child. Clearly had Clotilde treasured them in her memory—splendid stories of daring and valor, that lit the flame of patriotic ardor to burn on unquenched through a lifetime. But sitting at the piano there, playing that old music of her dead mother's, you see nothing of this. Only a fair girl, with a calm face veiled with pensiveness, which accords well with the Church canticles and convent chorals.

Suddenly a new sound breaks in upon the evening murmurs of the street. Tramp, tramp, tramp! heavily they file by on the pavement below, a body of men newly organized to protect "Southern rights."

Tramp, tramp, tramp! The face at the piano drops its cloistered veil, and there dawns upon it the blending of heroism and resolve that marks the face of Madame Roland.

She starts from her seat. She goes to the window and leans out, heedless of the rain that dashes into her face and against her breast. When she turns away her cheek is flushed from its accustomed rose into vivid scarlet, and at that moment the door opens. She springs forward.

"Ah, Maurice, it is you! I am so glad! What news?"

Following her cousin Maurice is a gentleman, at sight of whom her brow scores into a frown of vexation, while her words declare her "happy to see Monsieur Ralston."

Monsieur Ralston—a tall, erect, soldierly-built man, who might have been handsome but for the sneer habitually upon his lip and the cynical disdain which elevated his brows. He bowed to her smilingly, saying, with unconcealed irony, which was at the same time quite careless of her praise or blame,

"We shall not interrupt you long, Mademoiselle. I merely accompanied your cousin here on our way to the club."

As coolly, as meaningfully, she answered,

"The plural can hardly suffice, Monsieur, since my cousin and I have grown together from childhood."

He half laughed, looked as if he could have applauded her sharp charge at him, and immediately answered, mischievously,

"*Mille pardonne*, Mademoiselle; I but threw the plural in to save your courtesy the pains; but I assure you I am not too sensitive to assume the whole burden of the interruption."

Her color returned, her native dignity now asserted itself.

"Pardon me," she simply said, "I was rude."

The gentleman looked somewhat surprised, and Maurice seemed displeased at the whole dialogue. He threw a glance of displeasure at his cousin.

"Why need you always quarrel with Ralston?" he muttered in passing her.

Clotilde, without answering, returned to her first question,

"What news?"

With a warning expression, which she did not heed, Maurice unfolded a newspaper and commenced reading:

"Reinforcements of the army called for—skirmish near the Potomac, and several of the Federals taken prisoners," etc.; lastly, "News from Europe. England and France declared neutral."

"France!" the girl listener exclaimed, amazement ringing in her tones. "France!"—and this time the voice was both indignant and sorrowful. "Oh my country! But it is not true; there is some mistake; France will never join with England in this cold disregard. She will not so soon forget St. Helena. She was a faithful friend to America in her early struggle. She will not fail her now, when traitors at her own hearth-stone threaten utter destruction to the Union!"

In her earnestness she had forgotten the presence of Mr. Ralston; but her cousin had not, and he bit his lip uneasily, for these were dangerous sentiments to utter in such days as had come upon them.

In his discomfiture he attempted to throw the cover of railly over her words, with a "You girls never get the right string;" but just at this

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point a glance at Ralston arrested further speech. That gentleman was thoroughly oblivious of his remark—his eyes fixed with some curious meaning upon Clotilde. What was this meaning?—a startling, perplexing question. Clotilde herself was unconscious of it. She was sitting in utter silence, with only one indication of annoyance—the tapping of her slippered foot upon the Indian matting. Maurice broke the silence by another attempt as before. He was stayed by a half-impatient, half-imperious toss of Mr. Ralston's head, and the words, "Do not check your cousin in such expressions; at least, not for my benefit. I assure you she is perfectly safe. It is the only brave, true, loyal word I have heard spoken since we hung out the palmetto for the stars and stripes."

Perhaps Maurice was not so taken by surprise at this as Clotilde; for it was the common saying at the club that Ralston feared neither God, man, nor devil; so it was to be expected that he would declare any dangerous doctrines that he chose. It was only strange he had never declared his present sentiments long before. But to Clotilde the surprise was overpowering. A man whom she had ever seen bitter and brilliant—a scoffer and a sneerer, somewhat haughty and insolent withal—one with whom she had never established any of the pleasant relations of acquaintance which her youth and beauty and high fashion made so natural; to hear from this professed cynic an outburst so warmly loyal as to partake of reverence in its tone both for the words and the speaker, was past comprehension. But if she was surprised, no less had the gentleman himself been surprised to find this "youth, and beauty, and fashion" not inconsistent with the high qualities of courage and loyalty. It was entirely in opposition to his theory. In his earlier manhood—when, perhaps, he was more deserving—he had met with indifference and slight. Later, when Dame Fortune, at a turn of her wheel, left him the possessor of a princely fortune, the world, who had slighted, smiled, flattered, and fawned. He repaid it with disdain, and grew bitter and cynical. Of course he grew immensely popular at this. His sarcasm, his absolute *brusquerie* and indifference were charming when so large a rent-roll accompanied them. The difficulty of winning, too, made the siege more earnest; and as youth and beauty and fashion had severally and collectively been the chief assailants, so he had come to hate and despise their very sound.

Perhaps the recent sharp evidence of the young lady's dislike, as well as her prompt patriotism, had convinced him of her sincerity, and given him an excuse for faith; for he presently held out his hand, while a smile of singular sweetness brightened his saturnine face as he said,

"Mademoiselle, I fancy we have both been somewhat mistaken. Shall we drop the lance?"

"With all my heart, Monsieur!" and into the extended hand she frankly placed her own for a moment.

Maurice gave a true French shrug at this turn

of affairs, feeling at the same time greatly relieved. As they rose to go, Ralston approached her.

"Mademoiselle, let me advise you. Such sentiments as you have uttered, though brave and true and loyal, are yet unsafe to be expressed freely at this time; but should you ever through them find yourself in any danger, I shall be glad to serve you."

She thanked him cordially, and saw him depart without the slightest premonition that, in that very hour, her danger was approaching.

Left alone, and too restless to return to the piano or employ herself in any way, she lowered the lights and again sought the window. The rain had ceased, and a faint star-gleam shone down the vacant street, where only a solitary pedestrian or a carriage now and then passed; but afar came the roll of a drum, and an occasional bugle-note rang shrilly out.

She had been standing thus perhaps a half hour or so absorbed in her thoughts when she became aware of a dark figure appearing and disappearing under the balcony and evidently having her in view. Though not naturally timid her heart throbbed a little at first, then she smiled at herself, thinking, "Monsieur Ralston's suggestion has frightened me: it is probably some one seeking shelter from the dampness of the evening."

But the movements of the person were certainly odd for such a purpose; and she was at length, in spite of herself, convinced that, for some reason or other, she was the object of a close scrutiny.

Turning away with some bravado, and a certain consciousness that indifference was her best rôle, she commenced singing with an air of carelessness *La Marseillaise*.

A quick noise, a bound that shook the balcony, the blinds parted, and there leaped in the figure of a man or boy; for the intruder could not have been over sixteen. Clotilde stifled the cry that rose to her lips, and the next instant the trembling, gasping tones that greeted her ear restored her calm.

It was a broken, incoherent call for her pity and protection.

There is something familiar in the voice.

She takes a step nearer.

"What, Malino! is it you? Why are you here? What does this mean?"

The dark eyes of the boy, a mixture of creole and African, were unnaturally bright, his olive cheek flushed and fevered, his lips parched and tremulous. Indeed, his whole aspect indicated the excitement of flight. Something of fear, something of defiance flashed into his face at this question of Clotilde's, and seethed out in the reply that he gave.

"I swam down the river from Castle Grande last night! I crossed the bayou at dawn! I hid in the morasses till night again, and here I am!"

Clotilde's eyes dilated with amazement as she summed up the marvelous distance accomplished in this briefly described journey.

"And your master? Where is he? Why did you leave him, Malino? He was a good master, wasn't he?"

The hardy young figure shook.

"Yes, yes; he was a good Massa, but las' night he called us all together—he told us to get ready, for by five o'clock the next mornin', when the boat left, he was going to take us down to the old place for the rest of the season. I knew what that meant. To-day we'd ha' been trainin' for soldiers—to-morrow, maybe, fightin' against freedom. I could'n do that ef I had a good Massa, no, no;" and the hollow brightness of his eyes increased.

"And what sent you to me, Malino?" she questioned, curiously.

The boy's voice softened.

"Ah, Missus, I remembered las' summer when you was at Castle Grande. I was waitin' in the hall while you talked with Massa Legrande one night. You's a talkin' about us slaves, and he laughed like, 'at your notions,' as he called 'em; and you spoke up and told him you'd never send a slave back to his 'Massa' who'd once got off any way. So the first thought I had las' night was, I'll go down to Miss Clotilde; she'll help me."

The utter faith in this simplicity touched her strangely, and quickly there flashed across her mind—"For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." In the excitement of controversy she had spoken words by which a soul had caught as its only hope. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." The sentence rang loftily, and with it a dim phantom of peril. Let her words be justified, was the judgment of her soul.

What she would do was yet to be decided upon. For the present his concealment was the first thing to be done.

Her active mind ran rapidly over the expedients in her reach—only one was plausible.

Connected with her dressing-apartment was a small room or closet—a "reliquary room"—for past splendors of the family. Court-dresses of sumptuous silk, inwrought with gold now tarnished and worn; mantles of velvet, waistcoats that were beds of jewels, satin petticoats that from their frayed edges dripped fringes of pearls; swords that had been drawn in the service of Louis le Grande, with the blood of his enemies forever fixed in the rust of centuries; plumes that had waved at Ramillies, and epaulets that an emperor had conferred, were some of these jealously-guarded treasures. Receiving from her father the key to this sacred depository with the solemn charge of care accompanying it, to no one had she ever intrusted this care but herself. And rarely was the most welcome visitor allowed to cross the threshold.

And into this sanctuary of trust was she about to admit this pariah among men.

"The end shall sanctify the means," she murmured, as she hurried him forward into its dim recesses. Forgetful of nothing that would re-

store him for further flight, she had flung down a pile of blankets for a couch, and furnished him with food. Then returning to the drawing-room she commenced walking up and down the floor, busily revolving in her mind the means for this further flight. It was a new occupation, a strange employment for her girl's brain; but the gallant blood which descended to her, from the brave Dessaix and the splendid Viosmenel, ran now in a swift current through her veins, flushing her cheeks with crimson and her thoughts with daring speculation.

Midnight again: but no longer fearful of pursuit, Malino sleeps the sleep of exhaustion in this chamber of ancient splendor. Sleeping thus, this outcast of men, in this decaying grandeur, the door turns softly upon its hinges; a shaded lamp flares a concentrated ray of light upon the sleeper's features; then a face follows, bends earnestly a moment over the sleeper's face; dark, serious eyes take in at one swift glance the silent mockery, the reproach which lies in these carefully-preserved relics of an inheritance of rank and pomp, while one of God's creatures, less precious than these decaying garments, flies from his kind, through no fault, but for his guiltless birth. She perceives all this in that one swift glance; then a touch upon the reclining figure, a low call, "Malino! Malino!" and Malino springs up after his two hours' sleep, alert and ready for action.

Giving him the clothing she carries—a complete suit—she returns again to the dressing-room, locked from intrusion, and awaits him.

One, two, three minutes pass: there comes a soft knock upon the door; opening it, there enters a *sœur de charité*, with lowered head and timid footsteps. An eager, rapid greeting; an eager, rapid talk follows.

"You are sure? Yes? Only in French, you remember. How fortunate that you speak it so well! You heard scarcely any thing else since you were born, I know. Monsieur hates *Anglais*. But this letter—deliver it immediately after your arrival at the fort."

This, and more, in the same low key of terse earnestness, and all in swiftly uttered French; then the door opens, and Clotilde is left alone—the *sœur de charité* passes out, and away into the night, on some errand of healing, of mercy. This *sœur de charité* passes out on an errand of life or death.

Clotilde, left alone, waits, listening with eager eye, with blanched cheek. The sound for which she listens comes at length—a boat's departing whistle. At the same time on the boat-deck's dimmest corner the *sœur de charité*, with lowered head, watches the slow departure from land. Presently the wheel plays rapidly—they shoot down the stream—the fugitive is on his way—for under the black conventional cloak, the drooping bonnet of the *sœur de charité*, Malino's heart beats rapidly.

The "flute, violin, bassoon," began playing

the lovely "Rhein Klange," and down the room came hastening Mr. Ralston to claim his waltz with Mademoiselle.

She put her hand over his arm.

"Don't let us dance," she said, in a sad, simple way, which Mr. Ralston had the grace to understand.

"Was she tired?"

"No," half smiling, she believed she was only a little *triste*. "Was he disappointed not to dance?"

"No, he only wished to please her."

The voice and manner were quite grave and free from gallantry. Mr. Ralston was not a gallant man. Quite grave and free from gallantry, but very earnest and thoughtful; so that Clotilde blushed at some indefinable feeling, partly fear, partly satisfaction, as she spoke. And in silence they walked down the room, and approached, at Clotilde's guidance, a party of four, talking. The circle opened at the approach. The gentlemen bowed smiling, but the talking went on.

"When did you say, Legrande?"

"Two weeks ago, and not a clew yet, though I have instituted every possible search and inquiry. He must have crossed the river and come down here to New Orleans, and escaped on one of the boats. Helped off, probably, by some of our Union traitors;" and the gentleman with difficulty seemed to suppress stronger language, as he suddenly remembered the feminine element. "Yes," he went on, "one of the most valuable boys I had. He was contented enough until this mad Lincoln fever began. I suppose he thinks he shall become a hero when once in their camps. I hope they may have enough of 'contrabands'—the varlets!"

"What was the boy's name?" questioned a middle-aged man, who had hitherto been silent.

"Malino."

"Malino?" repeated the questioner slowly, proceeding to unfold a paper which he had taken from his breast pocket. "Perhaps this will give you some clew. I picked it up just two weeks ago this very night as I was returning from the club. It was a rainy night, I remember, hence its soiled and ragged state. I was attracted by the address; but unfortunately, in removing the letter from the envelope, it was so wet as to fall to pieces. I have kept it, thinking it might be every thing or nothing."

Eagerly Antoine Legrande seized the torn and trampled remnant of a letter. The blurred handwriting was difficult to decipher, but he ran over it rapidly, murmuring the bits he could make out here and there. "His name—Malino—will prove no burden—for the sake of humanity—have not forgotten your generous opinion, which strengthened mine last summer." This was all; the signature was torn away with the conclusion.

Antoine Legrande's dark eyes flashed, and a color rose to his cheek like a flame.

"Who has dared?" he muttered with set teeth. Then for the first time he glanced at the envelope's address, and a passionate exclama-

mation in French burst from his lips as he read the name of an officer in the United States service. And here, rising abruptly, he approached one of the side-lights, and scrutinized the tiny cracked seal of wax. All at once, without turning his head, he said, in his usual voice, "Will you assist me, Mademoiselle Clotilde? I remember you have a remarkable knowledge of heraldry." He turned, facing her, at the same time shielding her from the others, while he held the impression toward her with a look of intense meaning in his brilliant eyes. She read: "*Je tendray ma puissance par ma foi,*" deeply imbedded in the combined shield and cross, which formed the ancient family-arms of her father's name; but her face kept its cold quiet. Silence a moment, then she glanced up.

"Can you make it out at all?" she questioned, with just the faintest shade of anxiety in her tones; and there was the least dilation of her thin nostrils, a slight unevenness in her breathing.

He came a little nearer. He bent from his manly height to her drooping head, while he murmured, meaningly,

"*Je tendray ma puissance par ma foi.*"

All the color in her lovely cheek ebbed away, all her controlled calm for a second was disturbed. But of this only two persons were cognizant. Two persons who put themselves up as a shield between her and the rest; two persons, Antoine Legrande and Archibald Ralston. Had they the same motive—these two men, so widely different?

Back again in a moment more Monsieur Legrande turned to the expectant group with a quiet, grave face, saying, regretfully,

"No, I can make nothing of it; it is badly broken: but you will give me the letter, Major?" to the middle-aged man who had brought it forward.

"Certainly. I hope you may be successful in whatever you undertake in regard to the matter."

Monsieur Legrande hoped he should. And did Archibald Ralston fancy that there was a concealed look of triumph in the sudden glance the brilliant eyes flashed upon Mademoiselle Clotilde at this? Clotilde herself had joined Mr. Ralston again, and he quickly obeyed the almost imperceptible pressure which signified her desire to move away from their present neighborhood.

Paler and paler grew the lovely face bending over the bouquet she carried, and the slight arm against his trembled visibly.

Without a word he drew her into an anteroom that happened to be vacant, and seated her out of the door's range, placing himself, as before, for a shield.

"You must think, Mr. Ralston," she said, at length, "that I am very weak, very cowardly."

"Do not vex yourself to explain, Mademoiselle. I only think what you would wish."

"And—and, Monsieur Ralston—do you understand?"

He bowed. "I understand, Mademoiselle,

all—every thing." Then abruptly, "Do you know what use Monsieur Legrande will make of it?"

She shook her head.

"We were very good friends last summer when I visited his mother and sister. I thought him a gentleman. I think he will forgive me."

If she could have seen the face that watched hers then—the tender, mournful face, no longer hard and cynical.

Half an hour after, when he put her into her carriage, he just touched her hand softly, and said, "I shall see you to-morrow."

She was playing the next morning old airs of the Pergolese, and singing fitfully as she played, when the drawing-room door was flung open. She turned, expectant of Mr. Ralston. She saw before her Monsieur Legrande! Her color changed a little, but she rose instantly and went forward to meet him. His face was grave but complaisant.

"Monsieur Legrande, you were kind to me last night," she said. "I thank you."

He had taken her hand to lead her to a seat. Without relinquishing it, he began: "Do you know why I was kind? why I did not proclaim your name aloud last night? why I do not make known your rash deed to-day, and set the minions of the law upon your track? Do you know why, Mademoiselle?"

One look at his face—she did not answer.

"No? Clotilde, Clotilde, it was because I love you! because I would shield you from all the world, that I can forgive even your treachery to me, and gladly fold you safe from harm!" He opened his arms to her, but she shrank away shuddering. "You refuse. Oh, Clotilde, do not drive me to desperate deeds! I love you—love you! Do you know what it means for a Legrande to love? They never change—they never relinquish! I have loved you long. You know it. You have stayed my speaking until now; and now I can not longer delay, Clotilde. Time presses. Even without this weight of testimony, both yourself and cousin are suspected of treason against the South. I have heard it whispered at the club for the last week. I will save you from yourself—you must marry me, Clotilde!"

The proud blood of Dessaix rose; her heart beat, her eyes flashed with indignant light.

"Must!" she exclaimed. "You do well to threaten, Monsieur! There is no terror that shall force me to become the wife of any man!"

A wild light shone in his eyes; the handsome mouth settled into defiant lines. Then he shook his head, murmuring passionately, "Forgive me, forgive me, Clotilde!" and there followed a strain of tender, eloquent pleading, so intense as to be almost agonizing. He loved her; ah! yes, he loved her with that blind, undisciplined passion which will sacrifice every thing to possession. She was a woman of deep and sensitive nature; how then could she fail to be touched by this breathless pleading? Listening, her tears overflowed with all the sacred pity

in her soul; but at every word she felt how immeasurably they were apart, and ever would be.

"It can not be; it can not be!" was her sole answer.

The gentle language of consolation which she attempted was quite unheard by him. "He rose like a lion ready to run his course." Something of this she felt as, parting with her, he held her hands in his own for a moment in an iron grasp, and looked down into her face with a fixedness of purpose that seemed to claim her from that hour.

The white phantom of peril grew nearer and clearer. A dim presentiment of a danger undefined and mysterious penetrated her soul—but the brave soul never faltered. But what was this awful fate which was closing her in? What dire destiny had given her letter to loss, and at last sent its betraying fragments into the only hands that could use the frail clew—the marred and broken seal bearing the ancient arms of her family?

With pallid lips, and a dreary look of lonely sorrow, Mr. Ralston found her a brief time after. Since that night, two weeks agone, he had been rapidly acquiring the place of a valued friend. She greeted him with frank warmth. She was glad to see him, and she told him so. All of which he received with a calm considerateness which met her needs. There was no compliment, no gallantry; but the grave thoughtfulness of a mind that was revolving serious risks for another.

From her agitation—from what she *didn't* say—he fathomed her position. One question alone sufficed to inform him thoroughly.

"I met Monsieur Legrande as I entered. Has he forgiven you, Mademoiselle?"

Crimson blushes, and white pallor, quick breathing, and eyes that shuddered away from observation, as she answered, "He forgives me on conditions, Monsieur."

"Conditions to which you refuse to accede, Mademoiselle? I see—I know it all; and I know better than you what snares will close around you to shake this refusal. I know Antoine Legrande. Careless and easy when the world flows smoothly on; when Fate or Providence denies him one gift that he looked for, he starts up, defiant and resolved, to pursue and win. No obstacle deters him. No reason stays him. There is something splendid about the man too, therefore he is doubly dangerous. His father, a French planter of Martinique, passionate and self-willed like the son, on the event of emancipation at the island fourteen years ago, removed to New Orleans, where, in this *free* America, he plunged deeper than ever into the traffic of slaves. The son grows up to manhood with the inheritance of all this will and passion, doubly concentrated by the blood of his Castilian mother, unchecked, undisciplined—a natural master by some high traits of ardor and courage, but a slave unto himself through the long, long influence of slavery. But he has great power, and he may yet persuade you to accept these condi-

tions, Mademoiselle;" and he questioned her face keenly.

"Never, never!" The tense emotion of so many hours here all at once gave way. Her head dropped back upon the cushions of the couch, and a little spasm of sobs and tears momentarily convulsed her. Then a softer mood asserted itself, and in its gentle abandon of lonely perplexity she said, brokenly, "I am weak, because I stand alone. My cousin Maurice—my only relative—has failed me. To-day he sends me word that he has joined the Confederate army. I know the influence. Antoine Legrande is the master-spirit."

"Mademoiselle, do not say that you stand alone while I stand with you. Yes, remember this—I am your brother, friend, what you will, to serve you through this difficulty. Promise me that you will call upon me if you need help or counsel which I can give."

She promised.

Eight days after this promise was redecmed. Her need had come. Ralston, sitting over his coffee in the evening, received a note with the well-known seal, "*Je tendray ma puissance par ma foi.*" Its contents: "Will you come to me immedately?"

He flung down the evening paper, seized his hat, left his coffee quite untouched, and strode hastily off to obey this summons.

When her guest entered the room Clotilde stood under a branch of gas absorbed in the perusal of a letter. She welcomed him gladly, and at once entered upon the subject which occupied her.

"I am betrayed, Monsieur. Read this;" and she hands him the missive.

He reads it. It is from a friendly hand, but a well-known official in present power.

A warning, polite but pointed, friendly even as I have stated, but containing some sharp hints, which suggested an intimate knowledge of her actions, almost of her thoughts.

"You are under a close surveillance, Mademoiselle," he said, as he handed it back to her. "I told you there was a snare closing around you—you need not to be told by whose agency. But, Mademoiselle, I know more than this—worse than this. If close watch has been set upon your movements, there has been as close a watch kept upon your enemies. To-morrow, if you had not sent for me to-night, I should have come to you."

"Worse! ah me," she murmured, shuddering.

"Listen, Mademoiselle! Antoine Legrande loves you—as *he loves*: pardon me, this is no time to hesitate: he asks you to marry him. He will take no refusal. Day after day he pleads with you. Your cousin is sent away, your only male protector. Certain officials are guardedly informed that you are disloyal to the South; the horrors of imprisonment are hinted to you; a little longer—but God forbid that I should do this man injustice. He loves you, I say, and I believe it; but his mind, his educa-

tion, have been modeled after the old barbaric pattern. *Tout le stratagème loyal, dans l'amour et guerre.* In his insane passion he will stop at nothing that impedes. It is only women of the old barbaric pattern that he should have wood. The woman of to-day, the true woman, he can not understand. He believes her to be reluctant through coy *coquetterie*, and that daring pursuit will win her heart."

"I know, I know—I have felt it all—it is fearful. I could bear imprisonment, exile even. My father exiled himself for freedom; if need be, I too am willing to suffer exile for the cause of freedom."

"But, Clotilde," he interrupted with sad energy, "you could not bear disgrace."

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"Yes," he went on; "a little longer, and if the means of which I have spoken fail, your *dame de compagnie*, already the ally of Legrande, through her fears of implication in your position, which he places before her in the strongest light, will be removed, leaving you a prey to slander's serpent tongue."

"Oh no, no!" she exclaimed; "you will avert it. You are good and kind—a gentleman—you are my friend. You will not see this bitter wrong done."

"Clotilde," he uttered, in his deep, vehement voice—"Clotilde, do you not see that I have no power to act blamelessly for you, without doing you perhaps as great an injury as he is plotting?"

"How? why?" with her innocent large eyes lifted in amaze—a look which sent a sob up from that loyal, honest heart.

"Why? Because the world is vile; because if Antoine Legrande can not visit you in your unprotected state, how can I?"

Her lips quivered, her courage waned.

He went on hurriedly, speaking as if every word hurt him as it struck upon her.

"How can I help you but in flight? And—and—oh Clotilde! I do not say this selfishly. Heaven is my witness, that if by utter self-abnegation I could serve you best, I would not hesitate a moment; but it is only by asking you to enter into bonds—from which you may shudder away as abhorrently as from those we have discussed—it is only in this manner that I can have power to serve you."

She shrank into the farthest depths of the couch, and burst into tears, sobbing with a desolate wail of anguish, which clearly evinced her feeling. A white spasm of some sharp agony crossed his features. Once or twice he put his hand to his head, setting his teeth hard in the vain effort of control. At length she turned toward him.

"Monsieur Ralston, never would I return such generous devotion, such chivalrous honor, as to give a cold heart; better to—"

He broke in, eagerly,

"Clotilde, do not speak of that; do not think of me; only—only if you can allow me to bestow my name upon you, and thus give me the power to save, I shall not have lived in vain,

and the future will not be utterly unhappy whatever comes. In all my life you are the only woman who has ever touched my heart. I love you, Clotilde."

This modest and simple avowal, with its tender humility of generous manhood, stood out in strong contrast to the passionate pleadings of Legrande. And yet, and yet—oh strange mystery of the human heart!—she did not love this man.

He had watched her eagerly in this last appeal, but her "No, no; I can not, I can not," in sad and pleading accents, convinced him. He rose to go. Approaching her he said, "Mademoiselle, I shall continue to watch over you. I have now no other object in life. It shall be my care to divert whatever ill from you I can."

The days went on. Closer and closer drew the subtle snare. Government agents tracked her footsteps, and even some of her most intimate friends began to look coldly upon her as a spy and a traitor. In the mean time Legrande plied his suit indefatigably, leaving one link in the chain yet to be forged—the removal of Madame Marrais, her *dame de compagnie*. It was toward the end of the month, when all these horrors seemed to approach culmination, that she received a note containing this brief sentence:

"Do not fail to be present at the ball at Madame R—'s to-night.
RALSTON."

Her implicit confidence in Mr. Ralston was clearly evinced by her unhesitating compliance with this urgent injunction. She had little doubt that he had discovered something farther, and that her presence was a necessity. Surrounded by a group of young officers, who were still enchanted with *la belle traitresse* notwithstanding the significant C.S.A. upon their uniforms, and with Monsieur Legrande forming one of the party, she noted the approach of Mr. Ralston. He came up carelessly, said two or three words of greeting, looked bored and savage—his usual way—asked "if he might have the honor, etc.," while he took her tablets and put his name down for the fourth waltz. He lingered a few moments, talking of the scene satirically, grumbling at the music, which he denounced as out of tune, then sauntered off in his most indifferent manner.

"A bear," muttered Legrande, "whom even you can not tame, it seems, Mademoiselle," turning to her with his most fascinating air. He was unsuspecting, thank Heaven!

The fourth waltz came. Two or three turns, and her companion drew her away through several small *salons* out upon a balcony that overlooked the street.

"I will not stop to thank you now for your confidence in me," he began, "but tell you at once why I enjoined you to be present to-night, and why I bring you here. I have, as you know, those about me who are as subtle in discovering the workings of a plot as Legrande is in planning it. By this means I have ascertained that on this night, at the *fourth waltz*, your faithless and cowardly companion, Madame Marrais,

meets Monsieur Legrande in the blue *salon* on the left of the hall for a final interview. This open window against which we stand opens into the blue *salon*. The lowered drapery within conceals us; but hush!"

The outer door of the blue *salon* opened; some one entered, closing it carefully; then a voice, a man's voice, says:

"Yes, to-morrow, Madame, you must leave her; it is your only chance of safety. The Government have discovered a traitorous correspondence which will seal her fate. If you remain your share it—imprisonment and—But I hope at this crisis her mad willfulness of resistance may be overcome, and that I may yet save her. But until you withdraw your presence she will not believe in the urgency and peril of her position."

Madame consented without demur, and at this point, leaving them deeply engaged in their arrangements, Mr. Ralston carried rather than led the almost fainting girl at his side to the farther end of the balcony. Shudderingly she clung to him, imploring him, in wild accents, to save her, to take her away.

"Oh, Clotilde!" he exclaimed, "if I could save you in any other way, God knows, you know, how willingly I would risk death to do it; but that is impossible. There is but one way. How can I save you, how can I take you away but to be my wife? You will, oh, tell me you will accept it!"

She turned her white face to him in the dim light.

"You are deserving of a better fate than this of sacrifice; for you are aware that my heart—but no, no, I must not do you such wrong. Leave me, Monsieur Ralston."

"Never, Clotilde! I am content, let that suffice your sensitive soul. And now we have no time to lose. You will soon be missed, and search will follow. My carriage waits at the foot of this flight of steps; and my yacht, with your old friend the clergyman of St. Ayr's on board, is ready to sail. The wind is favorable, and every thing is propitious."

"So soon, so soon!" she murmured, tremulously.

"Oh come, Clotide!"

The breathless, passionate energy of his adoration roused her to a sense of her critical position, and showed to her something of the unselfish suffering of the manly heart by her side. No longer delaying she put her hand in his arm, and allowed him to lead her away.

Past her old home they whirled in their flight—her home perhaps never more. A cry of anguish rose to her lips; then she thought of another flight—of the poor fugitive she had aided—it had brought her here. Did she regret that aid? Ah no; and a sudden calm stole over her: perhaps the contrast of his lonely escape and the tender, generous devotion offered to her smote reproachfully upon her heart. Still more was she impressed with this tireless devotion; as she found that a messenger had been dispatched immediately for her maid, and what

few articles she could gather for her mistress's use. For months Ralston's constant pleasure-cruisings had made his yacht such an accustomed object on the river that they were in no danger of molestation from suspicions in that quarter. Every thing, as he had said, was ready, and in an incredibly short space of time they were prepared to sail.

As in a dream had Clotilde stood in the little cabin *salon* by his side, had listened to the impressive marriage-service, and the fervent responses, which formed a marked contrast to her own faltering tones. As one in a dream had she received the solemn blessing of her old pastor and seen him depart for shore. Then for the first time she met the tender, woeful eyes that were bent upon her. The watchful care, the enduring patient hope, the strong true nature of a lofty manhood, pervaded by the most devoted and impassioned love, looked out from those eyes. No longer in a dream she met their rays and felt their meaning. No longer in a dream,

"My heart, I bid thee answer!
How are love's marvels wrought?
'Two hearts by one pulse beating,
Two spirits and one thought!'
"And tell me how love cometh?
'Tis here!—unsought, unsent.'"

Unsought, unsent, the mysterious guest had entered her soul. The marvel was wrought in this moment of solemn, silent communion. In this hour she began to love him. Archibald Ralston, standing there beside her holding the little cold hand in his, suddenly felt the passive fingers close gently about his own in a clasp that thrilled him. Into the pale face color and light stole, and the next instant her soft cheek turned with quick, involuntary movement against his arm. He drew her into his breast. Did she indeed love him? The mute eloquence of the close-clinging hand, the heart throbbing against his, were conscious answers. He knew that love's marvel was wrought. A while after they stood together on the deck watching the moon come up over the broad expanse of water, wrapped in a silence no longer sad or yearning. A low, deep voice broke the silence at last in words she will not soon forget.

"Clotilde," it said, "I had lost my faith in life—in men and in women—when your voice roused me. At first I was blinded by the outward signs of beauty and condition, but when I heard you proclaim the lofty sentiments of loyalty and truth, utterly forgetful of personal risks; when I saw you bearing with such gentle courage the pains of your generous deed, and listened to the tones that said, 'My father exiled himself for freedom—I too, if needful, am willing to suffer exile for the cause of freedom,' I got back my faith again. From you, I believe in life—in man and in woman."

Again there rose to her mind, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Though she suffered exile yet were her words justified and her heart content.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH got tea ready with unwonted diligence, and considerable excitement. Any visitor was a rare occurrence in this very quiet family; but a gentleman visitor—a young gentleman too—was a remarkable fact, arousing both interest and curiosity. For in the latter quality this girl of seventeen could scarcely be expected to be deficient; and as to the former, she had so completely identified herself with the family she served, that all their concerns were her concerns also. Her acute comments on their few guests, and on their little scholars, sometimes amused Hilary as much as her criticisms on the books she read. But as neither were ever put forward intrusively or impertinently, she let them pass, and only laughed over them with Johanna in private.

In speaking of these said books, and the questions they led to, it was not likely but that mistress and maid—one aged twenty-two, and the other seventeen—should occasionally light upon a subject rather interesting to women of their ages, though not commonly discussed between mistresses and maids. Nevertheless, when it did come in the way, Miss Hilary never shirked it, but talked it out, frankly and freely, as she would to any other person.

"The girl has feelings and notions on the matter, like all other girls, I suppose," reasoned she to herself: "so it is important that her notions should be kept clear, and her feelings right. It may do her some good, and save her from much harm."

And so it befell that Elizabeth Hand, whose blunt ways, unlovely person, and temperament so oddly nervous and reserved, kept her from attracting any "sweet-heart" of her own class, had unconsciously imbibed her mistress's theory of love. Love, pure and simple, the very deepest and highest, sweetest and most solemn thing in life: to be believed in devoutly until it came, and when it did come, to be held to, firmly, faithfully, with a single-minded, settled constancy, till death. A creed, quite impossible, many will say, in this ordinary world, and most dangerous to be put into the head of a poor servant. Yet a woman is but a woman, be she maid-servant or queen; and if, from queens to maid-servants, girls were taught thus to think of love, there might be a few more "broken" hearts perhaps, but there would certainly be fewer wicked hearts; far fewer corrupted lives of men, and degraded lives of women; far fewer unholy marriages, and desolated, dreary, homeless homes.

Elizabeth, having cleared away her tea-things, stood listening to the voices in the parlor, and pondering.

She had sometimes wondered in her own mind that no knight ever came to carry off her charming princess—her admired and beloved Miss Hilary. Miss Hilary, on her part, seemed totally indifferent to the youth at Stowbury: who indeed were, Elizabeth allowed, quite unworthy her regard. The only suitable lover for her young mistress must be somebody exceedingly grand and noble—a compound of the best heroes of Shakspeare, Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Maria Edgeworth, and Harriet Martineau. When this strange gentleman appeared—in ordinary coat and hat, or rather Glengary bonnet, neither particularly handsome nor particularly tall, yet whose coming had evidently given Miss Hilary so much pleasure, and who, once or twice while waiting at tea, Elizabeth fancied she had seen looking at Miss Hilary as nobody ever looked before—when Mr. Robert Lyon appeared on the horizon, the faithful "bower-maiden" was a good deal disappointed.

She had expected something better; at all events, something different. Her first brilliant castle in the air fell, poor lass! but she quickly built it up again, and, with the vivid imagination of her age, she mapped out the whole future, ending by a vision of Miss Hilary, all in white, sweeping down the Terrace in a carriage and pair—to fortune and happiness; leaving herself, though with a sore want at her heart, and a great longing to follow, to devote the remainder of her natural life to Miss Johanna.

"Her couldn't do without somebody to see to her—and Miss Selina do worrit her so," muttered Elizabeth, in the excitement of this Alnaschar vision, relapsing into her old provincialisms. "So, even if Miss Hilary axes me to come, I'll stop, I reckon. Ay, I'll stop w' Miss Leaf."

This valorous determination taken, the poor maid-servant's dream was broken by the opening of the parlor-door, and an outcry of Ascott's for his coat and gloves, he having to fetch his aunts home at nine o'clock, Mr. Lyon accompanying him. And as they all stood together at the front-door, Elizabeth overheard Mr. Lyon say something about what a beautiful night it was.

"It would do you no harm, Miss Hilary; will you walk with us?"

"If you like."

Hilary went up stairs for her bonnet and shawl; but when, a minute or two after, Elizabeth followed her with a candle, she found her standing in the centre of the room, all in the dark, her face white, and her hands trembling.

"Thank you, thank you!" she said, mechanically, as Elizabeth folded and fastened her shawl for her—and descended immediately. Elizabeth watched her take, not Ascott's arm, but Mr. Lyon's, and walk down the Terrace in the starlight.

"Some'at's wrong. I'd like to know who's been a-vexin' of her," thought fiercely the young servant.

No, nobody had been "a-vexing" her mistress. There was nobody to blame; only there had happened to Hilary one of those things which strike like a sword through a young and happy heart, taking all the life and youth out of it.

Robert Lyon had, half an hour ago, told her—and she had had to hear it as a piece of simple news, to which she had only to say, "Indeed!"—that to-day and to-morrow were his two last days at Stowbury—almost his last in England. Within a week he was to sail for India.

There had befallen him what most people would have considered a piece of rare good fortune. At the London University, a fellow-student, whom he had been gratuitously "coaching" in Hindostanee, fell ill, and was "thrown upon his hands," as he briefly defined services which must have been great, since they had resulted in this end. The young man's father—a Liverpool and Bombay merchant—made him an offer to go out there, to their house, at a rising salary of 300 rupees a month for three years; after the third year to become a junior partner, remaining at Bombay in that capacity for two years more.

This he told to Hilary and Ascott in almost as few words as I have here put it—for brevity seemed a refuge to him. It was also to one of them. But Ascott asked so many questions that his aunt needed to ask none. She only listened, and tried to take all in, and understand it, that is, in a consecutive, intelligent, business shape, without feeling it. She dared not let herself feel it, not for a second, till they were out, arm-in-arm, under the quiet winter stars. Then she heard his voice asking her,

"So you think I was right?"

"Right?" she echoed, mechanically.

"I mean, in accepting that sudden chance, and changing my whole plan of life. I did not do it—believe me—without a motive."

What motive? she would once unhesitatingly have asked; now she could not.

Robert Lyon continued speaking, distinctly and yet in an undertone, that though Ascott was walking a few yards off, Hilary felt was meant for her alone to hear.

"The change is, you perceive, from the life of a student to that of a man of business. I do not deny that I preferred the first. Once upon a time to be a fellow in a college, or a professor, or the like, was my utmost aim; and I would have half killed myself to attain it. Now—I think differently."

He paused, but did not seem to require an answer, and it did not come.

"I want, not to be rich, but to get a decent competence, and to get it as soon as I can. I want not to ruin my health with incessant study.

I have already injured it a good deal."

"Have you been ill? You never said so."

"Oh no, it was hardly worth while. And I knew an active life would soon set me right again. No fear! there's life in the old dog yet. He does not wish to die. But," Mr. Lyon pursued, "I have had a 'sair fecht' the last year or two. I would not go through it again, nor see any one dear to me go through it. It is over, but it has left its scars. Strange! I have been poor all my life, yet I never till now felt an actual terror of poverty."

Hilary shrank within herself, less even at the words than at something in their tone—something hard, nay fierce: something at once despairing and aggressive.

"It is strange," she said; "such a terror is not like you. I feel none; I can not even understand it."

"No, I knew you could not," he muttered; and was silent.

So was Hilary. A vague trouble came over her. Could it be that he, Robert Lyon, had been seized with the *auri sacra fames*, which he had so often inveighed against and despised? that his long battle with poverty had caused in him such an overweening desire for riches that, to obtain them, he would sacrifice every thing else, exile himself to a far country for years, selling his very life and soul for gold?

Such a thought of him was so terrible—that is, would have been were it tenable—that Hilary for an instant felt herself shiver all over. The next she spoke out—in justice to him she forced herself to speak out—all her honest soul.

"I do believe that this going abroad to make a fortune, which young men so delight in, is often a most fatal mistake. They give up far more than they gain—country, home, health. I think a man has no right to sell his life any more than his soul for so many thousands a year."

Robert Lyon smiled—"No, and I am not selling mine. With my temperate habits I have as good a chance of health at Bombay as in London—perhaps better. And the years I must be absent I would have been absent almost as much from you—I mean they would have been spent in work as engrossing and as hard. They will soon pass, and then I shall come home rich—rich. Do you think I am growing mercenary?"

"No."

"Tell me what you do think about me."

"I—can not quite understand."

"And I can not make you understand. Perhaps I will, some day when I come back again. Till then, you must trust me, Hilary."

It happens occasionally, in moments of all but intolerable pain, that some small thing, a word, a look, a touch of a hand, lets in such a gleam of peace that nothing ever extinguishes the light of it: it burns on for years and years, sometimes clear, sometimes obscured, but as ineffaceable from life and memory as a star from its place in the heavens. Such, both then, and through the lonely years to come, were those five words, "You must trust me, Hilary."

She did; and in the perfectness of that trust her own separate identity, with all its conscious-

ness of pain, seemed annihilated: she did not think of herself at all, only of him, and with him, and for him. So, for the time being, she lost all sense of personal suffering, and their walk that night was as cheerful and happy as if they were to walk together for weeks and months and years, in undivided confidence and content, instead of its being the last—the very last.

Some one has said that all lovers have, soon or late, to learn to be only friends: happiest and safest are those in whom the friendship is the foundation—always firm and ready to fall back upon, long after the fascination of passion dies. It may take a little from the romance of these two if I own that Robert Lyon talked to Hilary not a word about love, and a good deal about pure business, telling her all his affairs and arrangements, and giving her as clear an idea of his future life as it was possible to do within the limits of one brief half hour.

Then casting a glance round, and seeing that Ascott was quite out of ear-shot, he said, with that tender fall of the voice that felt, as some poet hath it,

“Like a still embrace,”

“Now tell me as much as you can about yourself.”

At first there seemed nothing to tell; but gradually he drew from Hilary a good deal. Johanna's feeble health, which caused her continuing to teach to be very unadvisable; and the gradual diminishing of the school—from what cause they could not account—which made it very doubtful whether some change would not soon or late be necessary.

What this change should be she and Mr. Lyon discussed a little—as far as in the utterly indefinite position of affairs was possible. Also, from some other questions of his, she spoke to him about another dread which had lurked in her mind, and yet to which she could give no tangible shape—about Ascott. He could not remove it, he did not attempt; but he soothed it a little, advising with her as to the best way of managing the willful lad. His strong, clear sense, just judgment, and, above all, a certain unspoken sense of union, as if all that concerned her and hers he took naturally upon himself as his own, gave Hilary such comfort that, even on this night, with a full consciousness of all that was to follow, she was happy—nay, she had not been so happy for years. Perhaps (let the truth be told, the glorious truth of true love, that its recognition, spoken or silent, constitutes the only perfect joy of life, that of two made one)—perhaps she had never been so really happy since she was born.

The last thing he did was to make her give him an assurance that in any and all difficulty she would apply to him.

“To me, and to no one else, remember. No one but myself must help you. And I will, so long as I am alive. Do you believe this?”

She looked up at him by the lamp-light, and said, “I do.”

“And you promise?”

“Yes.”

Then they loosed arms, and Hilary knew that they should never walk together again till—when and how?

Returning, of course he walked with Miss Leaf; and throughout the next day, a terribly wet Sunday, spent by them entirely in the little parlor, they had not a minute of special or private talk together. He did not seem to wish it—indeed, almost avoided it.

Thus slipped away the strange, still day—a Sunday never to be forgotten. At night, after prayers were over, Mr. Lyon rose suddenly, saying he must leave them now; he was obliged to start from Stowbury at daybreak.

“Shall we not see you again?” asked Johanna.

“No. This will be my last Sunday in England. Good-by!”

He turned excessively pale, shook hands silently with them all—Hilary last—and almost before they recognized the fact he was gone.

With him departed, not all Hilary's peace or faith or courage of heart, for to all who love truly, while the best beloved lives, and lives worthily, no parting is hopeless and no grief overwhelming; but all the brightness of her youth, all the sense of joy that young people have in loving, and in being beloved again, in fond meetings and fonder partings, in endless walks and talks, in sweet kisses and clinging arms. Such happiness was not for her: when she saw it the lot of others, she said to herself, sometimes with a natural sharp sting of pain, but oftener with a solemn acquiescence, “It is the will of God; it is the will of God.”

Johanna, too, who would have given her life almost to bring some color back to the white face of her darling, of whom she asked no questions, and who never complained nor confessed any thing, many and many a night when Hilary either lay awake by her side, or tossed and moaned in her sleep, till the elder sister took her in her arms like a baby—Johanna, too, said to herself, “This is the will of God.”

I have told thus much in detail the brief, sad story of Hilary's youth, to show how impossible it was that Elizabeth Hand could live in the house with these two women without being strongly influenced by them, as every person—especially every woman— influences for good or for evil every other person connected with her, or dependent upon her.

Elizabeth was a girl of close observation and keen perception. Besides, to most people, whether or not their sympathy be universal, so far as the individual is concerned, any deep affection generally lends eyes, tact, and delicacy.

Thus when on the Monday morning at breakfast Miss Selina observed, “What a fine day Mr. Lyon was having for his journey; what a lucky fellow he was; how he would be sure to make a fortune, and if so, she wondered whether they should ever see or hear any thing of him again”—Elizabeth, from the glimpse she caught

of Miss Hilary's face, and from the quiet way in which Miss Leaf merely answered, "Time will show;" and began talking to Selina about some other subject—Elizabeth resolved never in any way to make the smallest allusion to Mr. Robert Lyon. Something had happened, she did not know what; and it was not her business to find out; the family affairs, so far as she was trusted with them, were warmly her own, but into the family secrets she had no right to pry.

Yet, long after Miss Selina had ceased to "wonder" about him, or even to name him—his presence or absence did not touch her personally, and she was always the centre of her own small world of interest—the little maid-servant kept in her mind, and pondered over at odd times every possible solution of the mystery of this gentleman's sudden visit; of the long wet Sunday when he sat all day talking with her mistresses in the parlor; of the evening prayer, when Miss Leaf had twice to stop, her voice faltered so; and of the night when, long after all the others had gone to bed, Elizabeth, coming suddenly into the parlor, had found Miss Hilary sitting alone over the embers of the fire, with the saddest, saddest look! so that the girl had softly shut the door again without ever speaking to "Missis."

Elizabeth did more; which, strange as it may appear, a servant who is supposed to know nothing of any thing that has happened can often do better than a member of the family who knows every thing, and this knowledge is sometimes the most irritating consciousness a sufferer has. She followed her young mistress with a steady watchfulness, so quiet and silent that Hilary never found it out—saved her every little household care, gave her every little household treat. Not much to do, and less to be chronicled; but the way in which she did it was all.

During the long dull winter days, to come in and find the parlor fire always bright, the hearth clean swept, and the room tidy; never to enter the kitchen without the servant's face clearing up into a smile; when her restless irritability made her forget things and grow quite vexed in the search after them, to see that somehow her shoes were never misplaced, and her gloves always came to hand in some mysterious manner—these trifles, in her first heavy days of darkness, soothed Hilary more than words could tell.

And the sight of Miss Hilary going about the house and schoolroom as usual, with that poor white face of hers; nay, gradually bringing to the family fireside, as usual, her harmless little joke, and her merry laugh at it and herself—who shall say what lessons may not have been taught by this to the humble servant, dropping deep-sown into her heart, to germinate and fructify, as her future life's needs required?

It might have been so—God knows! He alone can know, who, through what (to us) seem the infinite littlenesses of our mortal existence, is educating us into the infinite greatness of His and our immortality.

CHAPTER VII.

AUTUMN soon lapsed into winter; Christmas came and went, bringing, not Ascott, as they hoped and he had promised, but a very serious evil in the shape of sundry bills of his, which, he confessed in a most piteous letter to his Aunt Hilary, were absolutely unpayable out of his godfather's allowance. They were not large—or would not have seemed so to rich people—and they were for no more blamable luxuries than horse-hire, and a dinner or two to friends out in the country; but they looked serious to a household which rarely was more than five pounds beforehand with the world.

He had begged Aunt Hilary to keep his secret, but that was evidently impossible; so on the day the school-accounts were being written out and sent in, and their amount anxiously reckoned, she laid before her sisters the lad's letter, full of penitence and promises:

"I will be careful—I will indeed—if you will help me this once, dear Aunt Hilary; and don't think too ill of me. I have done nothing wicked. And you don't know London—you don't know, with a lot of young fellows about one, how very hard it is to say no."

At that unlucky postscript the Misses Leaf sorrowfully exchanged looks. Little the lad thought about it—but these few words were the very sharpest pang Ascott had ever given to his aunts.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." "Like father like son." "The sins of the parents shall be visited on the children." So runs many a proverb; so confirms the unerring decree of a just God, who would not be a just God did He allow Himself to break His own righteous laws for the government of the universe; did He falsify the requirements of His own holy and pure being, by permitting any other wages for sin than death. And though, through His mercy, sin forsaken escapes sin's penalty, and every human being has it in his power to modify, if not to conquer, any hereditary moral as well as physical disease, thereby avoiding the doom and alleviating the curse, still the original law remains in force, and ought to remain, an example and a warning. As true as that every individual sin which a man commits breeds multitudes more, is it that every individual sinner may transmit his own peculiar type of weakness or wickedness to a whole race, disappearing in one generation, reappearing in another, exactly the same as physical peculiarities do, requiring the utmost caution of education to counteract the terrible tendencies of nature—the "something in the blood" which is so difficult to eradicate; which may even make the third and fourth generations execrate the memory of him or her who was its origin.

The long life-course of Henry Leaf the elder, and Henry Leaf the younger, had been—the women of the family well knew—that they were men "who couldn't say No." So keenly were the three sisters alive to this fault—it could

hardly be called a crime, and yet in its consequences it was so—so sickening the terror of it which their own wretched experience had implanted in their minds, that during Ascott's childhood and youth his very fractiousness and roughness, his little selfishness, and his persistency in his own will against theirs, had been hailed by his aunts as a good omen that he would grow up "so unlike his poor father."

If the two unhappy Henry Leafs—father and son—could have come out of their graves that night and beheld these three women, daughters and sisters, sitting with Ascott's letter on the table, planning how the household's small expenses could be contracted, its still smaller luxuries relinquished, in order that the boy might honorably pay for pleasures he might so easily have done without! If they could have seen the weight of apprehension which then sank like a stone on these long-tried hearts, never to be afterward quite removed; lightened sometimes, but always—however Ascott might promise and amend—always there! On such a discovery, surely, these two "poor ghosts" would have fled away moaning, wishing they had died childless, or that during their mortal lives any amount of self-restraint and self-compulsion had purged from their natures the accursed thing—the sin which had worked itself out in sorrow upon every one belonging to them, years after their own heads were laid in the quiet dust.

"We must do it," was the conclusion the Misses Leaf unanimously came to; even Selina; who, with all her faults, had a fair share of good feeling and of that close clinging to kindred which is found in fallen households, or households whom the sacred bond of common poverty has drawn together in a way that large, well-to-do home circles can never quite understand. "We must not let the boy remain in debt; it would be such a disgrace to the family."

"It is not the remaining in debt, but the incurring of it, which is the real disgrace to Ascott and the family."

"Hush, Hilary," said Johanna, pointing to the opening door; but it was too late.

Elizabeth, coming suddenly in—or else the ladies had been so engrossed with their conversation that they had not noticed her—had evidently heard every word of the last sentence. Her conscious face showed it; more especially the bright scarlet which covered both her cheeks when Miss Leaf said "Hush!" She stood, apparently irresolute as to whether she should run away again; and then her native honesty got the upper hand, and she advanced into the room.

"If you please, missis, I didn't mean to—but I've heard—"

"What have you heard—that is, how much?"

"Just what Miss Hilary said. Don't be afeared. I sha'n't tell. I never chatter about the family. Mother told me not."

"You owe a great deal, Elizabeth, to your good mother. Now go away."

"And another time," said Miss Selina, "knock at the door."

This was Elizabeth's first initiation into what many a servant has to share—the secret burden of the family. After that day, though they did not actually confide in her, her mistresses used no effort to conceal that they had cares; that the domestic economies must, this winter, be especially studied; there must be no extra fires, no candles left burning to waste; and, once a week or so, a few butterless breakfasts or meatless dinners must be partaken of cheerfully, in both parlor and kitchen. The Misses Leaf never stinted their servant in any thing in which they did not stint themselves.

Strange to say, in spite of Miss Selina's prophecies, the girl's respectful conduct did not abate; on the contrary, it seemed to increase. The nearer she was lifted to her mistress's level the more her mind grew, so that she could better understand her mistresses' cares, and the deeper became her consciousness of the only thing which gives one human being any real authority over another—personal character.

Therefore, though the family means were narrowed, and the family luxuries few, Elizabeth cheerfully put up with all; she even felt a sort of pride in wasting nothing and in making the best of every thing, as the others did. Perhaps, it may be said, she was an exceptional servant; and yet I would not do her class the wrong to believe so—I would rather believe that there are many such among it; many good, honest, faithful girls, who only need good mistresses unto whom to be honest and faithful, and they would be no less so than Elizabeth Hand.

The months went by—heavy and anxious months; for the school gradually dwindled away, and Ascott's letter—now almost the only connection his aunts had with the outer world, for poverty necessarily diminished even their small Stowbury society—became more and more unsatisfactory; and the want of information in them was not supplied by those other letters, which had once kept Johanna's heart easy concerning the boy.

Mr. Lyon had written once before sailing, nay, after sailing, for he had sent it home by the pilot from the English Channel; then there was, of course, silence. October, November, December, January, February, March—how often did Hilary count the months, and wonder how soon a letter could come, whether a letter ever would come again. And sometimes—the sharp present stinging her with its small daily pains, the future looking dark before her and them all—she felt so forlorn, so forsaken, that but for a certain tiny well-spring of hope, which rarely dries up till long after three-and-twenty, she could have sat down and sighed, "My good days are done."

Rich people break their hearts much sooner than poor people; that is, they more easily get into that morbid state which is glorified by the term, "a broken heart." Poor people can not afford it. Their constant labor "physics pain." Their few and narrow pleasures seldom pall. Holy poverty! black as its dark side is, it has

its bright side too, that is, when it is honest, fearless, free from selfishness, wastefulness, and bickerings; above all, free from the terror of debt.

"We'll starve—we'll go into the work-house rather than we'll go into debt!" cried Hilary once, in a passion of tears, when she was in sore want of a shawl, and Selina urged her to get it, and wait till she could pay for it. "Yes; the work-house! It would be less shame to be honorably indebted to the laws of the land than to be meanly indebted, under false pretenses, to any individual in it."

And when, in payment for some accidental lessons, she got next month enough money to buy a shawl, and a bonnet too—nay, by great ingenuity, another bonnet for Johanna—Hilary could have danced and sang—sang, in the gladness and relief of her heart, the glorious euthanasia of poverty.

But these things happened only occasionally; the daily life was hard still, ay, very hard, even though at last came the letter from "foreign parts;" and following it, at regular intervals, other letters. They were full of facts rather than feelings—simple, straightforward; worth little as literary compositions; schoolmaster and learned man as he was, there was nothing literary or poetical about Mr. Lyon; but what he wrote was like what he spoke, the accurate reflection of his own clear original mind and honest, tender heart.

His letters gave none the less comfort because, nominally, they were addressed to Johanna. This might have been from some crotchety of over-reserve, or delicacy, or honor—the same which made him part from her for years with no other word than, "You must trust me, Hilary;" but whatever it was she respected it, and she did trust him. And whether Johanna answered his letters or not, month by month they unfailingly came, keeping her completely informed of all his proceedings, and letting out, as epistles written from over the seas often do, much more of himself and his character than he was probably aware that he betrayed.

And Hilary, whose sole experience of mankind had been the scarcely remembered father, the too well remembered brother, and the anxiously watched nephew, thanked God that there seemed to be one man in the world whom a woman could lean her heart upon, and not feel the support break like a reed beneath her—one man whom she could entirely believe in, and safely and sacredly trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME slipped by. Robert Lyon had been away more than three years. But in the monotonous life of the three sisters at Stowbury nothing was changed. Except, perhaps, Elizabeth, who had grown quite a woman; might have passed almost for thirty; so solidly old-fashioned were her figure and her manners.

Ascott Leaf had finished his walking the hospitals and his examinations, and was now fitted to commence practice for himself. His godfather had still continued his allowance, though once or twice, when he came down to Stowbury, he had asked his aunts to help him in some small debts—the last time in one a little more serious; when, after some sad and sore consultation, it had been resolved to tell him he must contrive to live within his own allowance. For they were poorer than they used to be; many more schools had arisen in the town, and theirs had dwindled away. It was becoming a source of serious anxiety whether they could possibly make ends meet; and when, the next Christmas, Ascott sent them a five-pound note—an actual five-pound note, together with a fond, grateful letter that was worth it all—the aunts were deeply thankful, and very happy.

But still the school declined. One night they were speculating upon the causes of this, and Hilary was declaring, in a half jocular, half earnest way, that it must be because a prophet is never a prophet in his own country.

"The Stowbury people will never believe how clever I am. Only, it is a useless sort of cleverness, I fear. Greek, Latin, and mathematics are no good to infants under seven, such as Stowbury persists in sending to us."

"They think I am only fit to teach little children—and perhaps it is true," said Miss Leaf.

"I wish you had not to teach at all. I wish I was a daily governess—I might be, and earn enough to keep the whole family; only, not here."

"I wonder," said Johanna, thoughtfully, "if we shall have to make a change."

"A change!" It almost pained the elder sister to see how the younger brightened up at the word. "Where to—London? Oh, I have so longed to go and live in London! But I thought you would not like it, Johanna."

That was true. Miss Leaf, whom feeble health had made prematurely old, would willingly have ended her days in the familiar town; but Hilary was young and strong. Johanna called to mind the days when she too had felt that rest was only another name for dullness; and when the most difficult thing possible to her was what seemed now so easy—to sit down and endure.

Besides, unlike herself, Hilary had her life all before her. It might be a happy life, safe in a good man's tender keeping; those unfailing letters from India seemed to prophesy that it would. But no one could say. Miss Leaf's own experience had not led her to place much faith in either men or happiness.

Still, whatever Hilary's future might be, it would likely be a very different one from that quiet, colorless life of hers. And as she looked at her young sister, with the twilight glow on her face—they were taking an evening stroll up and down the terrace—Johanna hoped and prayed it might be so. Her own lot seemed easy enough for herself; but for Hilary—she would like to

see Hilary something better than a poor school-mistress at Stowbury.

No more was said at that time, but Johanna had the deep, still, Mary-like nature, which "kept" things, and "pondered them in her heart." So that when the subject came up again she was able to meet it with that sweet calmness which was her especial characteristic—the unruffled peace of a soul which no worldly storms could disturb overmuch, for it had long since cast anchor in the world unseen.

The chance which revived the question of the Great Metropolitan Hegira, as Hilary called it, was a letter from Mr. Ascott, as follows :

"MISS LEAF.

"MADAM,—I shall be obliged by your informing me if it is your wish, as it seems to be your nephew's, that instead of returning to Stowbury, he should settle in London as a surgeon and general practitioner?

"His education complete, I consider that I have done my duty by him; but I may assist him occasionally still, unless he turns out—as his father did before him—a young man who prefers being helped to helping himself, in which case I shall have nothing more to do with him.

"I remain, Madam, your obedient servant,
"PETER ASCOTT."

The sisters read this letter, passing it round the table, none of them apparently liking to be the first to comment upon it. At length Hilary said,

"I think that reference to poor Henry is perfectly brutal."

"And yet he was very kind to Henry. And if it had not been for his common sense in sending poor little Ascott and the nurse down to Stowbury the baby might have died. But you don't remember any thing of that time, my dear," said Johanna, sighing.

"He has been kind enough, though he has done it in such a patronizing way," observed Selina. "I suppose that's the real reason of his doing it. He thinks it fine to patronize us, and show kindness to our family; he, the stout, bullet-headed grocer's boy, who used to sit and stare at us all church-time."

"At you, you mean. Wasn't he called your beau?" said Hilary, mischievously, upon which Selina drew herself up in great indignation.

And then they fell to talking of that anxious question—Ascott's future. A little they reproached themselves that they had left the lad so long in London—so long out of the influence that might have counteracted the evil, sharply hinted in his godfather's letter. But once away—to lure him back to their poor home was impossible.

"Suppose we were to go to him," suggested Hilary.

The poor and friendless possess one great advantage—they have nobody to ask advice of; nobody to whom it matters much what they do or where they go. The family mind has but to make itself up, and act accordingly. Thus within an hour or two of the receipt of Mr. Ascott's letter Hilary went into the kitchen, and told Elizabeth that as soon as her work was done Miss Leaf wished to have a little talk with her.

"Eh! what's wrong? Has Miss Selina been a-grumbling at me?"

Elizabeth was in one of her bad humors, which, though of course they never ought to have, servants do have as well as their superiors. Hilary perceived this by the way she threw the coals on, and tossed the chairs about. But to-day her heart was full of far more serious cares than Elizabeth's ill-temper. She replied, composedly—

"I have not heard that either of my sisters is displeased with you. What they want to talk to you about is for your own good. We are thinking of making a great change. We intend leaving Stowbury and going to live in London."

"Going to live in London!"

Now, quick as her tact and observation were—her heart taught her these things—Elizabeth's head was a thorough Saxon one, slow to receive impressions. It was a family saying, that nothing was so hard as to put a new idea into Elizabeth except to get it out again.

For this reason Hilary preferred paving the way quietly, before startling her with the sudden intelligence of their contemplated change.

"Well, what do you say to the plan?" asked she, good-humoredly.

"I dunnot like it at all," was the brief gruff answer of Elizabeth Hand.

Now it was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines, that no human being is good for much unless he or she has what is called "a will of one's own." Perhaps this, like many another creed, was with her the result of circumstances. But she held it firmly, and with that exaggerated one-sidedness of feeling which any bitter family or personal experience is sure to leave behind—a strong will was her first attraction to every body. It had been so in the case of Robert Lyon, and not less in Elizabeth's.

But this quality has its inconveniences. When the maid began sweeping up her hearth with a noisy, angry gesture, the mistress did the wisest and most dignified thing a mistress could do under the circumstances, and which she knew was the sharpest rebuke she could administer to the sensitive Elizabeth—she immediately quitted the kitchen.

For an hour after the parlor-bell did not ring; and though it was washing-day, no Miss Hilary appeared to help in folding up the clothes. Elizabeth, subdued and wretched, waited till she could wait no longer; then knocked at the door, and asked humbly if she should bring in supper?

The extreme kindness of the answer—to the effect that she must come in, as they wanted to speak to her, crushed the lingering fragments of ill-humor out of the girl.

"Miss Hilary has told you our future plans, Elizabeth; now we wish to have a little talk with you about yours."

"Eh?"

"We conclude you will not wish to go with us to London; and it would be hardly advisable you should. You can get higher wages now than any we can afford to give you; indeed, we

have more than once thought of telling you so, and offering you your choice of trying for a better place."

"You're very kind," was the answer, stolid rather than grateful.

"No; I think we are merely honest. We should never think of keeping a girl upon lower wages than she was worth. Hitherto, however, the arrangement has been quite fair; you know, Elizabeth, you have given us a deal of trouble in the teaching of you." And Miss Leaf smiled, half sadly, as if this, the first of the coming changes, hurt her more than she liked to express. "Come, my girl," she added, "you needn't look so serious. We are not in the least vexed with you; we shall be very sorry to lose you, and we will give you the best of characters when you leave."

"I dunnot—mean—to leave."

Elizabeth threw out the words like pellets, in a choked fashion, and disappeared suddenly from the parlor.

"Who would have thought it!" exclaimed Selina; "I declare the girl was crying."

No mistake about that; though when, a few minutes after, Miss Hilary entered the kitchen, Elizabeth tried in a hurried, shame-faced way to hide her tears by being very busy over something. Her mistress took no notice, but began, as usual on washing-days, to assist in various domestic matters, in the midst of which she said, quietly,

"And so, Elizabeth, you would really like to go to London?"

"No! I shouldn't like it at all; never said I should. But if you go, I shall go too; though Missis is so ready to get shut o' me."

"It was for your own good, you know."

"You always said it was for a girl's good to stop in one place; and if you think I'm going to another—I aren't, that's all."

Rude as the form of the speech was—almost the first rude speech that Elizabeth had ever made to Miss Hilary, and which, under other circumstances, she would have felt bound severely to reprove—the mistress passed it over. That which lay beneath it, the sharpness of wounded love, touched her heart. She felt that, for all the girl's rough manner, it would have been hard to go into her London kitchen and meet a strange London face, instead of that fond homely one of Elizabeth Hand's.

Still, she thought it right to explain to her that London life might have many difficulties, that, for the present at least, her wages could not be raised, and the family might at first be in even more straitened circumstances than they were at Stowbury.

"Only at first, though, for I hope to find plenty of pupils. And by-and-by our nephew will get into practice."

"Is it on account of him you're going, Miss Hilary?"

"Chiefly."

Elizabeth gave a grunt, which said as plainly as words could say, "I thought so;" and relapsed

into what she, no doubt, believed to be virtuous indignation, but which, as it was testified against the wrong parties, was open to the less favorable interpretation of ill-humor—a small injustice not uncommon with us all.

I do not pretend to paint this young woman as a perfect character. She had her fierce dislikes as well as her strong fidelities; her faults within and without, which had to be struggled with, as all of us have to struggle to the very end of our days. Oftentimes not till the battle is nigh over—sometimes not till it is quite over—does God give us the victory.

Without more discussion on either side, it was agreed that Elizabeth should accompany her mistresses. Even Mrs. Hand seemed to be pleased thereat, her only doubt being lest her daughter should meet and be led astray by that bad woman Mrs. Cliffe, Tommy Cliffe's mother, who was reported to have gone to London. But Miss Hilary explained that this meeting was about as probable as the rencontre of two needles in a hay-rick; and, besides, Elizabeth was not the sort of girl to be easily "led astray" by any body.

"No, no; her's a good wench, though I says it," replied the mother, who was too hard worked to have much sentiment to spare. "I wish the little 'uns may take pattern by our Elizabeth. You'll send her home, maybe, in two or three years' time, to let us have a look at her?"

Miss Hilary promised, and then took her way back through the familiar old town—so soon to be familiar no more—thinking anxiously, in spite of herself, upon those two or three years, and what they might bring.

It happened to be a notable day—that sunshiny 28th of June—when the little, round-cheeked damsel, who is a grandmother now, had the crown of three kingdoms first set upon her youthful head; and Stowbury, like every other town in the land, was a perfect bower of green arches, garlands, banners; white-covered tables were spread in the open air down almost every street, where poor men dined, or poor women drank tea; and every body was out and abroad, looking at or sharing in the holiday-making, wild with merriment, and brimming over with passionate loyalty to the Maiden Queen.

That day is now twenty-four years ago; but all those who remember it must own there never has been a day like it, when, all over the country, every man's heart throbbed with chivalrous devotion, every woman's with womanly tenderness, toward this one royal girl, who—God bless her!—has lived to retain and deserve it all.

Hilary called for, and protected through the crowd, the little, timid, widow lady who had taken off the Misses Leaf's hands their house and furniture, and whom they had made very happy—as the poor often can make those still poorer than themselves—by refusing to accept any thing for the "good-will" of the school. Then she was fetched by Elizabeth, who had been given a whole afternoon's holiday; and mistress and maid went together home, watch-

ing the last of the festivities, the chattering groups that still lingered in the twilight streets, and listening to the merry notes of the "Triumphant" which came down through the lighted windows of the Town Hall, where the open-air tea-drinkers had adjourned to dance country dances, by civic permission, and in perfectly respectable jollity.

"I wonder," said Hilary—while, despite some natural regret, her spirit stretched itself out eagerly from the narrowness of the place where she was born into the great wide world; the world where so many grand things were thought and written and done; the world Robert Lyon had so long fought with, and was fighting bravely still—"I wonder, Elizabeth, what sort of place London is, and what our life will be in it?"

Elizabeth said nothing. For the moment her face seemed to catch the reflected glow of her mistress's, and then it settled down into that look of mingled resistance and resolution which was habitual to her. For the life that was to be, which neither knew—oh, if they had known!—she also was prepared.

PINCHES FROM A SCOTCH MULL.

THE Scotch have never forgiven Sydney Smith for saying that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding." Of late there have been published a number of clever books containing specimens of Scottish wit and humor. The best of these are a couple of little volumes by Doctor Ramsay, the venerable Dean of Edinburgh, who seems to have established a kind of "Drawer" for the reception of national anecdotes and jokes. Not a few of these are striking and characteristic, but they have little of the fun and jollity which characterize the wit of more genial and imperious peoples. A Scotchman was once eating grapes grown in the open air in the south of England. He was asked if Scotland produced as good. "Ay, just as gude," he replied, with true national spirit; "but I must premeese I prefare them some *sourer*." Scotch jokes, like Scotch grapes, have usually a decidedly acid taste. A hard, shrewd common sense underlies them. They seldom provoke a hearty laugh, but excite rather a grim, sardonic smile. Thus:

An old Glasgow shoemaker was sitting by the bedside of his dying wife. "Weel, Johnny, we're gawin to part," she said, taking his hand. "I've been a gude wife to you, John." "Oh, just middling, just middling, Jenny," replied John, not willing to commit himself. "John," she continued, "ye maun promise to bury me in the old kirk-yard at Stra'ven, beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk in the dirt and smoke of Glasgow." "Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just pit you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet there, we'll try you sine in Stra'ven."A young man coming out of church trod accidentally on the tender toes of

an old gentleman. He hastened to apologize, saying, "I am very sorry, Sir, I beg your pardon." "An ye've muckle need, Sir;" was the only response.....A traveler being apprehensive that he had missed his way, inquired of a countryman if he was on the road to Dunkeld. Instead of answering, the countryman asked of his inquirer where he came from. The traveler reminded him that where he came from was nothing to him. "Indeed, then, it's just as little to me whar ye're gaen," was the reply.....At a dinner party the Laird of Combie, whose personal reputation was none of the best, proposed a toast, to be drunk in a special bumper. "I propose," he said, bowing to the daughter of his host, who was far from beautiful, "the old Scottish toast of 'Honest men and bonnie lasses.'" "Weel, Combie," rejoined the lady, "I'm sure we may drink that, for it will apply neither to you nor me."....."I canna do that," said a laird to a neighbor who was angry at his refusing to indorse a note for him. "If I was to pit my name tillt ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time came round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't; sae then you and me wad quarrel; sae we mae just as weel quarrel the noo, as lang's the siller's in my pouch.".....A noble lord, well known for his penuriousness, happened to pick up a small copper coin. A beggar, observing this, exclaimed, "Oh, gie't to me, my lord;" to which the quiet answer was, "Na, na; fin' a fardin for yersell, puir body.".....The childless Duke of Athol encouraged one of his cotters, whose wife had just presented him with twins, by saying, "Weel, Donald, ye ken the Almighty never sends bairns without the meat." "That may be, your Grace," responded Donald, ruefully; "but whiles I think that Providence maks a mistak in thae matters, and sends the bairns to ae hoose and the meat to anither."

The old ill-feeling between England and Scotland sometimes crops out even yet. A grumbling Englishman was inveighing against the Land o' Cakes. "No man of taste," he said, "would ever think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland." "Tastes differ," rejoined a Scotchman. "I'se tak ye to a place ca'ed Bannockburn, no far frae Stirling, whar thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet.".....A north-country drover had a more tangible opportunity of gratifying his national animosity against the Southrons. Passing through Carlisle on his return from a rather unprofitable journey, he saw a notice stuck up offering a reward of fifty pounds for any one who would act as executioner upon a noted criminal, then under sentence of death. The drover volunteered his services, hanged the rogue, and pocketed the fee. The mob twitted him as a mean, beggarly Scot, who had done for money what no Englishman would undertake. "I'll hang ye a' at the price," rejoined Donald, with a grin, fingering the money in his pouch.

Some of the Dean's anecdotes have a dash of

quiet simplicity which elevates them to the rank of humor. An Aberdeen bailie made a visit to London, remaining some weeks. On his return, wishing to give his friends an idea of the grand appearance he had made, he assured them that "Deil a spoon was i' my mou' a' the time I was awa' ;" meaning that while in London he had not condescended to broth or porridge, but had lived on solid meat.....A good old lady was greatly discomposed by the introduction of gas. "What's to become o' the puir whales?" she asked, sorrowfully, evidently supposing any diminution in the consumption of oil would have an injurious effect upon the interests of the whales.....A good dame coming up to Edinburgh saw for the first time a water-cart for sprinkling the streets. "Man!" she cried to the driver, "ye're spillin' a' the water.".....Another lady of a like cast was greatly annoyed at a railway station because her box was not immediately forthcoming. When urged to have patience, her indignant exclamation was, "I can bear ony pairtings that may be ca'ed for in God's Providence; but I canna stan' pairting frae my claes.".....Another venerable lady sent for her medical attendant to consult him for a sore throat. "Do you know, Madam," he said, "that I used to be troubled with just the very same kind of sore throat; but since I allowed my beard and mustache to grow, I have never been troubled with it." "A-weel, a-weel," replied the old lady, dryly, "that may be sae; but ye maun prescribe some other way for me to get quit o' the sair throat; for ye ken, Doctor, that I canna adopt that cure.".....An old dame lay on her death-bed in the days when people used to wear wooden clogs in the street, which made a clanking noise as they walked. "Weel, Jenny," said a neighbor who was sitting by the dying woman, "ye are gaun to Heeven, an' gin ye should see ony of our folk ye can tell them that we're a' weel." "Weel," rejoined Jenny, "gin I shud see them I'se tell them; but you maunna expect that I am to gang clank-clanking through Heeven looking for your folk.".....Mrs. Robison, the widow of the eminent Professor, invited a gentleman to dinner, on a specified day. He accepted the invitation, with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robison, "if ye're dead, I'll no expect you."

Not a few of the most striking sayings belong to those commonly set down as half-witted. "Daft Will Speir" was once discovered by the Earl of Eglinton making a short cut through his grounds. "Come back, Sir," said the Earl; "that's not the road." "Do ye ken whar I'm gaun?" queried Will. "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"....."Daft Yedie" of Peebles once saw a stranger passing, who had a club-foot. Yedie stared at him a while in sympathizing astonishment, and then said, compassionately, "It's a great pity—it spoils the boot.".....The juveniles do not come out largely in Scotch anecdotes. Dean Ramsay tells one good one of a spoiled boy. He insisted on going down

to dinner one day when company was present. "If I dinna gang, I'll tell thon," he threatened. So for peace' sake he was allowed to go down. At table he demanded soup: "If I dinna get it, I'll tell thon." So soup and various other things which he demanded with the usual threat that he would "tell thon," were yielded. But when it came to wine, the mother made a stand; saying that wine was a bad thing for little boys, and so on. He insisted more vociferously than ever; and as he was still refused, broke out, "Now I will tell thon! *Ma new breams were made oot o' the auld curtains!*"

The pathetic element, so characteristic of Irish humor, appears sometimes, though but rarely, in the Dean's anecdotes. Joe M'Pherson, an honest, hard-working Inverness blacksmith, had bought a house, remaining in debt for a large part of the purchase-money. The great ambition of his life was to pay this off, and free the house. For this he toiled for years, but died before it was accomplished. His two sons succeeded to the house, the incumbrance, and the determination to remove it. Just as they had attained this their old mother fell sick unto death. "Mother," said one of the sons, "ye'll sune be wi' our father. No doubt ye'll hae much to tell him; but dinna forget this, mother; mind ye tell him *the house is freed*. He'll be glad to hear that.".....An old lady lay sorely sick in the winter. A friend was trying to encourage her by expressing the hope that she would soon be better, and in the spring would enjoy some of their country spring butter. "Spring butter!" exclaimed the invalid; "by that time I shall be buttering in heaven!" When at the very point of death she overheard one friend saying to another, "Her face has lost its color; it grows like a sheet of paper." "Then I'm sure it maun be broon paper," interrupted the dying woman.Miss Johnstone was a famous eccentric character of the last century. When she was dying a tremendous storm of rain and thunder came on. She listened to the tempest, and remarked, in her quaint manner, "Ech, sirs, what a nicht for me to be fleein' through the air!".....Stirling of Keir had been arrested for taking part in the Jacobite rising. The miller of Keir, a very pious man, was brought forward as a witness to prove that the laird had attended a muster of the rebels at the brig of Turk. Every body knew that he was there, and that the miller knew it. The miller, however, swore positively that the laird was not there. On being asked afterward how he could so perjure himself, he replied, with a feeling of confidence in the righteousness of his action almost sublime, "I would rather trust my soul to God's mercy than trust Keir's head into their hands!"

A considerable portion of Dean Ramsay's stories, like those of Lord Cockburn and Mr. Carlisle, relate to the last century. The view which they present of the state of society at that time is repulsive enough. Drunkenness was its most salient feature. A dinner party was expected to wind up by a course of hard drinking,

the object of which was to lay the whole party under the table. At a carousal at Castle Grant a few of the guests were actually able to get up stairs without being carried. Two stout Highlandmen in attendance to carry them up were astonished and indignant. "Aigh," said one, "it's sair cheenged times at Castle Grant, when gentlemens can gang to bed on their ain feet." No excuses were allowed; a man must drink with the others as long as he could sit in his chair. If one wished to keep himself tolerably sober the only way was to feign intoxication, and tumble under the table. Lord Cockburn relates such an expedient adopted by himself, when a young man, at a circuit dinner presided over by the Judge, Lord Hermand. He dropped down, and lay until the morning sun shone in at the windows, the Judge and some of the tougher members of the party keeping up the debauch all night. Then they washed their hands and faces, and proceeded to court, apparently as fresh as though nothing had happened. At another circuit Hermand and all his associates were drunk all the while, though still quite able for the work. For years this circuit went by the name of the "daft circuit." With Hermand, indeed, drunkenness was a virtue, and sobriety was almost *prima facie* evidence of something wrong. A case of some great offense was tried before him, and the counsel for the defendant pleaded in extenuation that his client was drunk when he committed the crime. "Drunk!" exclaimed the Judge, in great indignation; "if he could do such a thing when he was drunk, what might he not have done when he was sober?".....At a prolonged dinner bout one of the party, noticing something amiss, asked, "What gars the laird o' Garskadden luk sae gash?" "Ou," replied another, "Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these twa hours; I saw him slip awa, but I didna like to disturb good company." Hard drinking was not held at all inconsistent with zeal for religion. The laird of Balnamoon joined with his bibulous propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church, the services of which he was wont to read to his family with much solemnity and earnestness. A stranger who was among his guests one Sunday was impressed with the laird's performance of the Morning Service, and his religious deportment. After dinner Balnamoon set himself at work to make his guests as drunk as possible. A riotous debauch ensued, and the guests were carried to bed by the servants at a late hour. "Sic a speat o' praying, and sic a speat o' drinking I never saw in a' my born days," said the stranger, in relating the affair.

Hard swearing was naturally regarded as a very venial offense; in fact, as rather a desirable accomplishment. "Our John swears awfu', and we try to correct him," said a lady of her brother; adding, however, "but nae doubt it is a great set aff to conversation.".....A Perth lawyer had been vexed by the non-appearance of some one with whom he had made an appointment, and he showed his wrath by an elab-

orate course of swearing. "Whom did he swear at?" asked one to whom the incident was told. "Ou, he didna swear at ony thing parteeular, but jist stude in ta middle of ta road, and swoor at large.".....Bishop Skinner, in making his pastoral visits, called upon a good couple. He found them in the baru winnowing corn. The goodman hastening to welcome the Bishop hit his shins against the riddle, stopped short, and made all sort of grimaces, without being able to utter a word in reply to the condolence of the clergyman. At last his wife, understanding the difficulty, interposed. "Noo, Bishop," she said, coaxingly, "just gang yer waas into the hoose, an' we'll follow fan he's had time to curse a fyllie, an' I'se warrant he'll sune be weel eneuch."

The latter half of the last century undoubtedly witnessed the lowest depreciation of the national character of Scotland, as the former half did that of English character. Still it would be wrong to assert that this degradation was universal. The old Scotch piety survived, but it rarely met the eye of casual observers. Saturday nights like those described by Burns were still to be witnessed among the cotters. But even the true and fervent piety of Scotland has always presented a somewhat austere and ungenial form. One of its distinguishing characteristics was the rigidity with which the observance of the Sabbath was inculcated—a strictness unknown elsewhere in Christendom. A geological Professor was making a tour through the Highlands. One Sunday morning he walked out, with his hammer in his hand, carelessly breaking up such specimens as came in his way. An old man, who had watched him for some time, accosted him solemnly, "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes.".....An English artist making a tour in Scotland remained over Sunday in a small town. To while away the time he walked out in the environs, and seeing the picturesque ruins of an old castle, asked a countryman who was passing to tell him the name of the castle. "It's no the day to be speering sic things," was the only answer vouchsafed to the question.....A lady who had become an Episcopalian once took to the church a favorite servant—a Presbyterian of the Old School. There was a full choral service, which she was sure would be enjoyed by her companion. On their return the lady asked her what she thought of the music. "On, it's a' varra bonny, varra bonny," was the response; "but oh, my lady, it's an awfu' way o' spending the Sabbath.".....The obligation to keep holy the Sabbath was held to be incumbent not merely upon human beings. Lady Maeneil had procured some Dorking fowls, reported to be famous layers. After a time she asked the hen-wife if they laid many eggs. "Indeed, my leddy," said the indignant servitor, "they lay every day, no excepting the blessed Sabbath.".....A lady going into her kitchen one Sunday morning found a new roasting-jack, which had been so constructed as to go constantly without winding up, broken down. She asked the cook how it had hap-

pened. Jenny explained that she herself had done it, adding, "I wasna gaeing to hac the fule thing clocking and rinning about in my kitchen a' the blessed Sabbath day."

This reverence for the holy day sometimes took a form which one would hardly have anticipated. "They're a God-fearin' set of folk here," said an old Highlandman to an English tourist; "'deed they are, an' I'll gie ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover chiel frae Dumfries comin' along the road whustlin', an' lookin' as happy as if it was ta muddle o' ta week; weel, Sir, oor laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, an' they were just coomin' oot o' the kirk, an' they yokit upon him, an' a'most killed him." A story not unlike this in its spirit is told of David Hume. The fat philosopher had tumbled into a mud-hole, and stuck fast. He called out for assistance to a woman who was passing. Coming up, she looked at him a moment, and asked, "Are na ye Hume the Atheist?" "Well, no matter if I am," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one." "Christian charity here, or Christian charity there, I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yersell; ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye wallow there as I fand ye." The skeptic, really afraid for his life, rehearsed the required formulas, and was thereupon helped out of his unpleasant predicament.

Clergymen are not wont to spoil a good story because it hits the profession. Young ministers fresh from college, in Scotland as elsewhere, are apt to be a little vain and windy; and the venerable Dean enjoys giving them a quiet thrust on this score. Mr. Shirra, a plain-spoken old clergyman, was annoyed at the finical ways of a young man who preached for him one Sunday morning. The old man gave vent to his annoyance in the prayer after sermon. He prayed for the young brother, as a promising laborer in the vineyard, but wanting much overhauling. The prayer wound up thus: "But, O Lord, please tak an awl and prod him weel, and let the wind out o' him.".....The pulpit of Abercorn had one morning been filled by a young probationer who had fired off a flashy sermon, to his own great satisfaction. Walking out in the evening with the ladies of his host's family, they passed a cottage from which the sounds of evening devotion were audible, the voice being tremulous with age. The young man, flushed with the elation of what he considered his brilliant performance in the morning, proposed that they should stop and listen to the prayer—"it would be so curious to hear what such simple people had to say." From general the pious peasant passed to private supplications, beseeching the Lord in particular to have mercy on "the poor parish of Abercorn, for they had been fed out of a toom [empty] spoon that day.".....Another young man having got through a wordy sermon, complained of being very much tired. "Tired, did ye say?" growled an old member of the congrega-

gation; "Lord, man, if ye're half as tired as I am, I pity ye.".....A youth who thought much of his own gifts was to officiate for Dr. Gilchrist, who explained to him that the custom in his church was to close the prayer before the sermon with the Lord's Prayer. The young man wished to know if he might not introduce something else instead. "Ou ay," quietly rejoined the Doctor, "gif ye can gie us ony thing better."

But the older clergymen come in for their fair share of the Dean's stories. One of these took to task a former parishioner of his who had left him to join some other congregation. "John," said he, "I'm sure ye ken that a rollin' stane gathers nae moss!" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true; but can ye tell me what guid the moss does to the stane?" implying that the minister's teachings were of no more use to the hearer than moss is to the stone. Scottish ministers have always been addicted to preaching doctrinal sermons. In fact no discourse was entirely satisfactory to many of the "Davic Deans" of their flocks unless it embodied in itself the whole "Body of Divinity." A worthy clergyman having once taken a text of a purely practical character, and preached a sermon in accordance, was thus commented upon by one of his hearers, "If there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's sure to tak it." Of course the sermons were much the same from week to week. The "broken covenant" had formed the staple of the discourses of one minister for so long a time that the people intimated to him that they would like a little change. He promised to comply; and the next Sunday read the history of Joseph as the subject of a lecture, paraphrasing it greatly. "An' now, my friends," he added at the close of his paraphrase, "we shall proceed to draw some lessons and inferences: And, first, you will observe that the sacks of Joseph's brethren were *ripit*, and in them was found the cup; so your sacks will be *ripit* at the day of judgment, and the first thing found in them will be the broken covenant;" and thereupon followed the old familiar sermon. It is no matter for wonder that this constant repetition of the substance of the same discourse should have a soporific tendency upon the congregation, and the clergyman would sometimes publicly reprimand his drowsy flock by name. "Jeems Robson!" called out Mr. B. to a nodding delinquent, "ye're sleepin'; I insist on your wauking when God's word is preached to ye!" "Weel, Sir, ye may look at your ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me," replied James, pointing to the minister's pew, where his own goodwife was indulging in a nap. The husband called upon her to stand up and receive the censure due to her offense, which was administered thus: "Mrs. B., a'body kens that when I got ye for my wife I got nae beauty; yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace, I shall hae a puir bargain indeed.".....One good but very dull clergyman, who could never manage to get his sermons into less space than an hour and a half, received a gentle hint that they would

be better if they were shorter. This intimation was couched in the form of an inquiry whether he did not feel tired after preaching so long. "Na, na, *I'm* no tired; but," he added with unconscious simplicity, "Lord, hoo tired the fowk whiles are!".....A Forfarshire clergyman had long been annoyed by the drowsiness of his hearers. Looking round one Sabbath he saw many of them fast asleep; but right in view of all was a poor half-witted lad, broad awake. He resolved to improve the occasion by administering a telling rebuke. "You see," said he, "that even Jamie Foster, the idiot, does not fall asleep as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadn't been an idiot I wad ha' been sleeping too." Every one felt at full liberty to criticise the preacher's performances. A pious lady was visiting the dwellings of the outcasts in Glasgow, in the West Port, where Doctor Chalmers had established a church for the benefit of the destitute population. She asked one of the poor women if she ever attended divine service. "Ou ay," she replied; "there's a man ca'd Chalmers preaches there, and I whiles gang in and hear him, just to encourage him, puir body.".....Doctor Macknight, the Commentator, had gone up to Edinburgh to bring out his "Harmony of the Four Gospels." One of his parishioners, who probably thought the Doctor's learned labors a waste of time, was asked if the minister was at home. "Na," he answered, "he's gane to Edinburgh on a verra useless job; he's gane to mak four men agree wha ne'er cast out.".....Criticisms were not always unfavorable. Doctor Scot of Dumfries had a somewhat famous sermon on the Resurrection. This he delivered on a Sacramental occasion. These occasions used to be a sort of preaching match, several sermons being delivered, and each preacher striving to do his best. On this occasion the hearers were overheard discussing the merits of the different ministers. "Leeze me abune them a'," said one dame to another, "for the old man that said, 'Raphael sings, an' Gabriel strikes his goolden harp, an' a' the angels clap their wings wi' joy.' O, but it was gran'; it just put me in mind o' our geese at Dunjarg when they turn their nebs to the south an' clap their wings when they see the rain's comin' after lang drouth."

But the ministers quite as often got the best as the worst of it in encounters of wit. Mr. Dunlop of Dumfries is the real author of several repartees which have been credited to a score of others. Among these is the retort given to a couple of wild fellows who accosted him with the information, "The Deil's dead." "Is he?" said the minister; "then I maun pray for twa fatherless bairns." Still better is his reply to one of a gang of youths who had dressed himself up as a ghost, hoping to frighten the clergyman as he was passing home through the church-yard. "Weel, Maister Ghaist," quietly asked the minister, "is this a general rising, or are ye juist taking a daunder frac your grave by yourself?".....The good Bishop Leighton was once

accosted by one of his flock, a lady whose feelings were stronger than her judgment. She had dreamed a very extraordinary dream, and was afraid something would happen to hinder its consummation. She had dreamed that she was the bishop's wife. He replied that he would wait till the sign was doubled by his dreaming that he was her husband, and then he would take care that it was verified.

Many of the best Scotch stories derive their special point from the peculiarities of the dialect in which they are narrated. These of course can only be partially appreciated by one to whom the language is not vernacular; for a story loses its force if its meaning must be blasted out by a glossary. Such is the following, which is curious, as showing the peculiar power of the Scotch dialect in the use of vowels. It is a conversation, which might occur about a plaid, between a shopkeeper and a customer:

CUSTOMER. "Oo?" (Wool?)

SHOPMAN. "Ay, oo." (Yes, wool.)

CUSTOMER. "A' oo?" (All wool?)

SHOPMAN. "Ay, a' oo." (Yes, all wool.)

CUSTOMER. "A' ae oo?" (All one kind of wool?)

SHOPMAN. "Ay, a' ae oo." (Yes, all one kind of wool.)

The beautiful Duchess of Gordon, in one of her electioneering schemes, wished to propitiate the favor of Gordon of Craigmyle. She had learned that he was making a kiln of bricks, and wishing to show how much interest she took in his affairs, asked him, "Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks come on?" Craigmyle, whose thoughts were just then especially busy with a new leather part of his dress, and supposing that the Duchess had noticed it, replied, looking down upon his nether garments, "Muckle obleeged to yer Grace, the *breeks* were sum ticht at first, but they're deeing weel eneuch noo?".....The Scotch name for the game of draughts is *dam*, and the board upon which it is played is a *dam-brod*. A genuine Scotch lady of the old school, being in London, wished to purchase a table-cloth of a checked pattern, like the squares on a draught-board. She entered a shop, and astounded the shopman by asking for table-linen of a *dam-brod* pattern. He showed her some in wide stripes, which he assured her was the very broadest made. No, that would not do. She wanted, she repeated, a *dam-brod* pattern, and that was not *dam-brod* at all. She left the shop, leaving the keeper in astonishment at the emphatic wording which she had given to her order; while she was equally surprised at his remissness in failing to have on hand such a very common article.

The last "Pinch" which we will take from Dean Ramsay's "Mull" shall be of literal Scotch snuff, for, according to the popular idea, a Scotchman and his snuff-box are inseparable. A Highland hamlet had been completely snowed in for some weeks, and all intercourse with the town being cut off the snuff-takers were reduced to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging were

out of the question, for nobody had a pinch for himself, to say nothing of lending or giving. All were reduced to that extremity of suffering which only enforced abstinents from the fragrant weed in any shape can know. Among the unhappy number was the minister of the parish. His craving was so intense that study was out of the question. As a last resort the beadle was dispatched to a neighboring glen in the hope of getting a supply; but he came back as destitute as he went. "What's to be done, John?" asked the minister, dolorously. John shook his head

in voiceless sympathy. But all at once an idea flashed upon him. He darted from the room, and soon returned with a goodly quantity of a dark looking powder, which he handed to the minister with the word "Hae!" A long, deep pinch found its way up the clerical nostrils. The troubled brow relaxed. "Whaur did ye get it, John?" "I soupit [swept] the poupit," was the reply. The good man's droppings, from Sunday to Sunday, though hardly pure, were sufficient to serve his turn until the embargo was removed.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MRS. FURNIVAL CAN'T PUT UP WITH IT.

WHEN Lady Mason last left the chambers of her lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, she was watched by a stout lady as she passed through the narrow passage leading from the Old to the New Square. That fact will, I trust, be remembered, and I need hardly say that the stout lady was Mrs. Furnival. She had heard betimes of the arrival of that letter with the Hamworth post-mark, had felt assured that it was written by the hands of her hated rival, and had at once prepared for action.

"I shall leave this house to-day—immediately after breakfast," she said to Miss Biggs, as they sat disconsolately at the table with the urn between them.

"And I think you will be quite right, my dear," replied Miss Biggs. "It is your bounden duty to put down such wicked iniquity as this; not only for your own sake, but for that of morals in general. What in the world is there so beautiful and so lovely as a high tone of moral sentiment?" To this somewhat transcendental question Mrs. Furnival made no reply. That a high tone of moral sentiment, as a thing in general, for the world's use, is very good, she was no doubt aware; but her mind at the present moment was fixed exclusively on her own peculiar case. That Tom Furnival should be made to give up seeing that nasty woman who lived at Hamworth, and to give up also having letters from her—that at present was the extent of her moral sentiment. His wicked iniquity she could forgive with a facility not at all gratifying to Miss Biggs, if only she could bring about such a result as that. So she merely grunted in answer to the above proposition.

"And will you sleep away from this?" asked Miss Biggs.

"Certainly I will. I will neither eat here, nor sleep here, nor stay here till I know that all this is at an end. I have made up my mind what I will do."

"Well?" asked the anxious Martha.

"Oh, never mind. I am not exactly prepared to talk about it. There are things one

can't talk about—not to any body. One feels as though one would burst in mentioning it. I do, I know."

Martha Biggs could not but feel that this was hard, but she knew that friendship is nothing if it be not long enduring. "Dearest Kitty!" she exclaimed. "If true sympathy can be of service to you—"

"I wonder whether I could get respectable lodgings in the neighborhood of Red Lion Square for a week?" said Mrs. Furnival, once more bringing the conversation back from the abstract to the concrete.

In answer to this Miss Biggs of course offered the use of her own bedroom and of her father's house; but her father was an old man, and Mrs. Furnival positively refused to agree to any such arrangement. At last it was decided that Martha should at once go off and look for lodgings in the vicinity of her own home, that Mrs. Furnival should proceed to carry on her own business in her own way—the cruelty being this, that she would not give the least hint as to what that way might be—and that the two ladies should meet together in the Red Lion Square drawing-room at the close of the day.

"And about dinner, dear?" asked Miss Biggs.

"I will get something at a pastry-cook's," said Mrs. Furnival.

"And your clothes, dear?"

"Rachel will see about them; she knows." Now Rachel was the old female servant of twenty years' standing; and the disappointment experienced by poor Miss Biggs at the ignorance in which she was left was greatly enhanced by a belief that Rachel knew more than she did. Mrs. Furnival would tell Rachel, but would not tell her. This was very, very hard, as Miss Biggs felt. But, nevertheless, friendship, sincere friendship is long enduring, and true, patient merit will generally receive at last its appropriate reward.

Then Mrs. Furnival had sat down, Martha Biggs having been duly sent forth on the mission after the lodgings, and had written a letter to her husband. This she intrusted to Rachel, whom she did not purpose to remove from that abode of iniquity from which she herself was

fleeing, and having completed her letter she went out upon her own work. The letter ran as follows:

"HARLEY STREET—*Friday.*

"MY DEAREST TOM,—I can not stand this any longer, so I have thought it best to leave the house and go away. I am very sorry to be forced to such a step as this, and would have put up with a good deal first; but there are some things which I can not put up with, and won't. I know that a woman has to obey her husband, and I have always obeyed you, and thought it no hardship even when I was left so much alone; but a woman is not to see a slut brought in under her very nose—and I won't put up with it. We've been married now going on over twenty-five years, and it's terrible to think of being driven to this. I almost believe it will drive me mad, and then, when I'm a lunatic, of course you can do as you please.

"I don't want to have any secrets from you. Where I shall go I don't yet know, but I've asked Martha Biggs to take lodgings for me somewhere near her. I must have somebody to speak to now and again, so you can write to 23 Red Lion Square till you hear further. It's no use sending for me, for I *won't come*; not till I know that you think better of your present ways of going on. I don't know whether you have the power to get the police to come after me, but I advise you not. If you do any thing of that sort the people about shall hear of it.

"And now, Tom, I want to say one word to you. You can't think it's a happiness to me going away from my own home where I have lived respectable so many years, or leaving you whom I've loved with all my whole heart. It makes me very, very unhappy, so that I could sit and cry all day if it weren't for pride and because the servants shouldn't see me. To think that it has come to this after all! Oh, Tom, I wonder whether you ever think of the old days when we used to be so happy in Keppel Street! There wasn't any body then that you cared to see, except me: I do believe that. And you'd always come home then, and I never thought bad of it though you wouldn't have a word to speak to me for hours. Because you were doing your duty. But you ain't doing your duty now, Tom. You know you ain't doing your duty when you never dine at home, and come home so cross with wine that you curse and swear, and have that nasty woman coming to see you at your chambers. Don't tell me it's about law business. Ladies don't go to barristers' chambers about law business. All that is done by attorneys. I've heard you say scores of times that you never would see people themselves, and yet you see her.

"Oh, Tom, you have made me so wretched! But I can forgive it all, and will never say another word about it to fret you, if you'll only promise me to have nothing more to say to that woman. Of course I'd like you to come home to dinner, but I'd put up with that. You've made your own way in the world, and perhaps it's only right you should enjoy it. I don't think so much dining at the club can be good for you, and I'm afraid you'll have gout, but I don't want to bother you about that. Send me a line to say that you won't see her any more, and I'll come back to Harley Street at once. If you can't bring yourself to do that, you—and—I—must—part. I can put up with a great deal, but I can't put up with that; *and won't*.

"Your affectionate loving wife,
"C. FURNIVAL."

"I wonder whether you ever think of the old days when we used to be so happy in Keppel Street?" Ah me, how often in after-life, in those successful days when the battle has been fought and won, when all seems outwardly to go well—how often is this reference made to the happy days in Keppel Street! It is not the prize that can make us happy: it is not even the winning of the prize, though for the one shorthalf hour of triumph that is pleasant enough. The struggle, the long hot hour of the honest fight, the grinding work—when the teeth are set, and the skin moist with sweat and rongh

with dust, when all is doubtful and sometimes desperate; when a man must trust to his own manhood, knowing that those around him trust to it not at all—that is the happy time of life. There is no human bliss equal to twelve hours of work with only six hours in which to do it. And when the expected pay for that work is worse than doubtful, the inner satisfaction is so much the greater. Oh, those happy days in Keppel Street, or it may be over in dirty lodgings in the Borough, or somewhere near the Marylebone work-house—any where for a moderate weekly stipend. Those were to us, and now are to others, and always will be to many, the happy days of life. How bright was love, and how full of poetry! Flashes of wit glanced here and there, and how they came home and warmed the cockles of the heart. And the unfrequent bottle! Methinks that wine has utterly lost its flavor since those days. There is nothing like it; long work, grinding weary work, work without pay, hopeless work; but work in which the worker trusts himself, believing it to be good. Let him, like Mohammed, have one other to believe in him, and surely nothing else is needed. "Ah me! I wonder whether you ever think of the old days when we used to be so happy in Keppel Street?"

Nothing makes a man so cross as success, or so soon turns a pleasant friend into a captious acquaintance. Your successful man eats too much, and his stomach troubles him; he drinks too much, and his nose becomes blue. He wants pleasure and excitement, and roams about looking for satisfaction in places where no man ever found it. He frets himself with his banker's book, and every thing tastes amiss to him that has not on it the flavor of gold. The straw of an omnibus always stinks; the linings of the cabs are filthy. There are but three houses round London at which an eatable dinner may be obtained. And yet a few years since how delicious was that cut of roast goose to be had for a shilling at the eating-house near Golden Square! Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker, and all the other mistresses, are too vapid and stupid and humdrum for endurance. The theatres are dull as Lethe, and polities have lost their salt. Success is the necessary misfortune of life, but it is only to the very unfortunate that it comes early.

Mrs. Furnival, when she had finished her letter and fastened it, drew one of the heavy dining-room arm-chairs over against the fire, and sat herself down to consider her past life, still holding the letter in her lap. She had not on that morning been very careful with her toilet, as was perhaps natural enough. The cares of the world were heavy on her, and he would not be there to see her. Her hair was rough, and her face was red, and she had hardly had the patience to make straight the collar round her neck. To the eye she was an untidy, angry, cross-looking woman. But her heart was full of tenderness—full to overflowing. She loved him now as well as ever she had loved him—all

most more as the thought of parting from him pressed upon her! Was he not all in all to her? Had she not worshiped him during her whole life? Could she not forgive him?

Forgive him! Yes. Forgive him with the fullest, frankest, freest pardon, if he would only take forgiveness. Should she burn that letter in the fire, send to Biggs saying that the lodgings were not wanted, and then throw herself at Tom's feet, imploring him to have mercy upon her. All that she could do within her heart, and make her words as passionate, as soft, and as poetical as might be those of a young wife of twenty. But she felt that such words—though she could frame the sentence while sitting there—could never get themselves spoken. She had tried it, and it had been of no avail. Not only should she be prepared for softness, but he also must be so prepared, and at the same moment. If he should push her from him, and call her a fool when she attempted that throwing of herself at his feet, how would it be with her spirit then? No. She must go forth, and the letter must be left. If there were any hope of union for the future it must come from a parting for the present. So she went up stairs and summoned Rachel, remaining with her in consultation for some half hour. Then she descended with her bonnet and shawl, got into a cab while Spooner stood at the door looking very serious, and was driven away—whither no one knew in Harley Street except Mrs. Furnival herself and that cabman.

"She'll never put her foot inside this hall door again. That's my idea of the matter," said Spooner.

"Indeed and she will," said Rachel, "and be a happier woman than ever she's been since the house was took."

"If I know master," said Spooner, "he's not the man to get rid of an old woman, easy like that, and then 'ave her back agin." Upon hearing which words, so very injurious to the sex in general, Rachel walked into the house, not deigning any further reply.

And then, as we have seen, Mrs. Furnival was there, standing in the dark shadow of the Lincoln's Inn passage, when Lady Mason left the lawyer's chambers. She felt sure that it was Lady Mason, but she could not be quite sure. The woman, though she came out from the entry which led to her husband's chambers, might have come down from some other set of rooms. Had she been quite certain she would have attacked her rival there, laying bodily hands upon her in the purlieus of the Lord Chancellor's Court. As it was, the poor bruised creature was allowed to pass by, and as she emerged out into the light at the other end of the passage Mrs. Furnival became quite certain of her identity.

"Never mind," she said to herself. "She sha'n't escape me long. Him I could forgive, if he would only give it up; but as for her—! Let what come of it, come may, I will tell that woman what I think of her conduct before I am many hours older." Then, giving one look up

to the windows of her husband's chambers, she walked forth through the dusty old gate into Chancery Lane, and made her way on foot up to No. 23 Red Lion Square. "I'm glad I've done it," she said to herself as she went; "very glad. There's nothing else for it when things come to such a head as that." And in this frame of mind she knocked at her friend's door.

"Well!" said Martha Biggs, with her eyes, and mouth, and arms, and heart all open.

"Have you got me the lodgings?" said Mrs. Furnival.

"Yes, close by—in Orange Street. I'm afraid you'll find them very dull. And what have you done?"

"I have done nothing, and I don't at all mind their being dull. They can't possibly be more dull than Harley Street."

"And I shall be near you; sha'n't I?" said Martha Biggs.

"Umph," said Mrs. Furnival. "I might as well go there at once, and get myself settled." So she did, the affectionate Martha of course accompanying her; and thus the affairs of that day were over.

Her intention was to go down to Hamworth at once, and make her way up to Orley Farm, at which place she believed that Lady Mason was living. Up to this time she had heard no word of the coming trial beyond what Mr. Furnival had told her as to his client's "law business." And whatever he had so told her she had scrupulously disbelieved. In her mind all that went for nothing. Law business! She was not so blind, so soft, so green, as to be hoodwinked by such stuff as that. Beautiful widows don't have personal interviews with barristers in their chambers over and over again, let them have what law business they may. At any rate, Mrs. Furnival took upon herself to say that they ought not to have such interviews. She would go down to Orley Farm, and she would have an interview with Lady Mason. Perhaps the thing might be stopped in that way.

On the following morning she received a note from her husband, the consideration of which delayed her proceedings for that day:

"DEAR KITTY"—the note ran—"I think you are very foolish. If regard for me had not kept you at home, some consideration with reference to Sophia should have done so. What you say about that poor lady at Orley Farm is too absurd for me to answer. If you would have spoken to me about her, I would have told you that which would have set your mind at rest, at any rate as regards her. I can not do this in a letter, nor could I do it in the presence of your friend, Miss Biggs.

"I hope you will come back at once; but I shall not add to the absurdity of your leaving your own house by any attempt to bring you back again by force. As you must want money I inclose a check for fifty pounds. I hope you will be back before you want more; but if not, I will send it as soon as you ask for it.

"Yours affectionately as always, T. FURNIVAL."

There was about this letter an absence of sentiment, and an absence of threat, and an absence of fuss, which almost overset her. Could it be possible that she was wrong about Lady Mason? Should she go to him and hear his

own account before she absolutely declared war by breaking into the enemy's camp at Orley Farm? Then, moreover, she was touched and almost overcome about the money. She wished he had not sent it to her. That money difficulty had occurred to her, and been much discussed in her own thoughts. Of course she could not live away from him if he refused to make her any allowance—at least not for any considerable time. He had always been liberal as regards money since money had been plenty with him, and therefore she had some supply with her. She had jewels too which were her own; and though, as she had already determined, she would not part with them without telling him what she was about to do, yet she could, if pressed, live in this way for the next twelve months; perhaps, with close economy, even for a longer time than that. In her present frame of mind she had looked forward almost with gratification to being pinched and made uncomfortable. She would wear her ordinary and more dowdy dresses; she would spend much of her time in reading sermons; she would get up very early and not care what she ate or drank. In short, she would make herself as uncomfortable as circumstances would admit, and thoroughly enjoy her grievances.

But then this check of fifty pounds, and this offer of as much more as she wanted when that was gone, rather took the ground from under her feet. Unless she herself chose to give way she might go on living in Orange Street to the end of the chapter, with every material comfort about her—keeping her own brougham if she liked, for the checks she now knew would come without stint. And he would go on living in Harley Street, seeing Lady Mason as often as he pleased. Sophia would be the mistress of the house; and as long as this was so, Lady Mason would not show her face there. Now this was not a course of events to which Mrs. Furnival could bring herself to look forward with satisfaction.

All this delayed her during that day, but before she went to bed she made up her mind that she would at any rate go down to Hamworth. Tom, she knew, was deceiving her; of that she felt morally sure. She would, at any rate, go down to Hamworth, and trust to her own wit for finding out the truth when there.

CHAPTER L.

IT IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

ALL was now sadness at The Cleeve. It was soon understood among the servants that there was to be no marriage, and the tidings spread from the house, out among the neighbors and into Hamworth. But no one knew the reason of this change; none except those three, the woman herself who had committed the crime and the two to whom she had told it. On that same night, the night of the day on which the

tale had been told, Lady Mason wrote a line—almost a single line to her son :

“ DEAREST LUCIUS,—All is over between me and Sir Peregrine. It is better that it should be so. I write to tell you this without losing an hour. For the present I remain here with my dear—dearest friends.

“ Your own affectionate mother, M. MASON.”

This note she had written in obedience to the behests of Mrs. Orme, and even under her dictation—with the exception of one or two words, “I remain here with my friends,” Mrs. Orme had said; but Lady Mason had put in the two epithets, and had then declared her own conviction that she had now no right to use such language.

“ Yes, of me you may, certainly,” said Mrs. Orme, keeping close to her shoulder.

“ Then I will alter it,” said Lady Mason. “ I will write it again and say I am staying with you.”

But this Mrs. Orme had forbidden. “ No; it will be better so,” she said. “ Sir Peregrine would wish it. I am sure he would. He quite agrees that—” Mrs. Orme did not finish her sentence, but the letter was dispatched, written as above. The answer which Lucius sent down before breakfast the next morning was still shorter.

“ DEAREST MOTHER,—I am greatly rejoiced that it is so. Your affectionate son, L. M.”

He sent this note, but he did not go down to her, nor was there any other immediate communication between them.

All was now sadness at The Cleeve. Peregrine knew that that marriage project was over, and he knew also that his grandfather and Lady Mason did not now meet each other; but he knew nothing of the cause, though he could not but remark that he did not see her. On that day she did not come down either to dinner or during the evening; nor was she seen on the following morning. He, Peregrine, felt aware that something had occurred at that interview in the library after breakfast, but was lost in surmising what that something had been. That Lady Mason should have told his grandfather that the marriage must be given up would have been only in accordance with the promise made by her to him; but he did not think that that alone would have occasioned such utter sadness, such deathlike silence in the household. Had there been a quarrel Lady Mason would have gone home; but she did not go home. Had the match been broken off without a quarrel, why should she mysteriously banish herself to two rooms so that no one but his mother should see her?

And he too had his own peculiar sorrow. On that morning Sir Peregrine had asked him to ride through the grounds, and it had been the baronet's intention to propose during that ride that he should go over to Noningsby and speak to the judge about Madeline. We all know how that proposition had been frustrated. And now Peregrine, thinking over the matter, saw that his grandfather was not in a position at the

present moment to engage himself ardently in any such work. By whatever means or whatever words he had been induced to agree to the abandonment of that marriage engagement, that abandonment weighed very heavily on his spirits. It was plain to see that he was a broken man, broken in heart and in spirit. He shut himself up alone in his library all that afternoon, and had hardly a word to say when he came out to dinner in the evening. He was very pale too, and slow and weak in his step. He tried to smile as he came up to his daughter-in-law in the drawing-room; but his smile was the saddest thing of all. And then Peregrine could see that he ate nothing. He was very gentle in his demeanor to the servants, very courteous and attentive to Mrs. Orme, very kind to his grandson. But yet his mind was heavy—brooding over some sorrow that oppressed it. On the following morning it was the same, and the grandson knew that he could look to his grandfather for no assistance at Noningsby.

Immediately after breakfast Peregrine got on his horse, without speaking to any one of his intention—almost without having formed an intention, and rode off in the direction of Alston. He did not take the road, but went out through The Cleeve woods, on to the common, by which, had he turned to the left, he might have gone to Orley Farm; but when on the top of the rise from Crutchley Bottom he turned to the right, and putting his horse into a gallop, rode along the open ground till he came to an inclosure into which he leaped. From thence he made his way through a farm gate into a green country lane, along which he still pressed his horse, till he found himself divided from the end of a large wood by but one field. He knew the ground well, and the direction in which he was going. He could pass through that wood, and then down by an old farm-house at the other end of it, and so on to the Alston road, within a mile of Noningsby. He knew the ground well, for he had ridden over every field of it. When a man does so after thirty he forgets the spots which he passes in his hurry, but when he does so before twenty he never forgets. That field and that wood Peregrine Orme would never forget. There was the double ditch and bank over which Harriet Tristram had ridden with so much skill and courage. There was the spot on which he had knelt so long, while Felix Graham lay back against him, feeble and almost speechless. And there, on the other side, had sat Madeline on her horse, pale with anxiety but yet eager with hope, as she asked question after question as to him who had been hurt.

Peregrine rode up to the ditch, and made his horse stand while he looked at it. It was there, then, on that spot, that he had felt the first pang of jealousy. The idea had occurred to him that he for whom he had been doing a friend's offices with such zealous kindness was his worst enemy. Had he—he, Peregrine Orme—broken his arms and legs, or even broken his neck, would she have ridden up, all thoughtless of herself, and

thrown her very life into her voice as she had done when she knew that Felix Graham had fallen from his horse? And then he had gone on with his work, aiding the hurt man as zealously as before, but still feeling that he was bound to hate him. And afterward, at Noningsby, he had continued to minister to him as to his friend—zealously doing a friend's offices, but still feeling that the man was his enemy. Not that he was insincere. There was no place for insincerity or treachery within his heart. The man had done no ill—was a good fellow—was entitled to his kindness by all the social laws which he knew. They two had gone together from the same table to the same spot, and had been close together when the one had come to sorrow. It was his duty to act as Graham's friend; and yet how could he not feel that he must hate him?

And now he sat looking at the fence, wishing—wishing;—no, certainly not wishing that Graham's hurt had been more serious; but wishing that in falling from his horse he might utterly have fallen out of favor with that sweet young female heart; or rather wishing, could he so have expressed it, that he himself might have had the fall, and the broken bones, and all the danger, so that he might also have had the interest which those eyes and that voice had shown.

And then quickly he turned his horse, and without giving the beast time to steady himself he rammed him at the fence. The leap out of the wood into the field was difficult, but that back into the wood was still worse. The up-jump was higher, and the ditch which must be first cleared was broader. Nor did he take it at the easiest part, as he had done on that day when he rode his own horse and then Graham's back into the wood. But he pressed his animal exactly at the spot from which his rival had fallen. There were still the marks of the beast's struggle, as he endeavored to save himself before he came down, head foremost, into the ditch. The bank had been somewhat narrowed and pared away, and it was clearly the last place in the face of the whole opening into the wood which a rider with his senses about him would have selected for his jump.

The horse, knowing his master's humor, and knowing also—which is so vitally important—the nature of his master's courage, jumped at the bank without pausing. As I have said, no time had been given him to steady himself—not a moment to see where his feet should go, to understand and make the most of the ground that he was to use. He jumped, and jumped well, but only half gained the top of the bank. The poor brute, urged beyond his power, could not get his hind-feet up so near the surface as to give him a fulcrum for a second spring. For a moment he strove to make good his footing, still clinging with his fore-feet, and then slowly came down backward into the ditch, then regained his feet, and dragging himself with an effort from the mud, made his way back into the field.

Peregrine Orme had kept his seat throughout. His legs were accustomed to the saddle and knew how to cling to it, while there was a hope that he might struggle through. And now that he was again in the field he wheeled his horse to a greater distance, striking him with his whip, and once more pushed him at the fence. The gallant beast went at it bravely, slightly swerving from the fatal spot to which Peregrine had endeavored once more to guide him, leaped with a full spring from the unworn turf, and, barely touching the bank, landed himself and his master lightly within the precincts of the wood.

"Ah-h!" said Peregrine, shouting angrily at the horse, as though the brute had done badly instead of well. And then he rode down slowly through the wood, and out by Monkton Grange farm, round the moat, and down the avenue, and before long he was standing at Noningsby gate.

He had not made up his mind to any plan of action, nor indeed had he determined that he would ask to see any of the family, or even enter the place. The woman at the lodge opened the gate, and he rode in mechanically, asking if any of them were at home. The judge and Mr. Augustus were gone up to London, but my lady and the other ladies were in the house. Mr. Graham had not gone, the woman said in answer to his question; nor did she know when he was going. And then, armed with this information, Peregrine Orme rode round to the stables and gave up his horse to a groom.

"Yes, Lady Staveley was at home," the servant said at the door. "Would Mr. Orme walk into the drawing-room, where he would find the young ladies?" But Mr. Orme would not do this. He would go into a small book-room with which he was well acquainted, and have his name taken up to Lady Staveley. "He did not," he said, "mean to stay very long, but particularly wished to see Lady Staveley." In a few minutes Lady Staveley came to him, radiant with her sweetest smile, and with both her hands held out to greet him.

"My dear Mr. Orme," she said, "I am delighted to see you; but what made you run away from us so suddenly?" She had considered her words in that moment as she came across the hall, and had thought that in this way she might best enable him to speak.

"Lady Staveley," he said, "I have come here on purpose to tell you. Has your daughter told you any thing?"

"Who—Madeline?"

"Yes, Madeline. I mean Miss Staveley. Has she said any thing to you about me?"

"Well—yes, she has. Will you not sit down, Mr. Orme, and then we shall be more comfortable." Hitherto he had stood up, and had blurted out his words with a sudden, determined, and almost ferocious air—as though he were going to demand the girl's hand, and challenge all the household if it were refused him. But Lady Staveley understood his manner and his nature, and liked him almost the better for his abruptness.

"She has spoken to me, Mr. Orme; she has told me of what passed between you on the last day that you were with us."

"And yet you are surprised that I should have gone! I wonder at that, Lady Staveley. You must have known—"

"Well, perhaps I did know; but sit down, Mr. Orme. I won't let you get up in that restless way, if we are to talk together. Tell me frankly; what is it you think that I can do for you?"

"I don't suppose you can do any thing; but I thought I would come over and speak to you. I don't suppose I've any chance?" He had seated himself far back on a sofa, and was holding his hat between his knees, with his eyes fixed on the ground; but as he spoke the last words he looked round into her face with an anxious inquiring glance which went direct to her heart.

"What can I say, Mr. Orme?"

"Ah no. Of course nothing. Good-by, Lady Staveley. I might as well go. I know that I was a fool for coming here. I knew it as I was coming. Indeed I hardly meant to come in when I found myself at the gate."

"But you must not go from us like that."

"I must though. Do you think that I could go in and see her? If I did I should make such a fool of myself that I could never again hold up my head. And I am a fool. I ought to have known that a fellow like me could have no chance with her. I could knock my own head off, if I only knew how, for having made such an ass of myself."

"No one here thinks so of you, Mr. Orme."

"No one here thinks what?"

"That it was unreasonable in you to propose to Madeline. We all know that you did her much honor."

"Pshaw!" said he, turning away from her.

"Ah! but you must listen to me. That is what we all think—Madeline herself, and I, and her father. No one who knows you could think otherwise. We all like you, and know how good and excellent you are. And as to worldly station, of course you stand above her."

"Pshaw!" he said again, angrily. How could any one presume to talk of the worldly station of his goddess? For just then Madeline Staveley to him was a goddess!

"That is what we think, indeed, Mr. Orme. As for myself, had my girl come to me telling me that you had proposed to her, and telling me also that—that—that she felt that she might probably like you, I should have been very happy to hear it." And Lady Staveley as she spoke put out her hand to him.

"But what did she say?" asked Peregrine, altogether disregarding the hand.

"Ah, she did not say that. She told me that she had declined the honor that you had offered her; that she did not regard you as she must regard the man to whom she would pledge her heart."

"But did she say that she could never love me?" And now as he asked the question he

stood up again, looking down with all his eyes into Lady Staveley's face—that face which would have been so friendly to him, so kind and so encouraging, had it been possible.

"Never is a long word, Mr. Orme."

"Ah, but did she say it? Come, Lady Staveley; I know I have been a fool, but I am not a cowardly fool. If it be so, if I have no hope, tell me at once, that I may go away. In that case I shall be better any where out of the county."

"I can not say that you should have no hope."

"You think then that there is a chance?" and for a moment he looked as though all his troubles were nearly over.

"If you are so impetuous, Mr. Orme, I can not speak to you. If you will sit down for a minute or two I will tell you exactly what I think about it." And then he sat down, trying to look as though he were not impetuous. "I should be deceiving you if I were not to tell you that she speaks of the matter as though it were all over—as though her answer to you was a final one."

"Ah, I knew it was so."

"But then, Mr. Orme, many young ladies who have been at the first moment quite as sure of their decision have married the gentlemen whom they refused, and have learned to love them with all their hearts."

"But she isn't like other girls," said Peregrine.

"I believe she is a great deal better than many, but nevertheless she may be like others in that respect. I do not say that it will be so, Mr. Orme. I would not on any account give you hopes which I believed to be false. But if you are anxious in the matter—"

"I am as anxious about it as I am about my soul!"

"Oh fie, Mr. Orme! You should not speak in that way. But if you are anxious, I would advise you to wait."

"And see her become the wife of some one else."

"Listen to me, Mr. Orme. Madeline is very young. And so indeed are you too; almost too young to marry as yet, even if my girl were willing that it should be so. But we all like you very much; and as you both are so very young, I think that you might wait with patience—say for a year. Then come to Noningsby again, and try your fortune once more. That is my advice."

"Will you tell me one thing, Lady Staveley?"

"What is that, Mr. Orme?"

"Does she care for any one else?"

Lady Staveley was prepared to do any thing she could for her young friend except to answer that question. She did believe that Madeline cared for somebody else—cared very much. But she did not think that any way would be opened by which that caring would be made manifest; and she thought also that if wholly

ungratified by any word of intercourse that feeling would die away. Could she have told every thing to Peregrine Orme she would have explained to him that his best chance lay in that liking for Felix Graham; or, rather, that as his rejection had been caused by that liking, his chance would be good again when that liking should have perished from starvation. But all this Lady Staveley could not explain to him; nor would it have been satisfactory to her feelings had it been in her power to do so. Still there remained the question, "Does she care for any one else?"

"Mr. Orme," said she, "I will do all for you that a mother can do or ought to do; but I must not admit that you have a right to ask such a question as that. If I were to answer that now, you would feel yourself justified in asking it again when perhaps it might not be so easy to answer."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Staveley;" and Peregrine blushed up to his eyes. "I did not intend—"

"No; do not beg my pardon, seeing that you have given me no offense. As I said just now, all that a mother can and ought to do I will do for you. I am very frank, and tell you that I should be rejoiced to have you for my son-in-law."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you."

"But neither by me nor by her father will any constraint ever be put on the inclinations of our child. At any rate, as to whom she will not accept she will always be allowed to judge for herself. I have told you that to us you would be acceptable as a suitor; and after that I think it will be best to leave the matter for the present without any further words. Let it be understood that you will spend next Christmas at Noningsby, and then you will both be older and perhaps know your own minds better."

"That's a year, you know."

"A year is not so very long—at your time of life." By which latter remark Lady Staveley did not show her knowledge of human nature.

"And I suppose I had better go now?" said Peregrine, sheepishly.

"If you like to go into the drawing-room, I'm sure they will all be very glad to see you."

But Peregrine declared that he would not do this on any account. "You do not know, Lady Staveley, what a fool I should make myself. It would be all over with me then."

"You should be more moderate in your feelings, Mr. Orme."

"It's all very well saying that; but you wouldn't be moderate if Noningsby were on fire, or if you thought the judge was going to die."

"Good gracious, Mr. Orme!"

"It's the same sort of thing to me, I can tell you. A man can't be moderate when he feels that he should like to break his own neck. I declare I almost tried to do it to-day."

"Oh, Mr. Orme!"

"Well; I did. But don't suppose I say that as a sort of threat. I'm safe enough to live for

the next sixty years. It's only the happy people and those that are some good in the world that die. Good-by, Lady Staveley. I'll come back next Christmas; that is, if it isn't all settled before then; but I know it will do no good." Then he got on his horse, and rode very slowly home along the high road to The Cleeve.

Lady Staveley did not go in among the other ladies till luncheon was announced, and when she did so, she said no word about her visitor. Nevertheless it was known by them all that Peregrine Orme had been there. "Ah, that's Mr. Orme's roan-colored horse," Sophia Furnival had said, getting up and thrusting her face close to the drawing-room window. It was barely possible to see a portion of the road from the drawing-room, but Sophia's eyes had been sharp enough to see that portion.

"A groom has probably come over with a note," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"Very likely," said Sophia. But they all knew from her voice that the rider was no groom, and that she did not intend it to be thought that he was a groom. Madeline said not a word, and kept her countenance marvelously; but she knew well enough that Peregrine had been with her mother, and guessed also why he had been there.

Madeline had asked herself some serious questions, and had answered them also, since that conversation which she had had with her father. He had assured her that he desired only her happiness; and though in so saying he had spoken nothing of marriage, she had well understood that he had referred to her future happiness—at that time when by her own choice she should be leaving her father's house. And now she asked herself boldly in what way might that happiness be best secured. Hitherto she had refrained from any such home questions. Latterly, within the last week or two, ideas of what love meant had forced themselves upon her mind. How could it have been otherwise? But she had never dared to tell herself either that she did love, or that she did not. Mr. Orme had come to her with his offer, plainly asking her for the gift of her heart, and she had immediately been aware that any such gift on her part was impossible—any such gift in his favor. She had known without a moment's thought that there was no room for hesitation. Had he asked her to take wings and fly away with him over the woods, the feat would not have been to her more impossible than that of loving him as his wife. Yet she liked him—liked him much in these latter days, because he had been so good to Felix Graham. When she felt that she liked him as she refused him, she felt also that it was for this reason that she liked him. On the day of Graham's accident she had thought nothing of him—had hardly spoken to him. But now she loved him—with a sort of love, because he had been so good to Graham. Though in her heart she knew all this, she asked herself no questions till her father had spoken to her of her future happiness.

Then, as she wandered about the house alone—for she still went on wandering—she did ask herself a question or two. What was it that had changed her thus, and made her gay, quick step so slow? what had altered the happy silver tone of her voice? what had created that load within her which seemed to weigh her down during every hour of the day? She knew that there had been a change; that she was not as she had been; and now she asked herself the question. Not on the first asking nor on the second did the answer come; not perhaps on the twentieth. But the answer did come at last, and she told herself that her heart was no longer her own. She knew and acknowledged to herself that Felix Graham was its master and owner.

And then came the second question. Under those circumstances what had she better do? Her mother had told her—and the words had fallen deep into her ears—that it would be a great misfortune if she loved any man before she had reason to know that that man loved her. She had no such knowledge as regarded Felix Graham. A suspicion that it might be so she did feel—a suspicion which would grow into a hope let her struggle against it as she might. Baker, that injudicious Baker, had dropped in her hearing a word or two, which assisted this suspicion. And then the open frank question put to her by her father when he demanded whether Graham had addressed her as a lover, had tended toward the same result. What had she better do? Of one thing she now felt perfectly certain. Let the world go as it might in other respects, she could never leave her father's house as a bride unless the bridegroom were Felix Graham. A marriage with him might probably be impracticable, but any other marriage would be absolutely impossible. If her father or her mother told her not to think of Felix Graham, as a matter of course she would obey them; but not even in obedience to father or mother could she say that she loved any one else.

And now, all these matters having been considered, what should she do? Her father had invited her to tell every thing to him, and she was possessed by a feeling that in this matter she might possibly find more indulgence with her father than with her mother; but yet it was more natural that her mother should be her confidante and adviser. She could speak to her mother, also, with a better courage, even though she felt less certain of sympathy. Peregrine Orme had now been there again, and had been closeted with Lady Staveley. On that ground she would speak, and having so resolved she lost no time in carrying out her purpose.

"Mamma, Mr. Orme was here to-day: was he not?"

"Yes, my love." Lady Staveley was sorry rather than otherwise that her daughter had asked her, but would have been puzzled to explain why such should have been the case.

"I thought so," said Madeline.



"NEVER IS A VERY LONG WORD."

"He rode over, and told me among other things that the match between his grandfather and Lady Mason is at an end. I was very glad to hear it, for I thought that Sir Peregrine was going to do a very foolish thing." And then there were a few further remarks on that sub-

ject, made probably by Lady Staveley with some undefined intention of inducing her daughter to think that Peregrine Orme had come over chiefly on that matter.

"But, mamma—"

"Well, my love."

"Did he say any thing about—about what he was speaking to me about?"

"Well, Madeline, he did. He did say something on that subject; but I had not intended to tell you unless you had asked."

"I hope, mamma, he understands that what he wants can never happen—that is, if he does want it now?"

"He does want it certainly, my dear."

"Then I hope you told him that it can never be? I hope you did, mamma!"

"But why should you be so certain about it, my love? He does not intend to trouble you with his suit, nor do I. Why not leave that to time? There can be no reason why you should not see him again on a friendly footing when this embarrassment between you shall have passed away."

"There would be no reason, mamma, if he were quite sure that there could never be any other footing."

"Never is a very long word."

"But it is the only true word, mamma. It would be wrong in you, it would indeed, if you were to tell him to come again. I like Mr. Orme very much as a friend, and I should be very glad to know him—that is, if he chose to know me." And Madeline as she made this little proviso was thinking what her own worldly position might be as the wife of Felix Graham. "But as it is quite impossible that he and I should ever be any thing else to each other, he should not be asked to come here with any other intention."

"But, Madeline, I do not see that it is so impossible."

"Mamma, it is impossible; quite impossible!" To this assertion Lady Staveley made no answer in words, but there was that in her countenance which made her daughter understand that she did not quite agree in this assertion, or understand this impossibility.

"Mamma, it is quite, quite impossible!" Madeline repeated.

"But why so?" said Lady Staveley, frightened by her daughter's manner, and almost fearing that something further was to come which had by far better be left unsaid.

"Because, mamma, I have no love to give him. Oh, mamma, do not be angry with me; do not push me away. You know who it is that I love. You knew it before." And then she threw herself on her knees, and hid her face on her mother's lap.

Lady Staveley had known it, but up to that moment she had hoped that that knowledge might have remained hidden as though it were unknown.

CHAPTER LI.

MRS. FURNIVAL'S JOURNEY TO HAMWORTH.

WHEN Peregrine got back to The Cleeve he learned that there was a lady with his mother.

He had by this time partially succeeded in reasoning himself out of his despondency. He had learned, at any rate, that his proposition to marry into the Staveley family had been regarded with favor by all that family except the one whose views on that subject were by far the most important to him; and he had learned, as he thought, that Lady Staveley had no suspicion that her daughter's heart was preoccupied. But in this respect Lady Staveley had been too cunning for him. "Wait!" he said to himself, as he went slowly along the road. "It's all very well to say wait, but there are some things which won't bear waiting for. A man who waits never gets well away with the hounds." Nevertheless as he rode into the court-yard his hopes were somewhat higher than they had been when he rode out of it.

"A lady! what lady? You don't mean Lady Mason?"

No. The servant did not mean Lady Mason. It was an elderly stout lady who had come in a fly, and the elderly stout lady was now in the drawing-room with his mother. Lady Mason was still up stairs. We all know who was that elderly stout lady, and we must now go back and say a few words as to her journey from Orange Street to Hamworth.

On the preceding evening Mrs. Furnival had told Martha Biggs what was her intention; or perhaps it would be more just to say that Martha Biggs had worked it out of her. Now that Mrs. Furnival had left the fashionable neighborhood of Cavendish Square, and located herself in that eastern homely district to which Miss Biggs had been so long accustomed, Miss Biggs had been almost tyrannical. It was not that she was less attentive to her friend, or less willing to slave for her with a view to any possible or impossible result. But the friend of Mrs. Furnival's bosom could not help feeling her opportunity. Mrs. Furnival had now thrown herself very much upon her friend, and of course the friend now expected unlimited privileges; as is always the case with friends in such a position. It is very well to have friends to lean upon, but it is not always well to lean upon one's friends.

"I will be with you before you start in the morning," said Martha.

"It will not be at all necessary," said Mrs. Furnival.

"Oh, but I shall indeed. And, Kitty, I should think nothing of going with you, if you would wish it. Indeed I think you should have a female friend along side of you in such a trouble. You have only to say the word, and I'll go in a minute."

Mrs. Furnival, however, did not say the word, and Miss Biggs was obliged to deny herself the pleasure of the journey. But true to her word she came in the morning in ample time to catch Mrs. Furnival before she started, and for half an hour poured out sweet counsel into her friend's ear. If one's friends would as a rule refrain from action how much more strongly would real friendship flourish in the world!

"Now, Kitty, I do trust you will persist in seeing her."

"That's why I'm going there."

"Yes; but she might put you off it, if you're not firm. Of course she'll deny herself if you send in your name first. What I should do would be this: to ask to be shown in to her and then follow the servant. When the happiness of a life is at stake—the happinesses of two lives I may say, and perhaps the immortal welfare of one of them in another world—one must not stand too much upon etiquette. You would never forgive yourself if you did. Your object is to save him and to shame her out of her vile conduct. To shame her and frighten her out of it if that be possible. Follow the servant in and don't give them a moment to think. That's my advice."

In answer to all this Mrs. Furnival did not say much, and what little she did say was neither in the affirmative nor in the negative. Martha knew that she was being ill-treated, but not on that account did she relax her friendly efforts. The time would soon come, if all things went well, when Mrs. Furnival would be driven by the loneliness of her position to open her heart in a truly loving and confidential manner. Miss Biggs hoped sincerely that her friend and her friend's husband might be brought together again: perhaps by her own efforts; but she did not anticipate, or perhaps desire any speedy termination of the present arrangements. It would be well that Mr. Furnival should be punished by a separation of some months. Then, when he had learned to know what it was to have a home without a "presiding genius," he might, if duly penitent and open in his confession, be forgiven. That was Miss Biggs's programme, and she thought it probable that Mrs. Furnival might want a good deal of consolation before that day of open confession arrived.

"I shall go with you as far as the station, Kitty," she said, in a very decided voice.

"It will not be at all necessary," Mrs. Furnival replied.

"Oh, but I shall. You must want support at such a moment as this, and as far as I can give it you shall have it."

"But it won't be any support to have you in the cab with me. If you will believe me, I had rather go alone. It is so necessary that I should think about all this."

But Martha would not believe her: and as for thinking, she was quite ready to take that part of the work herself. "Don't say another word," she said, as she thrust herself in at the cab-door after her friend. Mrs. Furnival hardly did say another word, but Martha Biggs said many. She knew that Mrs. Furnival was cross, ill-pleased, and not disposed to confidence. But what of that? Her duty as a friend was not altered by Mrs. Furnival's ill-humor. She would persevere, and having in her hands so great an opportunity, did not despair but what the time might come when both Mr. and Mrs. Furnival would with united voices hail her as their pre-

server. Poor Martha Biggs! She did not mean amiss, but she was troublesome.

It was very necessary that Mrs. Furnival should think over the step which she was taking. What was it that she intended to do when she arrived at Hainworth? That plan of forcing her way into Lady Mason's house did not recommend itself to her the more in that it was recommended by Martha Biggs. "I suppose you will come up to us this evening?" Martha said, when she left her friend in the railway carriage. "Not this evening, I think. I shall be so tired," Mrs. Furnival had replied. "Then I shall come down to you," said Martha, almost holloing after her friend, as the train started. Mr. Furnival would not have been displeased had he known the state of his wife's mind at that moment toward her late visitor. During the whole of her journey down to Hamworth she tried to think what she would say to Lady Mason, but instead of so thinking her mind would revert to the unpleasantness of Miss Biggs's friendship.

When she left the train at the Hamworth station she was solicited by the driver of a public vehicle to use his fly, and having ascertained from the man that he well knew the position of Orley Farm, she got into the carriage and had herself driven to the residence of her hated rival. She had often heard of Orley Farm, but she had never as yet seen it, and now felt considerable anxiety both as regards the house and its occupant.

"This is Orley Farm, ma'am," said the man, stopping at the gate. "Shall I drive up?"

But at this moment the gate was opened by a decent, respectable woman—Mrs. Furnival would not quite have called her a lady—who looked hard at the fly as it turned on to the private road.

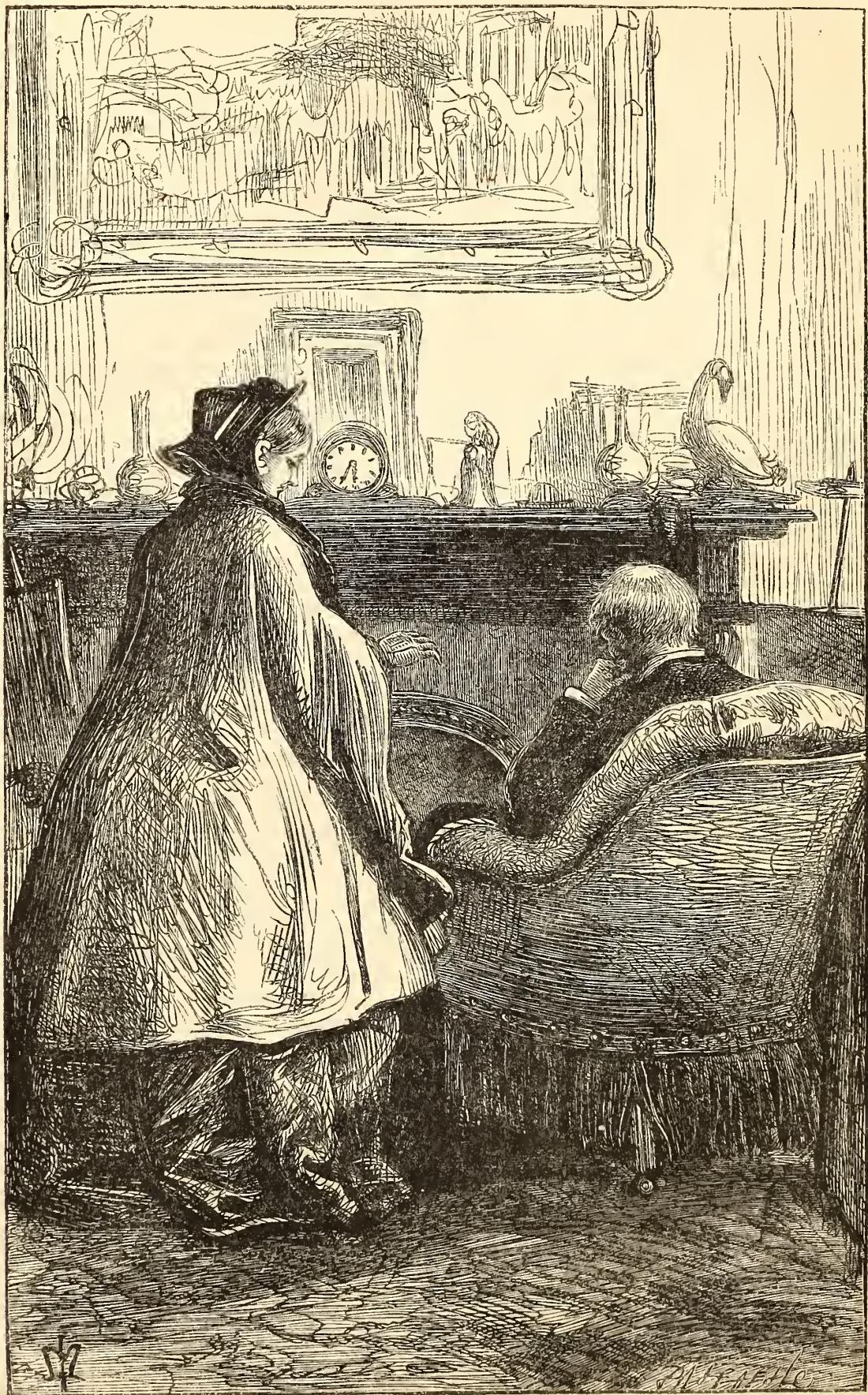
"Perhaps this lady could tell me," said Mrs. Furnival, putting out her hand. "Is this where Lady Mason lives?"

The woman was Mrs. Dockwrath. On that day Samuel Dockwrath had gone to London; but before starting he had made known to his wife with fiendish glee that it had been at last decided by all the persons concerned that Lady Mason should be charged with perjury, and tried for that offense.

"You don't mean to say that the judges have said so?" asked poor Miriam.

"I do mean to say that all the judges in England could not save her from having to stand her trial, and it is my belief that all the lawyers in the land can not save her from conviction. I wonder whether she ever thinks now of those fields which she took away from me!"

Then, when her master's back was turned, she put on her bonnet and walked up to Orley Farm. She knew well that Lady Mason was at The Cleeve, and believed that she was about to become the wife of Sir Peregrine; but she knew also that Lucius was at home, and it might be well to let him know what was going on. She had just seen Lucius Mason, when she was met by Mrs. Furnival's fly. She had



"TOM, I HAVE COME BACK AGAIN."

seen Lucius Mason, and the angry manner in which he declared that he could in no way interfere in his mother's affairs had frightened her. "But, Mr. Lucius," she had said, "she ought to be doing something, you know. There is no believing how bitter Samuel is about it."

"He may be as bitter as he likes, Mrs. Dockwrath," young Mason had answered with considerable dignity in his manner. "It will not in the least affect my mother's interests. In the present instance, however, I am not her adviser." Whereupon Mrs. Dockwrath had re-

tired, and as she was afraid to go to Lady Mason at The Cleeve, she was about to return home when she opened the gate for Mrs. Furnival. She then explained that Lady Mason was not at home, and had not been at home for some weeks; that she was staying with her friends at The Cleeve, and that in order to get there Mrs. Furnival must go back through Hamworth and round by the high road.

"I know the way well enough, Mrs. Doekwrath," said the driver. "I've been at The Cleeve before now, I guess."

So Mrs. Furnival was driven back to Hamworth, and on going over that piece of ground she resolved that she would follow Lady Mason to The Cleeve. Why should she be afraid of Sir Peregrine Orme or of all the Ormes? Why should she fear any one while engaged in the performance of so sacred a duty? I must confess that in truth she was very much afraid, but nevertheless she had herself taken on to The Cleeve. When she arrived at the door, she asked of course for Lady Mason, but did not feel at all inclined to follow the servant uninvited into the house as recommended by Miss Biggs. Lady Mason, the man said, was not very well; and after a certain amount of parley at the door the matter ended in her being shown into the drawing-room, where she was soon joined by Mrs. Orme.

"I am Mrs. Furnival," she began, and then Mrs. Orme begged her to sit down. "I have come here to see Lady Mason—on some business—some business not of a very pleasant nature. I'm sure I don't know how to trouble you with it, and yet—" And then even Mrs. Orme could see that her visitor was somewhat confused.

"Is it about the trial?" asked Mrs. Orme.

"Then there is really a lawsuit going on?"

"A lawsuit!" said Mrs. Orme, rather puzzled.

"You said something about a trial. Now, Mrs. Orme, pray do not deceive me. I'm a very unhappy woman; I am indeed."

"Deceive you! Why should I deceive you?"

"No, indeed. Why should you? And now I look at you I do not think you will."

"Indeed I will not, Mrs. Furnival."

"And there is really a lawsuit then?" Mrs. Furnival persisted in asking.

"I thought you would know all about it," said Mrs. Orme, "as Mr. Furnival manages Lady Mason's law business. I thought that perhaps it was about that that you had come."

Then Mrs. Furnival explained that she knew nothing whatever about Lady Mason's affairs, that hitherto she had not believed that there was any trial or any lawsuit, and gradually explained the cause of all her trouble. She did not do this without sundry interruptions, caused both by her own feelings and by Mrs. Orme's exclamations. But at last it all came forth; and before she had done she was calling her husband Tom, and appealing to her listener for sympathy.

"But indeed it's a mistake, Mrs. Furnival.

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It is indeed. There are reasons which make me quite sure of it." So spoke Mrs. Orme. How could Lady Mason have been in love with Mr. Furnival—if such a state of things could be possible under any circumstances—seeing that she had been engaged to marry Sir Peregrine? Mrs. Orme did not declare her reasons, but repeated with very positive assurance her knowledge that Mrs. Furnival was laboring under some very grievous error.

"But why should she always be at his chambers? I have seen her there twice, Mrs. Orme. I have indeed—with my own eyes."

Mrs. Orme would have thought nothing of it if Lady Mason had been seen there every day for a week together, and regarded Mrs. Furnival's suspicions as a hallucination bordering on insanity. A woman be in love with Mr. Furnival! A very pretty woman endeavor to entice away from his wife the affection of such a man as that! As these ideas passed through Mrs. Orme's mind she did not perhaps remember that Sir Peregrine, who was more than ten years Mr. Furnival's senior, had been engaged to marry the same lady. But then she herself loved Sir Peregrine dearly, and she had no such feeling with reference to Mr. Furnival. She however did what was most within her power to do to allay the suffering under which her visitor labored, and explained to her the position in which Lady Mason was placed. "I do not think she can see you," she ended by saying, "for she is in very great trouble."

"To be tried for perjury!" said Mrs. Furnival, out of whose heart all hatred toward Lady Mason was quickly departing. Had she heard that she was to be tried for murder—that she had been convicted of murder—it would have altogether softened her heart toward her supposed enemy. She could forgive her any offense but the one.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Orme, wiping a tear away from her eye as she thought of all the troubles present and to come. "It is the saddest thing. Poor lady! It would almost break your heart if you were to see her. Since first she heard of this, which was before Christmas, she has not had one quiet moment."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Furnival.

"Ah, you would say so, if you knew all. She has had to depend a great deal upon Mr. Furnival for advice, and without that I don't know what she would do." This Mrs. Orme said, not wishing to revert to the charge against Lady Mason which had brought Mrs. Furnival down to Hamworth, but still desirous of emancipating her poor friend completely from that charge. "And Sir Peregrine also is very kind to her—very." This she added, feeling that up to that moment Mrs. Furnival could have heard nothing of the intended marriage, but thinking it probable that she must do so before long. "Indeed, any body would be kind to her who saw her in her suffering. I am sure you would, Mrs. Furnival."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Furnival, who was

beginning to entertain almost a kindly feeling toward Mrs. Orme.

"It is such a dreadful position for a lady. Sometimes I think that her mind will fail her before the day comes."

"But what a very wicked man that other Mr. Mason must be!" said Mrs. Furnival.

That was a view of the matter on which Mrs. Orme could not say much. She disliked that Mr. Mason as much as she could dislike a man whom she had never seen, but it was not open to her now to say that he was very wicked in this matter. "I suppose he thinks the property ought to belong to him," she answered.

"That was settled years ago," said Mrs. Furnival. "Horrid, cruel man! But after all I don't see why she should mind it so much."

"Oh, Mrs. Furnival!—to stand in a court and be tried."

"But if one is innocent! For my part, if I knew myself innocent I could brave them all. It is the feeling that one is wrong that crowds one." And Mrs. Furnival thought of the little confession which she would be called to make at home.

And then feeling some difficulty as to her last words in such an interview, Mrs. Furnival got up to go. "Perhaps, Mrs. Orme," she said, "I have been foolish in this."

"You have been mistaken, Mrs. Furnival. I am sure of that."

"I begin to think I have. But, Mrs. Orme, will you let me ask you a favor? Perhaps you will not say any thing about my coming here. I have been very unhappy; I have, indeed; and—" Mrs. Furnival's handkerchief was now up at her eyes, and Mrs. Orme's heart was again full of pity. Of course she gave the required promise; and, looking to the character of the woman, we may say that, of course, she kept it.

"Mrs. Furnival! What was she here about?" Peregrine asked of his mother.

"I would rather not tell you, Perry," said his mother, kissing him; and then there were no more words spoken on the subject.

Mrs. Furnival, as she made her journey back to London, began to dislike Martha Biggs more and more, and most unjustly attributed to that lady in her thoughts the folly of this journey to Hamworth. The journey to Hamworth had been her own doing, and had the idea originated with Miss Biggs the journey would never have been made. As it was, while she was yet in the train, she came to the strong resolution of returning direct from the London station to her own house in Harley Street. It would be best to cut the knot at once, and thus by a bold stroke of the knife rid herself of the Orange Street rooms and Miss Biggs at the same time. She did drive to Harley Street, and on her arrival at her own door was informed by the astonished Spooner that "Master was at home—all alone in the dining-room. He was going to dine at home, and seemed very lonely like." There, as she stood in the hall, there was nothing but the door between her and her hus-

band, and she conceived that the sound of her arrival must have been heard by him. For a moment her courage was weak, and she thought of hurrying up stairs. Had she done so her trouble would still have been all before her. Some idea of this came upon her mind, and after a moment's pause she opened the dining-room door and found herself in her husband's presence. He was sitting over the fire in his arm-chair, very gloomily, and had not heard the arrival. He too had some tenderness left in his heart, and this going away of his wife had distressed him.

"Tom," she said, going up to him, and speaking, in a low voice, "I have come back again." And she stood before him as a suppliant.

CHAPTER LII.

SHOWING HOW THINGS WENT ON AT NOXINGSBY.

YES, Lady Staveley had known it before. She had given a fairly correct guess at the state of her daughter's affections, though she had not perhaps acknowledged to herself the intensity of her daughter's feelings. But the fact might not have mattered if it had never been told. Madame might have overcome this love for Mr. Graham, and all might have been well if she had never mentioned it. But now the mischief was done. She had acknowledged to her mother—and, which was perhaps worse, she had acknowledged to herself—that her heart was gone, and Lady Staveley saw no cure for the evil. Had this happened but a few hours earlier she would have spoken with much less of encouragement to Peregrine Orme.

And Felix Graham was not only in the house, but was to remain there for yet a while longer, spending a very considerable portion of his time in the drawing-room. He was to come down on this very day at three o'clock, after an early dinner, and on the next day he was to be promoted to the dining-room. As a son-in-law he was quite ineligible. He had, as Lady Staveley understood, no private fortune, and he belonged to a profession which he would not follow in the only way by which it was possible to earn an income by it. Such being the case, her daughter, whom of all girls she knew to be the most retiring, the least likely to speak of such feelings unless driven to it by great stress—her daughter had positively declared to her that she was in love with this man! Could any thing be more hopeless? Could any position be more trying?

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" she said, almost wringing her hands in her vexation—"No, my darling, I am not angry;" and she kissed her child and smoothed her hair. "I am not angry; but I must say I think it very unfortunate. He has not a shilling in the world."

"I will do nothing that you and papa do not approve," said Madeline, holding down her head.

"And then, you know, he doesn't think of such a thing himself—of course he does not. Indeed, I don't think he's a marrying man at all."

"Oh, mamma, do not talk in that way—as if I expected any thing. I could not but tell you the truth when you spoke of Mr. Orme as you did."

"Poor Mr. Orme! he is such an excellent young man."

"I don't suppose he's better than Mr. Graham, mamma, if you speak of goodness."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lady Staveley, very much put beside herself. "I wish there were no such things as young men at all. There's Augustus making a fool of himself." And she walked twice the length of the room in an agony of maternal anxiety. Peregrine Orme had suggested to her what she would feel if Noningsby were on fire; but could any such fire be worse than these pernicious love flames? He had also suggested another calamity, and as Lady Staveley remembered that, she acknowledged to herself that the Fates were not so cruel to her as they might have been. So she kissed her daughter, again assured her that she was by no means angry with her, and then they parted.

This trouble had now come to such a head that no course was any longer open to poor Lady Staveley but that one which she had adopted in all the troubles of her married life. She would tell the judge every thing, and throw all the responsibility upon his back. Let him decide whether a cold shoulder or a paternal blessing should be administered to the ugly young man up stairs, who had tumbled off his horse the first day he went out hunting, and who would not earn his bread as others did, but thought himself cleverer than all the world. The feelings in Lady Staveley's breast toward Mr. Graham at this especial time were not of a kindly nature. She could not make comparisons between him and Peregrine Orme without wondering at her daughter's choice. Peregrine was fair and handsome, one of the curled darlings of the nation, bright of eye and smooth of skin, good-natured, of a sweet disposition, a young man to be loved by all the world, and—incidentally—the heir to a baronetey and a good estate. All his people were nice, and he lived close in the neighborhood! Had Lady Staveley been set to choose a husband for her daughter she could have chosen none better. And then she counted up Felix Graham. His eyes no doubt were bright enough, but taken altogether he was—at least so she said to herself—hideously ugly. He was by no means a curled darling. And then he was masterful in mind, and not soft and pleasant as was young Orme. He was heir to nothing, and as to people of his own he had none in particular. Who could say where he must live? As likely as not in Patagonia, having been forced to accept a judgeship in that new colony for the sake of bread. But her daughter should not go to Patagonia with him if she could help it! So when the judge came

home that evening she told him all before she would allow him to dress for dinner.

"He certainly is not very handsome," the judge said, when Lady Staveley insisted somewhat strongly on that special feature of the case.

"I think he is the ugliest young man I know," said her ladyship.

"He looks very well in his wig," said the judge.

"Wig! Madeline would not see him in his wig; nor any body else very often, seeing the way he is going on about his profession. What are we to do about it?"

"Well. I should say, do nothing."

"And let him propose to the dear girl if he chooses to take the fancy into his head?"

"I don't see how we are to hinder him. But I have that impression of Mr. Graham that I do not think he will do any thing unhandsome by us. He has some singular ideas of his own about law, and I grant you that he is plain—"

"The plainest young man I ever saw," said Lady Staveley.

"But if I know him, he is a man of high character and much more than ordinary acquirement."

"I can not understand Madeline," Lady Staveley went on, not caring overmuch about Felix Graham's acquirements.

"Well, my dear, I think the key to her choice is this, that she has judged not with her eyes but with her ears, or rather with her understanding. Had she accepted Mr. Orme, I as a father should of course have been well satisfied. He is, I have no doubt, a fine young fellow, and will make a good husband some day."

"Oh, excellent!" said her ladyship; "and The Cleeve is only seven miles."

"But I must acknowledge that I can not feel angry with Madeline."

"Angry! no, not angry. Who would be angry with the poor child?"

"Indeed, I am somewhat proud of her. It seems to me that she prefers mind to matter, which is a great deal to say for a young lady."

"Matter!" exclaimed Lady Staveley, who could not but feel that the term, as applied to such a young man as Peregrine Orme, was very opprobrious.

"Wit and intellect and power of expression have gone further with her than good looks and rank and worldly prosperity. If that be so, and I believe it is, I can not but love her the better for it."

"So do I love her, as much as any mother can love her daughter."

"Of course you do." And the judge kissed his wife.

"And I like wit and genius and all that sort of thing."

"Otherwise you would have not taken me, my dear."

"You were the handsomest man of your day. That's why I fell in love with you."

"The compliment is a very poor one," said the judge.

"Never mind that. I like wit and genius too; but wit and genius are none the better for being ugly: and wit and genius should know how to butter their own bread before they think of taking a wife."

"You forget, my dear, that for aught we know wit and genius may be perfectly free from any such thought." And then the judge made it understood that if he were left to himself he would dress for dinner.

When the ladies left the parlor that evening they found Graham in the drawing-room, but there was no longer any necessity for embarrassment on Madeline's part at meeting him. They had been in the room together on three or four occasions, and therefore she could give him her hand, and ask after his arm without feeling that every one was watching her. But she hardly spoke to him beyond this, nor indeed did she speak much to any body. The conversation, till the gentlemen joined them, was chiefly kept up by Sophia Furnival and Mrs. Arbuthnot, and even after that the evening did not pass very briskly.

One little scene there was, during which poor Lady Staveley's eyes were anxiously fixed upon her son, though most of those in the room supposed that she was sleeping. Miss Furnival was to return to London on the following day, and it therefore behooved Augustus to be very sad. In truth, he had been rather given to a melancholy humor during the last day or two. Had Miss Furnival accepted all his civil speeches, making him answers equally civil, the matter might very probably have passed by without giving special trouble to any one. But she had not done this, and therefore Augustus Staveley had fancied himself to be really in love with her. What the lady's intentions were I will not pretend to say; but if she was in truth desirous of becoming Mrs. Staveley, she certainly went about her business in a discreet and wise manner.

"So you leave us to-morrow, immediately after breakfast?" said he, having dressed his face with that romantic sobriety which he had been practicing for the last three days.

"I am sorry to say that such is the fact," said Sophia.

"To tell you the truth, I am not sorry," said Augustus; and he turned away his face for a moment, giving a long sigh.

"I dare say not, Mr. Staveley; but you need not have said so to me," said Sophia, pretending to take him literally at his word.

"Because I can not stand this kind of thing any longer. I suppose I must not see you in the morning—alone?"

"Well, I suppose not. If I can get down to prayers after having all my things packed up, it will be as much as I can do."

"And if I begged for half an hour as a last kindness—"

"I certainly should not grant it. Go and ask your mother whether such a request would be reasonable."

"Pshaw!"

"Ah, but it's not pshaw! Half hours between young ladies and young gentlemen before breakfast are very serious things."

"And I mean to be serious," said Augustus.

"But I don't," said Sophia.

"I am to understand, then, that under no possible circumstances—"

"Bless me, Mr. Staveley, how solemn you are!"

"There are occasions in a man's life when he is bound to be solemn. You are going away from us, Miss Furnival—"

"One would think I was going to Jeddo, whereas I am going to Harley Street."

"And I may come and see you there!"

"Of course you may if you like it. According to the usages of the world you would be reckoned very uncivil if you did not. For myself I do not much care about such usages, and therefore if you omit it I will forgive you."

"Very well; then I will say good-night—and good-by." These last words he uttered in a strain which should have melted her heart, and as he took leave of her he squeezed her hand with an affection that was almost painful.

It may be remarked that, if Augustus Staveley was quite in earnest with Sophia Furnival, he would have asked her that all-important question in a straightforward manner as Peregrine Orme had asked it of Madeline. Perhaps Miss Furnival was aware of this, and, being so aware, considered that a serious half hour before breakfast might not as yet be safe. If he were really in love he would find his way to Harley Street. On the whole, I am inclined to think that Miss Furnival did understand her business.

On the following morning Miss Furnival went her way without any further scenes of tenderness, and Lady Staveley was thoroughly glad that she was gone. "A nasty, sly thing," she said to Baker. "Sly enough, my lady," said Baker; "but our Mr. Augustus will be one too many for her. Deary me, to think of her having the impudence to think of him." In all which Miss Furnival was, I think, somewhat ill used. If young gentlemen such as Augustus Staveley are allowed to amuse themselves with young ladies, surely young ladies such as Miss Furnival should be allowed to play their own cards accordingly.

On that day, early in the morning, Felix Graham sought and obtained an interview with his host in the judge's own study. "I have come about two things," he said, taking the easy-chair to which he was invited.

"Two or ten, I shall be very happy," said the judge, cheerily.

"I will take business first," said Graham.

"And then pleasure will be the sweeter afterward," said the judge.

"I have been thinking a great deal about this ease of Lady Mason's, and I have read all the papers, old and new, which Mr. Furnival has sent me. I can not bring myself to suppose it possible that she can have been guilty of any fraud or deception."

"I believe her to be free from all guilt in the matter, as I told you before. But then of course you will take that as a private opinion, not as one legally formed. I have never gone into the matter as you have done."

"I confess that I do not like having dealings with Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram."

"Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram may not be so bad as you, perhaps in ignorance, suppose them to be. Does it not occur to you that we should be very badly off without such men as Chaffanbrass and Aram?"

"So we should without chimney-sweepers and scavengers."

"Graham, my dear fellow, judge not, that you be not judged. I am older than you, and have seen more of these men. Believe me that as you grow older and also see more of them, your opinion will be more lenient and more just. Do not be angry with me for taking this liberty with you."

"My dear judge, if you knew how I value it—how I should value any mark of such kindness that you can show me! However, I have decided that I will know something more of these gentlemen at once. If I have your approbation I will let Mr. Furnival know that I will undertake the case."

The judge signified his approbation, and thus the first of those two matters were soon settled between them.

"And now for the pleasure," said the judge.

"I don't know much about pleasure," said Graham, fidgeting in his chair, rather uneasily. "I'm afraid there is not much pleasure for either of us, or for any body else, in what I'm going to say."

"Then there is so much more reason for having it said quickly. Unpleasant things should always be got over without delay."

"Nothing on earth can exceed Lady Staveley's kindness to me, and yours, and that of the whole family, since my unfortunate accident."

"Don't think of it. It has been nothing. We like you, but we should have done as much as that even if we had not."

"And now I'm going to tell you that I have fallen in love with your daughter Madeline." As the judge wished to have the tale told quickly, I think he had reason to be satisfied with the very succinct terms used by Felix Graham.

"Indeed!" said the judge.

"And that was the reason why I wished to go away at the earliest possible time—and still wish it."

"You are right there, Mr. Graham. I must say you are right there. Under all the circumstances of the case, I think you were right to wish to leave us."

"And therefore I shall go the first thing tomorrow morning"—in saying which last words poor Felix could not refrain from showing a certain unevenness of temper, and some disappointment.

"Gently, gently, Mr. Graham. Let us have a few more words before we accede to the neces-

sity of any thing so sudden. Have you spoken to Madeline on this subject?"

"Not a word."

"And I may presume that you do not intend to do so?"

For a moment or so Felix Graham sat without speaking, and then, getting up from his chair, he walked twice the length of the room. "Upon my word, judge, I will not answer for myself if I remain here," he said at last.

A softer-hearted man than Judge Staveley, or one who could make himself more happy in making others happy, never sat on the English bench. Was not this a gallant young fellow before him—gallant and clever, of good honest principles, and a true manly heart? Was he not a gentleman by birth, education, and tastes? What more should a man want for a son-in-law? And then his daughter had had the wit to love this man so endowed. It was almost on his tongue to tell Graham that he might go and seek the girl, and plead his own cause to her.

But bread is bread, and butcher's bills are bills! The man and the father, and the successful possessor of some thousands a year, was too strong at last for the soft-hearted philanthropist. Therefore, having collected his thoughts, he thus expressed himself upon the occasion:

"Mr. Graham, I think you have behaved very well in this matter, and it is exactly what I should have expected from you." The judge at the time knew nothing about Mary Snow. "As regards yourself personally I should be proud to own you as my son-in-law, but I am of course bound to regard the welfare of my daughter. Your means, I fear, are but small."

"Very small indeed," said Graham.

"And though you have all those gifts which should bring you on in your profession, you have learned to entertain ideas which hitherto have barred you from success. Now I tell you what you shall do. Remain here two or three days longer, till you are fit to travel, and abstain from saying any thing to my daughter. Come to me again in three months, if you still hold the same mind, and I will pledge myself to tell you then whether or no you have my leave to address my child as a suitor."

Felix Graham silently took the judge's hand, feeling that a strong hope had been given to him, and so the interview was ended.

VALENTINE MOTT.

DR. MOTT, without any disparagement to his distinguished but younger professional brothers, may be justly styled the father of American surgery. His venerable years—for he has now attained the age of seventy-six—his long and arduous career as a practitioner of medicine and surgery, his almost uninterrupted life-long labors as a teacher of surgery, but above all, his numerous brilliant and original surgical operations justly entitle him to the honor of this epithet.

There are few to whom his name is not fami-

iar; and while most of those who attained a distinguished place in the medical profession, in the earlier days of New York, are either entirely forgotten, or retain a cherished place in the memory of the few with whom they were or still are thrown in contact, it is his good fortune to have risen so far superior to these changes as to be little affected by them. The truth is, that his reputation is a world-wide one, and, like that of a distinguished and popular author, carries with it its own fame. With Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy of England, and Dupuytren and Roux of France, his bold and brilliant operations have made his name familiar, not only to the surgeons but to the people of the whole United States; and hence, in the metropolitan changes of the city of his early surgical exploits, he has not been carried by the waves of increased population away from the public view.

While fully conscious of his own surgical achievements, and always pleased to converse about them, he is neither boastful nor arrogant. By no one is the student of medicine or the young practitioner of surgery more kindly received or more earnestly instructed than by him; and few who have had the good fortune to enjoy his personal acquaintance ever think of him but with the most agreeable recollections.

In the mutations of the city he has gradually been carried from his residence in Park Place—then the fashionable quarter of the city, with the old college trees visible on one side and those of the Park upon the other—first to Depau Row, Bleecker Street, and finally to Gramercy Park, where he now resides. In person Dr. Mott is somewhat above the ordinary height, and of a very good figure. No one, from his appearance, would suppose him to be more than sixty years of age. He is especially neat in his personal apparel, and very gentle in conversation. Even when under the excitement of an attempt to rob him of a part of that fame which he so justly prizes, I have never known him to forget the courtesies of the gentleman. Professor Eve, of Nashville, a distinguished surgeon and an old personal friend of Dr. Mott, a few years since published a work entitled "Remarkable Surgical Operations," in which he alluded to the removal of the collar-bone, under the most difficult circumstances, by Dr. Mott, and which largely increased his reputation, as one that had been performed before by some little known Western surgeon. After uncommon pains in searching testimony, Dr. Mott was unable to find the ease to which Dr. Eve alluded, and wrote to him, playfully complaining of his paragraph, to which the Doctor as pleasantly replied.

"All that I have to say," said Dr. Mott, in speaking of this, "is, that I would not have so spoken of my old friend Eve."

After receiving the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Columbia College, at that time the only medical school in the city, Dr. Mott went to London and became the pupil of Sir Astley, then Mr. Cooper, who was the surgeon at Guy's and St. Thomas hospitals, and the Professor of

Surgery in the medical school connected with these charities.

"There were," said Mott, "a remarkable set of men in the chairs of this school when I attended it. Babington in that of Medicine, Heighton in Obstetrics, Mareet in Chemistry, the elder Cline, the preceptor of Sir Astley Cooper, and his son, in Anatomy, and the great Master, Cooper, in Surgery. At that time Cooper had a large and very lucrative practice in surgery among the merchants and business men of London, and entertained very democratic ideas. He lived in New Broad Street, and his ambition was bounded by amassing a fortune by the practice of his profession among the great middle class that then patronized him, without aspiring to Court patronage or preferment.

"Sir Astley," continued Dr. Mott, "was at this time one of the most courtly gentlemen I ever knew. He was tall and commanding in figure, with very handsome features, and possessed of the most affable and courteous address. It was the custom of the time to wear the hair powdered; and his, in accordance with the usage, was thus whitened, and worn in a long queue; but his whiskers, which were in the prevailing fashion among the English, then and now, were of jetty black. His dress, which consisted of a black dress-coat, black silk small-clothes, and stockings of the same fabric, was always scrupulously neat."

Thirty years after the time when Dr. Mott, as a student of surgery at Guy's and St. Thomas, knew Sir Astley, he paid a second visit to London. During this period Sir Astley had vastly extended his reputation, become the idol of the court circles, was constant companion of the privileged classes, and the possessor of a vast estate. Nor had the position of the young pupil scarcely less altered. Returning to his native country with all the ardor of youthful ambition, a mind well stored by the accumulated experience gained in the large hospitals and under the great masters of the surgical art in London, with a steady hand, a bold and determined will, and a rapid conception of the difficulties to be encountered, he had slowly and surely not only risen to the first rank among the surgeons of his own country, but had obtained a renown hitherto unawarded to any American surgeon in Europe.

One of his first visits after his arrival in London was paid to Sir Astley Cooper, not in his old residence in New Broad Street, but in the more aristocratic quarter of the West End. Upon his arrival at the residence of Sir Astley he found several persons awaiting their turns to be admitted to the presence of the great surgeon. Without announcing his name he took his position with the others, and came into the presence of his former master unheralded.

Sir Astley looked at him for a few moments in some surprise, and impatiently waving his hand to him to be silent, said, "Don't tell me your name; don't tell me your name;" and, after a moment's hesitancy, said, "it is Dr. Mott."

It is hardly necessary to say that his reception by Sir Astley—who, on another occasion, said that “he has performed more of the great operations than any man living or that ever did live”—was of the most cordial and friendly character, and during his tarry in London he saw much of him. What particularly struck Dr. Mott on his return to London was the altered appearance of his former master, whom he had always pictured to himself as the same stately and elegantly-costumed gentleman he had known as a student. But in the mean time Sir Astley had grown careless in his personal appearance, and although still the well-bred gentleman, yet he was far less particular in manner and dress than heretofore. His hair, no longer powdered but of a gray color, hung loose and confused about his shoulders, his small-clothes had given place to pantaloons, and his whole costume was that of a careless if not a shabby man. And yet at that moment he was in the very zenith of his fame, ennobled, wealthy, and the first surgeon of his age.

“Come,” said he, on the occasion of one of Dr. Mott’s visits, “to my working-room, and I will show you what I have just been about.” And he led the Doctor to his dissecting-room; for although in the most fashionable part of London, he kept a room in his dwelling for this purpose. “You see,” said he to his visitor, “that I never omit an opportunity to fortify myself for the practice of my art.”

“And,” added Dr. Mott, in narrating this conversation to me, “neither do I. You are about to go where you will have the aid of few surgeons. Let me in parting urge on you, as the advice of one whom much practice has given a right to speak, never to perform a great operation without first fortifying yourself by this exercise.”

During the interval of time already alluded to, Sir Astley Cooper had retired from the practice of his profession to his estate at Hertfordshire, about twenty miles from London, determined to enjoy himself in the pastimes and pursuits of an English gentleman; but *ennuied* with this life he had again returned to his former duties, from the absolute necessity he found for the change.

“At first,” said he to Dr. Mott, “my country life furnished me much enjoyment; and what with agricultural pursuits, the rearing of horses, and the sports of the chase, my time passed away very pleasantly. These, however, soon ceased to afford amusement; and I found myself, day by day, sinking deeper into a state of confirmed despondency. Suddenly I aroused myself. ‘Am I,’ said I to myself, ‘not Sir Astley Cooper? Have I not wealth, and honor, and fame? Shall I sink into a miserable old driveling?’

“To rouse myself from this state,” continued he, “I sent Charles” [“I remembered Charles,” added Dr. Mott to me, “thirty years before, as Sir Astley’s factotum”] “to London, to buy up all the old and disabled horses he could find, and thus established an infirmary for their cure. This did tolerably well for a time; but my old

complaint returning, I resolved to renew my former mode of life. And here I am again,” continued he, “as happy a man as can be!”

While Dr. Mott was a student at Guy’s, in London, Abernethy, who was a surgeon at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital and Professor of Surgery in the Medical School attached to that hospital, shared with Sir Astley his fame as a distinguished surgeon.

Some time after Dr. Mott returned to America Sir Astley was invited to remove a small tumor from the forehead of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., which it was supposed might interfere with the fit of the crown. For the performance of this operation he received the order of knighthood. It was the intention of the Government to seize the opportunity to confer the same honor on Abernethy, and the Duke of York was deputed to wait upon the eccentric surgeon, and to invite him to be present on the occasion.

“At the day and hour you name,” said Abernethy, “I shall be engaged at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, and I will be d—d if I go!”

He thus lost the opportunity of becoming Sir John Abernethy.

Lawrence, whose work on Hernia Dr. Mott declared to be the best that was ever written, was at this time the demonstrator for Abernethy at St. Bartholomew’s. He has for many years filled with great distinction the post of surgeon in this hospital, so ably occupied by his eccentric but distinguished predecessor and preceptor. Travers, too, whose work on Irritation is a model of its kind, and who obtained great celebrity in London as a surgeon, was a fellow-student at Guy’s with Dr. Mott.

When Dr. Mott returned to New York, after his first European residence, he found the surgical field occupied by Dr. Richard S. Kissam and Dr. Wright Post, both of whom were not only well-educated and excellent surgeons but gentlemen of much refinement and great courtesy of manner. The young surgeon was warmly welcomed by them, and almost immediately selected by Dr. Post, who filled the chair of Anatomy in Columbia College, as his demonstrator. His ambition to become a teacher was soon gratified, through the kindness of Dr. Post, who resigned his position as Professor of Surgery, in order that it might be conferred on Dr. Mott. He had, prior to this period, delivered lectures in the Columbia College School on Operative Surgery.

From that period until the present, whenever in New York, he has, with unremitting assiduity, discharged his functions as a Professor of Surgery in one or the other of the medical schools of the city.

“I imagine,” said I to him on one occasion, when speaking of his favorable introduction into practice, “that you were exempt from the early struggles to which most young practitioners are compelled to submit?”

“On the contrary,” replied he, “my early professional life was very far from being free

from struggles. What I gained was obtained only after the same toils which, so far as I know, fall to the lot of almost every medical man."

"But," remarked I, "your favorable opportunities in Europe, and your connection with the college as a teacher of surgery, surely carried with them a prominence which could not fail to tell in your favor."

"You forget," replied he, "that the city of that day and of this are not the same. Then, although commerce had already begun to bring in its train some cases of accidental surgery to the wards of the hospital, yet the whole surgical business of New York, without conjoining with it the practice of medicine, would not have afforded a decent revenue for a single practitioner, and hence no one devoted himself exclusively to surgery. Now the case is different, and country practitioners send, from a large extent of territory, surgical cases to be treated by city surgeons. This, together with the influx of a class of population which are especially the victims of surgical maladies, has made New York one of the first cities in the world for the prosecution of surgical science, and has given large professional revenues to many who devote themselves exclusively to this branch."

I remarked that his case surely corroborated the general experience, and reminded me of that of Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, the present eminent Professor of Surgery in the Richmond Medical School. When Dr. Warner died, some ten years since, I added, Dr. Gibson was selected to fill his position in the college. He was at that time a resident of Baltimore, and was ranked as among the ablest of the surgeons of that city. I met him soon after his appointment and expressed my surprise that, after spending so many years to build up a practice in Baltimore, where he appeared to be doing a lucrative business, and already had a professorship, although not a remunerative one, he should be willing to forego these advantages for a hazardous experiment.

"What," said he, in reply to my expostulations, "do you think my annual professional income is?"

"Three or four thousand dollars," replied I.

"I will now tell you," said he, "what I have not before told any one. I have been in practice here for seven years. My relatives and associations, as you know, are among the wealthiest and most aristocratic of our citizens; and yet I declare to you that, with all these advantages, my professional revenue has never reached fifteen hundred dollars per year. With these facts, I ask you candidly if I had not better accept a position that insures me more than that sum and the chance of a lucrative practice?"

He accepted the position, removed to Richmond, and now enjoys a high reputation as a surgeon, and is in the possession of a very considerable professional revenue. These facts, in regard to the early struggles of medical men, are stated in the hope that they may furnish both a warning and a consolation to those who are about to enter upon this career. In no pursuit

are the rewards of a life of toil and sacrifice longer delayed than in this, and in none, when they do come, are they of more value or more highly appreciated. How many, while the more eminent have been struggling painfully on their road to fame, have either engaged in other pursuits, or, worn out with the delusive hope of ultimate but long-withheld reward, have ended a life of unsatisfied aspirations by filling a poor and perhaps a friendless grave, it is beyond the power of the writer to determine. Those who gain reputation or renown fill a space in the eyes of their fellows, by means of which their movements are easily chronicled; but those who fail in this endeavor are soon lost to the public gaze, and in the obscurity which disappointed ambition generally seeks for itself live unnoticed, and too often die unlamented.

After devoting himself with great zeal to his profession for thirty-five years, an alarming indisposition, which assumed the form of syncope, or fainting, upon slight occasions, induced Dr. Mott, in 1834, to abandon it for the time, and seek in the recreation of foreign travel a remedy which medicine failed to supply. This holiday, which was extended to seven years, gave him an ample opportunity of seeing the Old World, and of giving proof to the great surgeons of the European cities, by absolute demonstration, of his great skill as an operating surgeon.

It was during this visit that he met Sir Astley Cooper in London, in 1835, and that the interviews to which allusion has already been made took place. Just before leaving London for the Continent Sir Astley paid him a visit at his lodgings, and in parting feelingly reminded him that it might be their last interview—a prediction that proved to be true—and asked his acceptance of a pocket case of instruments of his own arrangement, beautifully made, as a remembrancer. His nephew and successor in practice (for although twice married Sir Astley was childless) at the same time presented him with an elegantly-wrought case of amputating instruments, the handles of which were made of the wood of the old London Bridge, and the blades of iron from the same. The wood, which is of English oak, and, as appears from the inscription on them, was taken from timbers laid down in 1176, and not removed until 1831, a space of 665 years.

During his long-continued residence in Paris, which was made doubly agreeable by his election as a member of the French Academy of Medicine a short time previous to his visit, he was placed on the most intimate terms with Velpeau, who had risen from a blacksmith's occupation to be one of the first surgeons of his age, and whose work on surgery Dr. Mott has annotated and given to the American public; with Lisfranc, the pupil of Dupuytren, and the head of the hospital La Pieté; with Civiale, of the Hospital Necker, and the author of the operation of lithotomy; with Roux, the successor of Dupuytren in the Hôtel Dieu, and the boldest and most frequent operator in Paris, who had ex-

tracted the cataract more than six thousand times, and performed the operation for lithotomy about six hundred times; with Andral, the great pathologist; with Broussais, the eminent physiologist, to whose doctrines more than to any other cause is due the present expectant mode of treating disease; and with Baron Larrey, the chief surgeon of Napoleon's Grand Army, and the intimate friend of Napoleon, whom for twenty years he accompanied in all his campaigns, sharing his couch when in the field.

With Baron Larrey Mott was on the very best of terms, and early after his arrival in Paris adopted, at his suggestion, a mode of treatment which went far in leading the way to the ultimate re-establishment of his health. The memory of the Emperor was cherished by his chief army surgeon with a reverence almost bordering upon veneration. His surgical memoirs of Napoleon's various campaigns are well known. When Dr. Mott was in Paris, that relating to the field of Waterloo was not written. Dr. Mott asked him if he intended to write this memoir, and thus complete the history.

"No," replied Larrey, sorrowfully, "I can never write that. It is too full of sad associations—too sorrowful a chapter in my own life; and yet," he added, "it had its episodes which I would not be unwilling to narrate, one of which came near being fatal to myself."

"How was that?" asked Dr. Mott.

"I was," replied Larrey, "on the field after the close of the battle on the third day. It was dark, and I was groping my way among the wounded and the dead, seeking for those who might stand in need of my services, whether among friends or foes. I had in the unevenness of the field lost my cap, and my hair, loose and long, partly concealed my face, which was rendered still less easily recognized by the effect of a wound on my forehead which I had received in a fall, and from which blood trickled over my face, and besmeared it. In this plight I was met by two English soldiers, who espied me by the glimmer of the night lamps, and mistaking me for the Emperor [they bore a strong personal resemblance to each other in figure], seized me, and dragging me along with violence, declared they would kill me—a threat which I have no doubt they would have speedily put into execution if we had not chanced to meet an English officer, who cried out, 'That is Baron Larrey!' The soldiers, struck aback by the mistake, immediately released me."

Such was the respect paid to this really good man by friend and foe that his person was always held sacred from violence or molestation, and this was the only instance during his long and trying services when it was placed in jeopardy from this cause. At a later period he did write the memoirs of this campaign, urged, it has been supposed, as much by the solicitations of Dr. Mott as from any other cause, to undertake the task which at first appeared so distasteful to him.

"Pray tell me," said Dr. Mott, on one occa-

sion, "is it true that Napoleon, to cover a retreat, caused poison to be administered to his men near St. Jean d'Acre, as narrated by Sir Robert Wilson, and reiterated by Admiral Sir Sydney Smith?"

Larrey not only indignantly denied the charge as wholly groundless, but on the following day invited three officers, who were present on the occasion, from the *Hôpital des Invalides* to his house to meet Dr. Mott, in order that he might obtain from them their version of the affair, which corroborated his own. At this day Napoleon and his acts can be viewed with vastly less prejudice than at the epoch in which he lived; and, apart from the circumstance that no act in his history goes to corroborate so fiendish an act, it could hardly have been done without at once being made manifest to Baron Larrey, as Surgeon-in-Chief of the forces, by the symptoms of the disease induced.

Notwithstanding his intimacy with Napoleon, and the opportunities presented to better his fortunes, Larrey was not a rich man, and lived, at the time Dr. Mott was in Paris, very unostentatiously upon an income of 12,000 francs, which he received as Inspector-General of the armies of France under the Government of Louis Philippe, then the reigning monarch. When Napoleon had conquered Germany he told Larrey to go to the conquered capitals, and take from their museums and cabinets whatever he desired pertaining to his profession.

"There is nothing, Sire," ingenuously replied Larrey, "in these countries that belongs to me, and I can take nothing from them."

"I had," said Baron Larrey, in mentioning this incident, "frequent opportunities to have amassed as princely a fortune as Dupuytren, who left more than three millions of francs, but I was unwilling to avail myself of them."

About this period Prince de Joinville was deputed by the Government of Louis Philippe to transport the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, where they now repose. The pageant that accompanied the entrance of the mortal remains of the Emperor into Paris, and attended them as laid out in state in the beautiful *Chapel des Invalides*, in the midst of his brave companions in arms in the battles of Lodi, of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Mount Jean, was probably the most brilliant ever witnessed even in pageant-loving Paris. Dr. Mott, with his old friend Larrey, who at the time was the surgeon of the *Hôpital des Invalides*, where the remains were brought, witnessed the intense affection exhibited by these old soldiers, to whom France is indebted for so much of her military renown, as they gazed once more on the face of their beloved Emperor with countenances bathed in tears, and marked by the intense emotions under which they labored.

Every thing pertaining to Napoleon was considered by them as sacred, and Baron Larrey, who was known to be so intimate with him, seemed like a link connecting them with their former commander, and exercised over them an unbounded influence. The hat worn by the old

surgeon had been made for and worn by the Emperor, and was by him transferred to the head of his surgeon, because, as he pleasantly remarked, "it better became him."

"There," said Larrey, as he jocosely placed the three-cornered chapeau upon the head of Dr. Mott, "you can now say that you have worn a hat that once graced the head of the greatest general the world ever knew."

An incident connected with this pageant was once mentioned to me by an American gentleman, which shows the high esteem in which the United States is held by Frenchmen. The coffin was covered by wreaths of immortelle, which were taken to pieces and scattered among the crowd prior to the final interment. The desire to obtain these was so intense that the gentleman above alluded to, after vainly endeavoring to approach near enough to possess himself of a branch, was about to abandon the attempt in despair, when he bethought himself that his country's name might aid him, and called out, "An immortelle for an American!"

The cry was instantly taken up by the crowd: "A wreath of immortelle for an American!" and, notwithstanding the desire to secure the memento, the whole wreath was passed from hand to hand and safely deposited in his possession.

Prince de Joinville afterward visited America in the same vessel in which he had performed his pilgrimage to St. Helena, *La Belle Poule*, and was for a time the guest of Dr. Mott. He has since renewed this visit, and has always continued on the most friendly terms with Dr. Mott and his family.

In his travels through the East his reputation as a learned member of the medical profession gave him valuable opportunities for seeing many things scarcely ever opened to the inspection of a stranger, and every where served as a passport to the pleasantest society. While in Greece, he was invited to a ball at the palace of the King, at Athens, where he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the brother and orphan children, a son and a daughter, of the chivalrous and lamented Marco Bozzaris, whose name has become so familiar to American readers through the noble ode of Halleck.

The features of the daughter were classic, and bore a strong resemblance to those of her illustrious sire. When she spoke of him her eyes sparkled with animation. She said she knew Dr. Mott and his party were from America, and America was the country of Halleck. She was struggling to learn the English language, although she made slow progress without a teacher, in order that she might read this poem in the original, in which she was told it was so beautiful. "It would," says Dr. Mott, "doubtless be gratifying to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Halleck, to know that this charming girl declared with all commendable frankness and naïveté imaginable that she had an ardent desire to go to America expressly to see him." Nor were the immediate relatives of the hero of Halleck's noblest ode the only ones to whom he had

endeared himself by his tribute of one of their most illustrious dead. Throughout all Greece the name of Halleck was an honored one; and had he visited this classic land there is no doubt but an ovation would have been offered to him of which both he and his country would have had good reason to be proud. But this would not have been in accordance with his simple tastes; and however much he might have been delighted to meet the charming young daughter of his hero, who in her graceful Grecian costume, and with her dazzling beauty, so won upon his countrymen, I am satisfied that he would much rather perpetuate the memory of a hero than to be made a hero himself.

After an absence of seven years, during which time his shattered constitution, completely undermined by the train of nervous diseases to which he was a victim, was, under the beneficial influence of foreign travel, almost entirely restored, he returned to his native country and the practice of his profession, "with attachments," to use his own language, "ten-fold stronger than when he left." "I have come back," he remarks, "if possible a still better American than when I left; and, from the comparison of the condition of the population in other countries, am still more deeply impressed with the conviction that our republican form of government is infinitely and immeasurably preferable to any other that ever existed."

Although at an age when most men seek repose, Dr. Mott is still attentive to the duties of his profession; and though he may lack somewhat of the boldness and daring which distinguished him in early life, yet his hand has lost none of its cunning, nor his mental vision any of the acuteness that fitted him for the performance of his duties in the first flush of his surgical career.

"Each day," remarked he, "I grow more cautious in the use of the knife; and if I have any advice to give to young practitioners, it is to adopt the old and honored maxim of that great medical light of antiquity, Celsus: 'Make haste slowly.' Never operate until well assured of its necessity, and then proceed with a full knowledge of the subject, and with the greatest caution."

When such advice comes from one who has operated for stone one hundred and sixty-five times, and amputated one thousand limbs, it certainly should induce him who thinks that the surgeon's art may be lightly exercised to pause and consider before he proceeds.

But it is perhaps in his capacity as a lecturer that his memory will be longest cherished by those who have had the opportunity of listening to him. Like Abernethy, who was never so well satisfied as when surrounded by his class, Dr. Mott seems never to tire in imparting the principles of his art to his class of attentive pupils; and few students, however careless or inattentive on ordinary occasions, ever enter his lecture-room without insensibly becoming compelled to listen to what he has to tell them.

By long experience as a teacher he has stored his mind with precisely that sort of information which it is most desirable for them to acquire, and few questions can arise in which he has not apt and frequently graphic illustrations at hand drawn from his own large experience.

"I speak of this particular part of the body," said he to his class, on one occasion when I was present as his guest, while he was lecturing upon the surgical relations of the axilla, or arm-pit, "as one of great interest to me. Perhaps, gentlemen, you will be surprised at my frequent use of this expression; and you will doubtless conclude that I am such an enthusiastic admirer of my art that I consider all equally interesting. Well, gentlemen, I confess to you that to me they are all interesting. Apart from the wonderful beauty displayed in this master-piece of mechanism, which is developed by every fresh stroke of the knife of the anatomist, I can scarcely direct my attention to any part that has not been the seat of some surgical malady for which I have been called upon to operate. But, gentlemen, the part which I now show you displays the great axillary vein, nearly as large as your finger, which in a short distance further assumes the name of subclavian, and in a few inches deposits its tide of blood into the heart. People sometimes say that air may be admitted into the veins without detriment—I know better. I will not now say what has happened to myself; but the celebrated Dr. Warren, of Boston, whose surgical skill none could deny, in operating in this region accidentally made an opening into this vein which admitted the air, and his patient expired in an instant. I never had the bad luck to open this vein; but, gentlemen, I say to you, be careful how you open large veins." This illustration is sufficient to show the emphatic manner in which he managed to impress any important fact upon the mind of his auditors.

Dr. Mott prefers to lecture without notes, for two reasons: 1st, Because the manner of the speaker is usually more emphatic, and better succeeds in arresting the attention of the audience; and, 2d, Because it furnishes an opportunity to the lecturer to depart from the direct line of discourse when he perceives that he is not fully comprehended, and also to arouse the flagging attention by a well-timed anecdote or witty repartee. These are weapons which he manages with admirable tact; and hence his success in commanding the undivided attention of those who never dream of becoming surgeons.

EARLY DISUNIONISTS.

VIRGINIA stands peerless among the States in titular dignities. Because she was loyal to the bad dynasty of the Stuarts, and invited the profligate Charles the Second, when in exile at Breda, to come over and be her king, she was called *The Old Dominion*. Because seven of the chief magistrates of the republic were born within her borders, she has been called *The Mother of Presidents*. Because her State pride, which

would not allow her to assume the position of simple equality with her sister Commonwealths in the new Republic, gave birth to the disloyal subject, *Nullification*, which she cherished in her bosom, she may be called the *Nurse of Disunion*.

When the Revolution was ended, in 1783, Virginia was the most populous, as it was the most politically potent of all the States. Previous to that great disruption of social and political systems that power resided—by common consent, apparently—in a few families. Their wealth, education, manners, and habits of life gave them consideration and commanding influence. They were cultivated and refined, and kind and courteous to all. Their hospitality was unbounded, and their expenditures were so lavish that, to the humble around them, it appeared princely. They were exclusive in feelings and actions, and kept all familiarity of those not of their class in abeyance. They owned vast domains, tilled (when at all) by negro slaves. They regarded mechanical and commercial pursuits as vulgar, and looked upon them with all the contempt of Roman patricians.

The Church of England was the beloved ecclesiastical mother of the Virginia aristocracy; and, nestling in her bosom, they petulantly outlawed Quakers and Papists, whose presence disturbed them in the earlier days of the Commonwealth. There were no free schools, nor a free press, for which Governor Berkeley was duly thankful.

Below the aristocracy were an exceedingly illiterate class, who were chiefly small planters—some owning a few slaves, and others tilling the soil with their own hands. Wages were almost unknown, because the poor white people, as well as the black bondsmen, were generally a sort of feudal dependents upon the rich minority, who fashioned their opinions upon all subjects. They were taught that those who lived beyond the borders of Virginia were inferior people. The New Englanders were spoken of as a "Puritanical sect, with pharisaical peculiarities in their worship and behavior," and engaged in the immoral business of trade. They considered the Dutch of New York "a slippery people." The inhabitants of New Jersey were sneered at as nothing but "a swarm of Scots Quakers," having insufficient characters to be "tolerated to exercise the gift of the Spirit in their own country;" while Maryland was regarded as simply "a retreat for Papists for whom England was too hot." The Carolinas, a "region of pines and serpents," were inhabited by a people hardly worthy of notice.* In the opinion of the common mind of *The Old Dominion*, thus taught, the "first families of Virginia" possessed the only ladies and gentlemen on the continent, and her domain was the Garden of Eden—the Potomac, Rappahannock, York, and James rivers being the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates of the author of the Pentateuch.

Virginia was governed before, and a long time

* See BYRD'S *Westover Papers*.

after, the Revolution by this proud landed aristocracy, whose rule, unprogressive as it was, was manifold more desirable than that of a race of speculative and speculating politicians who succeeded them. Theirs was an honest pride; and long possession of the reins of power made them naturally haughty, boastful, and arbitrary. They were tenacious of distinction. That superiority, and the right to rule which they claimed for Virginia as a Colony, they also claimed for her as a State. That assumption, long cherished and so flattering to State pride, was and has ever been a powerful instrument in the hands of her trading politicians in the management of national affairs; sometimes used so offensively as to disturb the equanimity of the people of other States, particularly of those of New England.

"I wish," wrote a leading New Englander as early as 1796—"I wish with all my heart that Virginia was out of the Union." Eight years later another (a United States Senator) wrote: "I feel, I freely confess, no affection for the General Government. It is Virginian all over. We feel that we are Virginia slaves now, and that we are to be delivered over to Kentucky and the other Western States when our Virginia masters are tired of us..... I hope the time is not far distant when the people east of the North River will manage their own affairs in their own way, without being embarrassed by regulations from Virginia, and that the sound part will separate from the corrupt."

A distinguished Massachusetts divine wrote: "If we [New England] were peaccably severed from the rest of the United States, with perhaps some other States joined with us, and left to manage our own affairs in our own way, I think we should do much better than we do now. Our empire is growing unwieldy, and must, I think, ere long, break in pieces."

Convinced that a dissolution of the Union was near, early in 1804 a National Senator of New Hampshire, who favored the project, wrote—"The Government is Virginian; New England must soon feel its degraded condition, and I hope will have energy to assert and maintain its rights; and it will be of infinite importance that the necessary changes should be effected under the forms and by the authority of the existing State Governments." And a Connecticut statesman exclaimed in his place in the Senate of the United States in January, 1804: "I am an Eastern man; but while I am the representative of a State which is yet a member of the Union, I hope I shall have as much influence as if I were a Southern man."

Disunion sentiments were wide-spread in New England at that time; but they received a withering rebuke, not only from the distinguished victim of Burr's malice in New York, who was supposed to favor them, but by a voice that came speedily from the forests of the Cumberland, uttered by the lips of that incorruptible and stern patriot, who, almost thirty years later, placed his foot effectively upon Nullification in South Carolina. In reference to Burr's traitorous con-

spiracy in the Southwest against the integrity of the republic, he said, "I hate the Dons, and would delight to see Mexico reduced; but *I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union dissolved!*"

The sentiments of disloyalty so prevalent among the leaders of a waning political party in New England at that time, and the political heresy pronounced by a New Hampshire Senator, that "our Government may be compared to a company in trade," were but the echoes of the sentiments of Virginians, which had been uttered in every form for more than ten years.

The inexorable logic of the National Constitution humbled State pride and aroused its resentment; and the arguments based upon the doctrine of State Rights—the independent sovereignty of each commonwealth, the fatal error in the old Confederation—formed the heaviest batteries with which the opponents of that Constitution assailed it. It was the death-warrant of oligarchies of every kind. It denied the independence of the State sovereignties, and cut up by the roots the principles upon which all oligarchies rest for support. It took sovereign power from the political managers of States, who were always working exclusively for local interests unmindful of the general good, and gave it broadly and unreservedly into the hands of the *whole people* inhabiting the domain of the United States. Family and State pride were alike offended. Two of the Virginia delegates in the Convention that framed the Constitution refused to sign it; and many of her leading men, with Patrick Henry at their head, vehemently opposed it, chiefly because it *established a consolidated Government*. "Who authorized the Convention," asked Henry, "to speak the language of 'We the people,' instead of 'We the States?'" Even from that illustrious man who saved us by his valor I would have a reason for his conduct."

George Mason, Washington's neighbor and friend, denounced it because, as he said, it would *change the confederation of the States into a consolidation, and annihilate the State governments*. It was acknowledged by all that its powers, and those of the National Legislature under it, were *supreme*, and laws passed in accordance with its provisions were necessarily beyond the reach of State action, whose functions were by it made municipal and subordinate. And yet, as we shall observe presently, leading statesmen of Virginia—men whose memories we revere—ventured, for the accomplishment of political party purposes, to array that State against the General Government, and prepared, in that precedent, the foundation of the theories and practices upon which the Great Rebellion of 1861 rests its claims to justification.

Allusion is here made to the nullification resolutions prepared by a statesman of Virginia in 1798, and offered by a Virginian in the Legislature of Kentucky; also to the famous "Virginia Resolutions" of the same year.

Evidences of disloyalty in *The Old Dominion* had been visible on every side from the close of

the Convention in 1787; and some of her politicians, finding themselves unable to fashion the National legislation so as to suit the ideas and interests of Virginia, turned their thoughts to a dissolution of the Union, as the only sure method of relief from the evils incident to more enlarged national obligations. Disunion became their grand specific for all the real and imaginary political maladies that vexed Virginia; and the State Rights' creed became their rule of faith and practice.

The first decided manifestations of disloyalty in Virginia were seen immediately after the close of the first session of the National Congress, held at New York. The delegates from that State, and a large number of their fellow-citizens who visited New York during the session, had heard with amazement the views and plans of Northern and Eastern men concerning commerce and manufactures, and their alleged intention to make the General Government an auxiliary in the great work of promoting the growth of these essential elements of the strength and prosperity of a nation. They had also acquired glimpses of the untiring industry, the indomitable energy and perseverance, and the thousand evidences of the increasing wealth of these people, and felt keenly the contrast which they afforded to the sluggishness of Virginia. In the light of this experience they perceived that her power as a leading State would rapidly pass away under the new order of things. Out of this perception grew a restless discontent, followed by a burning desire to dissolve the Union with the energetic North.

"A spirit of jealousy toward the Eastern States, which may become dangerous to the Union," wrote Dr. Stuart to Washington, in March, 1790, "seems to be growing fast among us. It is represented that the Northern phalanx is so firmly united as to bear down all opposition, while Virginia is unsupported, even by those whose interests are similar to hers. It is the language of all I have seen on their return from New York. Colonel Lee [Richard Henry] tells me that many who were warm supporters of the Government are changing their sentiments, from a conviction of the impracticability of union with States whose interests are so dissimilar to those of Virginia. I fear the Colonel is one of the number."

To this letter Washington, who loved the State in which he was born, but who considered his allegiance as a citizen as due primarily to the National Government, and secondarily to that of Virginia, replied in his usual dignified manner. "I am sorry," he said, "such jealousies as you speak of should be gaining ground, and are poisoning the minds of the Southern people; but admit the fact which is alleged as the cause of them, and give it full scope, does it amount to more than was known to every man of information before, at, and since the adoption of the Constitution? Was it not always believed that there are some points which peculiarly interest the Eastern States?.....Are there not oth-

er points which equally concern the Southern States? If these States are less tenacious of their interest, or if, while the Eastern move in a solid phalanx to effect their views, the Southern are always divided, which of the two is most to be blamed? That there is a diversity of interests in the Union none has denied. That this is the case also in every State is equally certain; and that it even extends to the counties of individual States can be as readily proved.I ask again, which is most blameworthy, those who see and will steadily pursue their interest, or those who can not see, or, seeing, will not act wisely? And I will ask another question, of the highest magnitude in my mind, to wit, if the Eastern and Northern States are dangerous *in union*, will they be less so *in separation*? If self-interest is their governing principle, will it forsake them or be restrained by such an event? I hardly think it would. Then, independently of other considerations, what would Virginia, and such other States as might be inclined to join her, gain by a separation? Would they not, most unquestionably, be the weaker party?"

Washington then added this severe rebuke to the politicians who were fomenting discontent among the people of his State: "Men, who go from hence *without feeling themselves of so much consequence as they wished to be considered, and disappointed expectants, added to malignant, designing characters*, who miss no opportunity of aiming a blow at the Constitution, paint highly on one side, without bringing into view the arguments which are offered on the other." Types of men of a later day.

Disunion sentiments continued to prevail and increase in Virginia. Her political influence was omnipotent over all the region below the Potomac, and the poison of Secession, administered by the hand of State Rights at the command of Nullification, rapidly infected the other Southern States. When, in 1792, leading men urged Washington to accept the Presidency for a second term, the fact that disaffection to the Union was prevalent was used as a powerful persuasive. Jefferson, in a letter urging him to continue in office, declared that opposition to the National Government, so great in the South at the beginning, had so increased that "only a small number was wanting to place the majority on the other side." Governor Randolph, of Virginia, writing to Washington for the same purpose, assured him that those who had opposed the Constitution from "a hatred of the Union" could "never be reconciled;" that others would "push the construction of Federal powers to every tenable extreme;" and that the Republican or Democratic party (of which Jefferson was the founder and leader, and Governor Randolph a supporter) had adopted "the fatal error, that the State Assemblies were to be resorted to as the engines of correction to the Federal Administration;" in other words, the State Legislatures would practically assert their right to *nullify any act of the National Congress*.

The unavoidable delay of the Government in arranging with Spain (with whose representatives at New Orleans politicians in the Mississippi Valley had long been coqueting) for the free navigation of the Mississippi River, brought threats of secession from the Legislature of Kentucky in 1794, simultaneously with the culmination of the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania, that luxuriant blooming of the plant of Nullification so carefully cherished by the leading men opposed to the Administration of Washington. The air was so thick at that time with menaces of nullification and disunion from the "Democratic Societies," who sympathized with that insurrection, that Mr. Jefferson, who had stigmatized as "infernal" the excise law that was the ostensible cause of it, wrote to Madison from his home in Virginia, in December of that year, saying, "Separation is now near and certain, and determined in the minds of all men."

Then came, the following year, the excitement concerning Jay's Treaty. It was denounced in all parts of the Union, and Virginia brought forward her grand prescription for all political maladies that afflicted her. She threatened to "recede from the Union in case the treaty should be ratified." A leading newspaper in her capital, with language more forcible than elegant, thus proclaimed the intentions of her citizens to the world:

"Notice is hereby given that, in case the treaty entered into by that damned arch-traitor, John Jay, with the British tyrant should be ratified, a petition will be presented to the next General Assembly of Virginia at their next session, praying that the said State may recede from the Union, and be under the government of one hundred thousand free and independent Virginians.

"P.S. As it is the wish of the people of said State to enter into a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, with any other State or States of the present Union who are averse to returning again under the galling yoke of Great Britain, the printers of the (at present) United States are requested to publish the above notification.—*Richmond, July 31, 1795.*"

No States concluded to follow in the wake of Virginia, and very little that is noteworthy, in this connection, occurred in that commonwealth until the preparation of famous nullification resolutions three years later, whose history may be briefly stated. It is proper here to remark that the prevalence of disunion sentiments in the South, and especially in Virginia, caused Washington, in his *Farewell Address* to the people of the United States, put forth in 1796, to make the *value of the Union* the burden of that rich legacy to the American people.

During the canvass for President of the United States in 1796, the Republican or Democratic party made the most strenuous efforts to place Mr. Jefferson, their founder and leader, in the chair of the chief magistrate of the nation. They failed. John Adams, the Vice-President under Washington, was chosen to fill that seat.

From the beginning of its career the Democratic party had held the reins of power, and sympathized with the Revolution in France. That Revolution had been inaugurated by patriotic men for a high and holy purpose; but its

powers were usurped by a band of desperate politicians, who, in the names of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," committed the most flagrant crimes. For a long time the distinction between the originators of the Revolution and its subsequent conductors were not perceived by the great mass of the people of the United States. Old hatreds of England, engendered by a century of oppression and neglect and a recent war; the existing alliance with France, made by treaty with her lately murdered king; and the proclamation of universal liberty put forth by the French Revolutionists, caused a large proportion of the people of the United States, whose political ideas were not yet crystallized into perfect forms, to deeply sympathize with them.

Jefferson was in France at the outbreak of the Revolution, and came home filled with enthusiastic admiration of some of the leaders and of their cause, expecting to find his countrymen equally enthusiastic. His own feelings found ready response in Virginia, but the atmosphere beyond its borders chilled him. He was called to a seat in Washington's Cabinet, and on his arrival in New York he was shocked by the apparent apathy of all classes on the great subject then convulsing Europe—the great uprising of the people of France against kings and aristocrats—the echo in full response to our own Revolution. He stood still with amazement, and then became painfully suspicious of all around him. Washington's dignity and prudent conservatism, and his expressed determination to maintain a strict neutrality toward the nations of Europe, he regarded as a weakness. He desired both the Government and people to show an active, positive, practical sympathy with the French Revolutionists; and he shrunk from contact with every man whose feelings were not coincident with his own. He denounced Hamilton, Jay, Adams, Knox, King, and other leading supporters of Washington's administration, as "monarchists," "corruptionists," "conspirators against republican liberty," and "stipendiaries of Great Britain." His suspicions became settled convictions, and his convictions led to personal as well as political hatreds. Two parties were formed, called respectively *Federalists* and *Republicans*. At the head of the former was Hamilton, and of the latter, Jefferson, both members of Washington's Cabinet. Their political and personal quarrels gave the President a world of trouble, and at length they both retired from the executive council. The political animosities and suspicions of Jefferson became a sort of monomania; and until he was elected President of the United States, in the year 1800, his violent denunciations of men and measures opposed to his party can only be charitably accounted for on the theory that his usually vivid imagination was, for a time, the master of his judgment.

Adams found violent and implacable opponents to his administration in Jefferson, Madison, and a few other leading men, who fashioned the opinions of a large and growing party. Ev-

ery measure of his administration was made the subject for the most rigid scrutiny, and, sometimes, of violent assault: For a long time the Government had been annoyed by the machinations of French emissaries, who, in connection with secret societies of native citizens, were poisoning the minds of the people, and endeavoring to weaken their love for and allegiance to their National Government. Genet, the first minister of the "French Republic" to the United States, encouraged by a large party of sympathizers found here, actually attempted to set the Government, to which he was accredited, at defiance, by fitting out in Charleston Harbor, with the consent and approbation of the Governor and citizens, privateers to prey upon British commerce, in direct violation of the President's proclamation of neutrality. He also endeavored, by an impudent manifesto, to array the people against their Government, in which nefarious business he was encouraged and aided by secret "Democratic societies," so called, modeled after the Jacobin clubs of Paris. He was finally deprived of his commission at the request of our Government; but his immediate successors, if not so bold, were equally obnoxious to the charge of being impudent intermeddlers with the domestic affairs of the nation, and secret plotters against its welfare.

A hostile feeling toward the United States was soon manifested in France, because they persisted in maintaining the attitude of neutrality; and soon after Mr. Adams entered upon his exalted duties it became evident that a war with our old ally was not improbable. Before a year had elapsed the event appeared inevitable. At the same time the Democratic societies and French emissaries were busy in intrigues against the Administration, if not against the actual life of the National Government. It was estimated that at that time there were in the United States French citizens, aliens, full thirty thousand, all presumed to be naturally inimical to the Government. At the same time the Democratic leaders and press were exceedingly active in the dissemination of doctrines that menaced the stability of the Government, and in making malignant assaults upon the Administration. To guard against alien enemies, and to shield the Government from malignant abuse and seditious doctrines, the Congress of the United States passed acts known in history as the *Alien and Sedition Laws*, to remain in force a limited time, until the exigencies which evoked them should no longer exist. These were denounced as unconstitutional and despotic, and were made the excuse by Virginians for asserting the doctrine of State Rights in the aspect of positive Nullification, on the occasion to which allusion has already been made. It was done in this wise:

On a pleasant day in October, 1798, two brothers, natives of Virginia, sat with Mr. Jefferson (then Vice-President of the United States), in his library at Monticello, and discussed the topic of national politics. These were George and Wilson C. Nicholas, the former a resident of

Kentucky at that time and a leading politician there. They had lately come from Philadelphia, and assured Mr. Jefferson that the leading republicans in Congress, "finding themselves useless there," being "brow-beaten by a bold and overwhelming majority in that body," had "concluded to retire from that field and *take a stand in the State Legislatures*" against the Administration and its measures. They had resolved to plant themselves upon the doctrine of State Rights, and have the State Legislatures nullify the acts of Congress. Mr. Jefferson, it may be imagined, listened with great attention; and the three deliberated on the propriety of engaging Kentucky, the daughter of Virginia, with the mother in "energetic protestations" in that form against the constitutionality of the *Alien and Sedition Laws*. A plan was agreed upon; and then the brothers urged Mr. Jefferson to sketch resolutions for that purpose.

How could he? Such revolutionary means for the purpose of breaking down a political party would seem too dangerous to a genuine lover of his country. Only four months before he had administered a gentle rebuke to John Taylor, of Caroline County, an early Virginian secessionist, who in a letter written in May had declared "that it was not unwise now to estimate the separate mass of Virginia and North Carolina, with a view to their separate existence." He had said to this disunionist, on the first of June: "If, on a temporary superiority of the one party, the other is to resort to a scission of the Union, no Federal government can ever exist. If, to rid ourselves of the present rule of Massachusetts and Connecticut, we break the Union, will the evil stop there? Suppose the New England States alone cut off, will our nature be changed? Are we not men still to the South of that, and with all the passions of men? Immediately we shall see a Pennsylvania and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted with the same party-spirit. What a game, too, will the one party have in their hands, *by eternally threatening the other that unless they do so and so they will join their Northern neighbors!* If we reduce our Union to Virginia and North Carolina, immediately the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two States, and *they will end by breaking into their simple units.....* Better keep together as we are, haul off from Europe as soon as we can, and from all attachments to any portion of it. If the game runs sometimes against us at home, we must have patience till luck turns."

How could Mr. Jefferson sketch State Rights or Nullification resolutions, whose logical sequence must be disunion, after giving such sensible arguments and patriotic advice to his disloyal friend? It is true his views in June seem to have been somewhat modified in September; for on the 26th of that month, in a letter to Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the celebrated Irish refugee, who wished to visit him, he announced his willingness to defy the Alien Law, and prom-

ised nullifying action on the part of Virginia in the event of an attempt to enforce it. He assured Mr. Rowan that, if he chose to come to Virginia, its State courts would, by writ of *habeas corpus*, release him from arrest, and protect him against the enforcement of what he deemed to be unconstitutional national laws. He gave him to understand that he would personally receive and countenance him, in defiance of a law of Congress, and, if necessary, make an issue between the National and State courts, and to have the whole power of the State sustain the decisions of the latter.

A little later (October 11) Mr. Jefferson wrote to Stevens Thompson Mason, the betrayer of the secrets of the United States Senate in 1795, on the subject of the obnoxious laws, and said, "I fancy that some of the State Legislatures will take strong ground on this occasion. For my own part, I consider those laws as merely an experiment on the American mind to see how far it will bear an avowed violation of the Constitution." He then goes on, in an excited manner, to comment on the subject, suggesting his belief that the end in view was the establishment of a dictatorship or protectorate of the Cromwellian stamp. It is probable that, in a similar frame of mind, he consented, ten days afterward, to draw up the resolutions suggested by the Nicholas brothers, which, if they had been followed by full corresponding action, would have placed Kentucky in the position of open rebellion against the authority of the National Government.

Mr. Jefferson was unwilling to appear as a party in the matter, and he demanded the most solemn assurance from his guests that the author of the resolutions should remain unknown. They gave him the required pledge of secrecy; and there in his library, while they were absent at Charlottesville for a few hours, he drew up nine resolutions. That original draft, in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, is still in existence.

In the first resolution Mr. Jefferson asserted that "the several States composing the United States of America are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their General Government," but that they constitute a General Government by "compact entered into by the several States *as States*." This assumption was in direct conflict with the official history of the Constitution, and the arguments of Henry, Mason, and others, that the expression, "We the people," instead of "We the *States*," implied consolidation and full subordination of the State Governments. Arguing upon this assumption, Mr. Jefferson drew the natural conclusion that, "as in all other cases of compact, any powers having no common judge, *each party has an equal right to judge for itself*, as well of infractions as of the measure of redress."

The next five resolutions show how these principles apply to the acts of Congress under consideration, alleged to be unconstitutional, and the right of the States to judge of infractions and the remedy, not merely as matters of opin-

ion, but officially and constitutionally, as parties to the compact.

The seventh resolution suggested that the "revisal and correction" of several other specified acts of Congress, alleged to have been founded upon an unconstitutional interpretation of the rights of the General Government, should be postponed to "a time of greater tranquillity, while those specified in the preceding resolutions call for immediate redress."

The eighth resolution provided for a committee of conference and correspondence, such as were very potential at the beginning of the Revolution, "to communicate the preceding resolutions to the Legislatures of other States," and to inform them that the Commonwealth of Kentucky, with all her esteem for her "co-States" and attachment to the Union, was determined "to submit to undelegated, and consequently unlimited, powers in no man or body of men on earth; that, in case of an abuse of the delegated power, the members of the General Government being chosen by the people, a change by the people would be the constitutional remedy; but when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, a nullification of the act is the right remedy; and that *every State has a natural right, in cases not within the compact, to nullify, of their own authority, all assumptions of power by others within their limits.*" It also authorized the committee of correspondence to call upon the "co-States" to "concur in declaring these acts [Alien and Sedition Laws, etc.] void and of no force, and each to take measures of its own for providing that neither these acts, nor *any other of the General Government* not plainly and intentionally authorized by the Constitution, shall be exercised within their respective territories."

The purport of these resolutions, which are very lengthy, may be thus summed up: The Constitution of the United States is a compact between the several States, *as States*, each sovereign State being an integral party to that compact. That, as in other compacts between equal sovereigns who have no common judge, each party has the right to interpret the compact for itself, and is bound by no interpretation but its own. That the General Government has no final right, in any of its branches, to interpret the extent of its own powers. That these powers are limited within certain prescribed bounds, and that all acts not considered by State Courts as warranted by its powers may properly be nullified by a State within its own boundaries.

The anti-national doctrine of *Independent State Sovereignty* and the "reserved right" of *Nullification* was never more broadly asserted than in these resolutions. Indeed they were too revolutionary to be accepted by the Kentucky Legislature without important modifications. They were presented to that body by John Breckinridge, a native of Virginia (whom President Jefferson made Attorney-General of the United States), then a representative from Fayette. On the 14th of November the first seven resolutions

were adopted by an almost unanimous vote. But the menacing teeth of Nullification were drawn from the eighth—or rather, a substitute for it was presented, in which the Legislature simply directed that the preceding resolutions be laid before Congress by the Kentucky senators and representatives, who were required “to use their best endeavors to procure, at the next session of that body, a repeal of the aforesaid unconstitutional and obnoxious acts.” The Governor was also instructed to transmit the resolutions to the Legislatures of the several States, to whom an earnest argumentative appeal was made, based upon the sentiments of Jefferson’s eighth resolution, and asking them to express an opinion that those “obnoxious acts of Congress” were “void and of no force.” The tameness of the substitute for Jefferson’s nullification resolution presented a ludicrous contrast with the boldness of the first. Governor Garrard, a native of Virginia, sanctioned the resolutions by his signature; and thus that State, contrary to the wishes of its citizens, early received the taint of nullification.

“I inclose you a copy of the draft of the Kentucky resolutions,” Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Madison, on the 17th of November. “I think we [Virginians] should distinctly affirm all the important principles they contain, so as to hold to that ground in future, and leave the matter in such a train as that we may not be committed absolutely to push the matter to extremities, and yet may be free to push as far as events will render prudent.”

To John Taylor, the avowed secessionist, he wrote, some days later: “I would not do any thing at this moment which should commit us further, but reserve ourselves to shape our future measures, or no measures, by the events which may happen. It is a singular phenomenon, that while our State governments are the very best in the world, without exception or comparison, our General Government has, in the rapid course of nine or ten years, become more arbitrary, and has swallowed more of the public liberty than even that of England.”

The Kentucky resolutions were sent to the Legislatures of the other States, by many of whom they were handled roughly; and they were approved by none except Virginia.

John Taylor and Mr. Madison went into the Legislature of that State expressly to aid in making a similar stand against the National Government. Mr. Madison did not take his seat until the spring of 1799, but he drew up a series of resolutions substantially the same in principle as those drawn by Mr. Jefferson, except the eighth, but more guarded in expression. These were presented by Mr. Taylor to the Virginia Legislature, and were adopted toward the close of December by a very large majority. They affirmed the doctrine that the General Government was only a compact of independent States, made *as States*, and “that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States who are the par-

ties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound to interpose for correcting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them.” They then complained of a manifest spirit so to construe the provisions of the Constitution as “to consolidate the States, by degrees, into one sovereignty;” which was the intention of the founders, and because of which, Henry, Mason, and other Virginians strenuously opposed the Constitution. The resolutions concluded with a protest against the Alien and Sedition laws as “palpable and alarming infractions of the Constitution;” and called upon the other States to join in the protest, and each “to take the necessary and proper measures for co-operating in each State in maintaining, unimpaired, the authorities, rights, and liberties reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.”

These were sent out in January, accompanied by an address from the pen of Mr. Madison, containing adroit arguments in favor and reasons for the adoption of the resolutions; a course, as a minority of the Virginian Assembly declared, “alike outraging the rules of the Legislature, and derogating from the discernment of their constituents.” That minority put forth an equally able counter address, signed by fifty-eight members of the Legislature, in which they declared that “an awful crisis had arrived;” lamented the existence of the revolutionary resolutions; and justified their own course by an avowed foresight of “the evils which disunited America must inevitably suffer.” They declared that “*America is one nation*, and therefore the State Governments are restrained from interfering with the great acts of sovereignty” of the National Government. This counter address was presented to and received by the Legislature; but when the minority asked to have it printed and circulated with Madison’s resolutions and the plea in their favor, the request was denied, by the majority, for obvious reasons.

Those famous “Virginia Resolutions of ’98,” and the address in their favor, have ever been relied on as forming an unanswerable vindication of the doctrine of Independent State Sovereignty, and the right of a State to nullify any act of the National Government. They were cited by the nullifiers in 1832-’33, and have been the chief basis of the secession movement in 1860-’61.

Virginia politicians of the disunion stamp, with an offensive lack of modesty, have ever made that action of the majority of their State Legislature, more than sixty years ago (which was evidently planned and executed more for the purpose of crushing the Federal party, and elevating Mr. Jefferson to the presidency of the Republic, than for enunciating or establishing any fixed political principles), a rule binding upon the whole nation, and of equal force with the National Constitution. This assumption becomes more offensive when the historical fact is considered that *not one of the State Legislatures* to whom

the Virginia Resolutions and the address were sent, except already-committed Kentucky, countenanced them in the least degree by a word officially spoken. On the contrary, every State Legislature from which Virginia received a response explicitly denied the right of a State, *as such*, to interfere with the laws of the National Government. They all contended that the right of pronouncing on the constitutionality of acts of the General Government was exclusively vested in the National Judiciary; and that a declaration by a State Legislature, such as Virginia had made, of the unconstitutionality of an act of Congress was "*an unwarrantable interference with the constituted authorities of the Union.*"* And Patrick Henry, who patriotically bowed to the supreme authority of the Constitution, when it became the organic law of the republic, although now too feeble in health to engage vigorously in public life, was so alarmed at the prevalence of a revolutionary spirit in his State, of which these resolutions were the voice, consented to take a seat in the Virginia Legislature in the spring of 1799, for the purpose of sustaining, in that body, the constitutionality of the Alien and Sedition laws; and to stem, as far as possible, the dangerous tide of disaffection toward the National Government. His death occurred before the meeting of the Legislature.

Mr. Madison had not the most remote idea of putting forth the doctrine of Nullification, as preached during the last thirty years. In an able letter written to the Honorable Edward Everett, in August, 1830, that then venerable statesman made the following declaration, concerning the action of the Virginia Legislature in 1798-'99: "The tenor of the debates, which were ably conducted, and are understood to have been revised for the press by most, if not all, of the speakers, *discloses no reference whatever to a constitutional right in an individual State to arrest by force the operation of a law of the United States.*"

The Federal party fell from power in the year 1800, and Mr. Jefferson, elected President of the United States, sounded a truce to political animosities. "Every difference of opinion," he said, in his Inaugural Address, "is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans—all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it." It was not until near the close of 1821 (twenty years afterward) that Mr. Jefferson avowed his agency in the preparation of the Kentucky resolutions; and then he remarked to the correspondent who drew it forth (a son of Mr. Nicholas), "I would have wished this rather to have remained, as hitherto, without inquiry."

* See Speech of William C. Rives, of Virginia, in the Senate of the United States, February 14, 1833, in Benton's Debates, vol. xii. p. 90.

Political power changed hands, and the murmurs of a discontented minority were heard in another quarter. The voice of disunion was hushed in dominant Virginia, but it was soon heard in New England. Measures of the hitherto majority, denounced as corrupt and dangerous by the hitherto minority, were now by the latter, increased and in power, adopted as sound and safe. The maxim of English politicians was exemplified, that a *Tory* in place becomes a *Whig*, and *vice versa*; or, as a London paper expressed it in 1813:

"A Whig is never in! How strange a story!
Turn in a Whig, he turns in a *Tory*.
A *Tory*'s never out! Strange whirligig!
Turn out a *Tory*, he turns out a *Whig*.
Why then turn all our brains with senseless rout?
Tories and *Whigs* are merely—In and Out."

ORDER VERSUS FORCE.

ORDER is an invisible power, to which men yield almost spontaneous obedience; while force creates antagonisms. Order moves to determinate ends with a silent efficiency that is marvelous in its combination of inharmonious things; force, on the other hand, sends a disturbing and an opposing element into all the agencies it seeks to control. And yet, where one man depends on order for the accomplishment of his purposes, three work—inadequately—by force. So it has been, and so it will continue to be until men learn to act from deliberate thought, and not from impulse.

A notable illustration of this difference between order and force occurred in one of our large manufacturing establishments, where over two hundred men were employed. These men were under the superintendence of a foreman of the martinet species—an active, restless, driving little man, who was always flying about among them, and giving his orders in a short, imperative way, that annoyed where it did not hurt or offend. Such men are rarely able to create a system into which a number of persons may be combined in harmonious action. Their thought is not calm enough; they see not only in too narrow a circle, but see things from an ever-shifting stand-point. To-day one thing is magnified into an overshadowing importance, and to-morrow another thing. One rule is declared as imperative this week, and next week another. There is stringent exactation under the declared rule of to-day, and to-morrow its violations pass unnoticed.

In the case to which we have referred all respect for the foreman had ceased, though service was exacted through an ever-present force, exercised with the natural accompaniments of disorder and inadequacy. The owners of this establishment had for some time seen the evil of which we have spoken, and on several occasions pointed out to their foreman the lack of order and efficiency in the shops. In every instance the result of such intimation on the part of the owners was a new and more offensive ap-

plification of the law of force, resulting in conflicts with sensitive or badly-disposed workmen, and the discharge of hands whose superior skill the establishment needed. At last, in one of this foreman's efforts to "put things right," he threw the whole hive of workmen into an angry swarm about his ears. The occasion gave fair opportunity for the choice of a successor.

The new man—selected with not a few misgivings on the part of the owners—did not, so far as looks were concerned, give much promise of efficiency. But he came so well recommended that it was deemed right to make a trial of his ability. He had a very quiet, almost heavy exterior; with a pair of eyes so calm and changeless in their expression that they gave no sign of his passing thoughts. His speech was slow; but when his words had adjusted themselves into a sentence every one was in its exact place, and the sentence had a meaning likely to be remembered. At first he seemed a weak man, but as you talked with him this impression gradually diminished.

On the first day of his administration the new foreman spent nearly the whole time in going through the shops, accompanied by one of the proprietors, examining the tools and machinery, the work in hand, the methods adopted in order to reach the most economical results, and in observation of the men. In person and manner he was so different from the old foreman that every one remarked the contrast. Used to the law of force, and not anticipating the exercise of any other law, he seemed a weakling in the eyes of most of these workmen.

"What do you think of him?" whispered John Burke, one of the most willful and unruly persons in the establishment, addressing the man alongside of him.

"A chicken!" was the contemptuous answer. "I'll give him a week in the shops—not a day over," said Burke.

"We might finish him in three days."

The foreman crossed the room at this moment, and stood at the bench where Burke was employed.

"May I look at that?" he said, reaching his hand for the article on which the man was at work. He spoke mildly, and in the tone of one asking a favor. But the article was not yielded to his request. A sullen pretense that it would be in danger of injury, in the state it happened to be, if it left his hand, was gruffly made.

"It's of no consequence," answered the foreman, without a sign of feeling in his voice. "I see what it is." Then, while yet standing alongside of Burke, he remarked to the principal who was with him, "There is a quicker method for accomplishing the same result."

"Ah?" queried the principal.

"Yes. I will show it to you when we go down to the office. It will save ten per cent. in time and material, and give a neater article."

"You must introduce the improved method," said the principal; as they moved away from the bench at which Burke was sitting.

"I'd like to see him do it," remarked that individual, in an undertone, to his neighbor. "You catch his drift, don't you? Trying to make himself out something wonderful in boss's eyes. He know a better way!"

"Them quiet, dull-looking chaps are mighty cunning sometimes. I've seen the likes before," replied the fellow-workman.

"So have I; but I'm not afraid of this one. He's not going to come it over me."

Not long afterward one of the clerks of the establishment was observed going round among the men with a small blank-book in his hand, asking questions and writing down the answers.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Burke's companion, who first noted the circumstance.

Burke looked round, and seeing the young man engaged as we have said, left his seat, and was crossing the shop to personally investigate the affair when the new foreman came in. Now, conscious that he was out of place, the man's first impulse was to affect some other errand and not go near the clerk; but contempt for the new foreman, and a determination to set him at defiance, pushed back this impulse, and with a self-possessed, familiar manner he approached the clerk and asked,

"What's up now?"

"I'm getting the names and residences of the men," replied the clerk.

By this time the foreman made one of the party. But he said nothing, only stood still and listened, and this without betraying a sign of disapprobation.

"What's the meaning of it?" demanded Burke.

"If you ask down stairs maybe they'll inform you," answered the clerk, who was annoyed by the man's impertinence.

"I'd like to see you get my residence," muttered Burke, angrily, as he returned to his bench. "This is a new trick of the new man; but it isn't going to work with me. Where I live is my own business. All they've got to do with me is to pay me when my work is done. Outside of the shop I'm my own man, and so shall not submit to any of these impertinences."

"Where is your residence?" asked the clerk, soon afterward. He had made his way to that part of the shop where Burke's bench stood.

"That's my business," was gruffly answered.

The clerk made no remonstrance but passed to the next man, saying,

"Where do you live?"

"That's my business," said this man, repeating Burke's insolent reply.

As in Burke's case so in this, the answer was taken as final. No opportunity was given to these non-conformists to make disturbance or excite a feeling of antagonism to the rule about being established. Both were annoyed at this, and, at the same time, made conscious of a reserved power in the establishment, the silent force of which might be too strong for them. The clerk and the foreman left the room together, after getting all the residences of the workmen,

with the two exceptions we have mentioned. Burke fully anticipated a second application as a sort of threatened finality; but the clerk did not ask for his residence a second time. Of course he meant to flare up, and make a short speech to the shop on the outrage involved in the procedure, as if they were slaves to the proprietors, who must know the whereabouts of every individual in the shop or out. But the opportunity was not afforded. Still he was in a state of fermentation, and the froth must come over.

"Tom Willard!" he called, as soon as the foreman had left, turning from his bench and speaking to a man across the shop—"did you tell him where you lived?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Well, I declare! What have they to do with that?"

"Did you?"

"Me? Not I! That's my business. I'm no slave in this establishment, to be looked after through all the twenty-four hours. I do my work and get my pay; beyond that, I give and take nothing. If it pleases me to sleep in a stable, or roost in a tree, the affair is my own. I'm astonished at you all!"

The door quietly opened and the foreman came in. Burke sat facing round, caught in the very act of working insubordination. He was no sneak, but a bold, out-and-out kind of a man, who enjoyed opposition. He did not resume his work immediately, but fixed his eyes defiantly on the foreman, with an invitation to strife. But he could not draw out the new man. The old one would have "pitched in," to use an expressive phrase, and given Burke an opportunity for a passage at arms before the men. But order and subordination were to come by a different way now. The foreman did not appear to notice this game-bird with his ruffled feathers, but moved round the shop in a quiet, self-possessed way, that had the effect gradually to draw off Burke's overcharge of bad temper.

The day closed and the men went home. On the next morning our new foreman was in the little office through which every man had to pass on his way to the shops at least twenty minutes before seven o'clock, the hour at which work began. As the hour was striking, about a dozen of the two hundred men employed in the establishment passed through the office, each looking surprised at seeing the foreman so early on the spot. From that time up to half past seven the men came dropping in, singly or in groups, the same surprise at the foreman's presence in the office being manifested by each. It was just half past seven o'clock when Burke appeared. The foreman remarked to him, in a quiet way,

"Let me say a word, if you please."

Burke stopped, frowned, and then moved to the desk where the foreman stood. The latter opened a small blank book, and dipped a pen in the inkstand. His manner was easy and altogether self-possessed. As he held the pen, ready to write, he said,

"With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you live?"

"You have nothing to do with that," replied Burke, his face reddening.

"It is thought best to know where the men live," answered the foreman, without the slightest change in tone or manner.

"I regard such a rule as an insult to the men—as an interference with things in which you have no concern. We are not slaves!" The veins swelled into cords along the temples and over the forehead of Burke.

"No insult, nor interference in things about which we have no concern, is intended," calmly returned the foreman. "There is utility in the rule, and it applies to both employers and men."

"It won't apply to me," answered Burke, with angry vehemence.

The foreman shut the little blank book, laid aside his pen, and, without a sign of feeling, turned from the excited workman, who stood for a while, chafing in thought, and then passed on to his place in the shop. He had just left the office when the other man who had refused to give his residence entered. A night's reflection had cooled his excited brain, and when the foreman said to him as he had said to Burke, speaking kindly, yet like one in earnest, "With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you live?" he gave the information desired unhesitatingly, and then, with a certain feeling of respect toward the foreman that was unaccountable to himself, he entered the shop.

"Did that chap ask where you lived as you came through the office?" queried Burke, as his fellow-workman took his place beside him at the bench.

"Yes."

"You didn't tell him?"

"Yes."

"Ho! what a fool!"

"Did he ask you?"

"Yes," answered Burke.

"And you refused to tell?"

"Of course I did! It's none of his business where I live."

"What did he say?"

Burke shrugged his shoulders. Now that was just where the shoe was beginning to pinch. This say-nothing-policy of the new foreman, whom no opposition seemed to move, was beginning to be felt as a mask of hidden power, against some movement of which he might possibly find himself too weak for resistance.

"Oh, he was dumb, of course. What could he say?"

"He might have said—"

"What?" The man had hesitated.

"That you were free to stay or go."

"Let him say it. I don't care! There are other shops in town."

But he did care, and the suggestion sobered him not a little, for he knew that workmen just then were in excess of work, and that so good a place was not likely to be obtained in a long

time. He mouthed it bravely, however, for a while, and then became unusually silent and attentive to his work.

There was a perceptible change in all the shops. The fact that nearly every man had come in behind time, and that the new foreman was aware of it from personal observation, was an uneasy, self-rebuking consciousness in almost every mind, leading to silence and application. Work went on more rapidly than usual. A sphere of order and subordination, new in the establishment, prevailed. After all the men were in their places—the last man being over forty minutes behind time, the foreman took his round through the shops and put himself into closer relation with the workmen. Some repelled him—some manifested indifference—a few were courteous. But he gave no sign of feeling, though all experienced a certain consciousness of power in his presence.

About eleven o'clock word came to Burke that he was wanted in the office. The foreman was there alone, looking very placid. There was no sternness of brow—no evident marshaling of forces for a contest—no apparent disturbance.

"I wished to see you for a few moments," he said, as Burke came in, speaking pleasantly, and almost indifferently, as though the matter in hand were of but slight personal interest, "before referring the subject of which we talked this morning back to the firm. The requirement is theirs, and I understand them to be in earnest. I am as much bound, if I would hold my place, to see it executed as you are to conform to the rule. The law touches us equally. You refused to give the clerk your residence yesterday, and I was instructed to obtain it this morning. As you will perceive, I have been in no haste to report your second refusal; but if you adhere to the stand taken I am without discretion. The fact must be communicated, and then you will have to leave; for it will be thought much better to dispense with the services of one workman, however excellent, than to permit an out-and-out infringement of a rule."

The man blustered, used hard words, demanded explanations touching the new rule, and swaggered about feebly for a time—to all of which the foreman answered nothing. He might as well have beaten the air, for all the reaction obtained. The end was, a complete breaking down on the part of Burke, who, after giving his residence, went back to his work a subdued, and, maybe, a wiser man.

As it was well known throughout the establishment that seven o'clock was the hour when every man was expected to be at his work, the new foreman did not reannounce the rule. He had noticed the surprise shown by almost every man at finding him on the ground when he came, and he preferred waiting to see if punctuality would not follow through every man's self-compulsion. It turned out as he had anticipated. Instead of only a dozen workmen being in the shops at seven, over one hundred were at their places, and by fifteen minutes past sev-

en the last lingerer was on hand. The quiet of the different rooms was even more noticeable on this than on the preceding day; yet no one could have answered clearly, and to his own satisfaction, a question as to the real secret of the new foreman's power over the men, which was so remarkably apparent.

Sometime during the afternoon of this day, Burke, having finished the job in hand, was under the necessity of going to the new foreman, and receiving directions and materials for other work. In giving out the articles to be made, the foreman suggested a different process from the one he had seen used by the journeyman.

"I think my way best," answered Burke. His speech was not very amiable.

"Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," mildly returned the foreman. And then, with particularity, he explained the new method and its advantages, adding, as he closed,

"Be careful in turning the edge, at the joint, inside instead of outside." Indicating by this remark that he expected his process to be strictly followed.

Burke answered neither yea nor nay, though he was trembling inwardly with excitement. The foreman's complete self-possession annoyed him, and he was the more annoyed because conscious of no power to disturb this equable frame by passionate reaction.

Returning to his bench, he sat moodily thoughtful for several minutes before commencing his work. He could not bear to yield this point, which touched his pride as a workman; and then, like most workmen who have become used to certain ways of doing things, all changes are annoying. The worst of the case was a giving up to this new foreman, whom he had threatened to drive out of the establishment in less than a week. Passion never leaves the judgment very clear. In his mental obscurity Burke resolved not to proceed by the new method which the foreman had given, but to continue on in the old way. So he commenced putting the material together. Some two hours passed, and then the foreman stood beside his bench. Not a word was spoken. Burke almost held his breath awaiting a remark. But the foreman moved to the next man and gave some brief directions, then crossed to another part of the shop.

Burke felt uneasy. The old foreman would have spoken out sharply at seeing an order disregarded, and there would have been a stormy altercation, and most probably a triumph on the workman's part. But silence is mysterious, and suggests hidden power. Two or three times during the day the foreman stood at his bench, but made no remark, although the deviations from his orders were apparent at a glance, and Burke knew that he saw them. Six o'clock came, and the workmen dispersed to their homes. The man least satisfied with himself was Burke. Like him, all the rest had felt the presence of a superior influence in the shops silently operating, but only he stood face to face with that power in open resistance. If he could have measured its

capacity; if he could have drawn it out from its intrenchments, and surveyed it upon all sides, he would have felt more assured in himself. But conscious ignorance in this direction gave conscious weakness.

Promptly at seven on the next morning Burke presented himself. He was ten minutes behind time on the previous day. The foreman stood at his desk in the little office. It was remarkable how hugely respect for this individual had grown in the workman's mind.

"Mr. Burke." The voice was kind, but firm. Burke stopped and tried to frown.

"I wish to say a word to you." He came to the desk.

"You are too sensible a man not to know that order and subordination are necessary to the right conduct of any business." The foreman looked steadily into the workman's eyes, but with no intimidating aspect. "In this establishment I have certain duties, and you have certain duties, and on the faithful performance of these its efficiency depends. One thing is certain—I shall do my part; but not in a way to offend or wrong any man. If any is offended it will be through his own assault upon law and order, which is always the superior force, and his assault will harm only himself. You have begun that assault, but it has not hurt or disturbed me in the least, and can not hurt or disturb me, because law and order are all on my side. Now, my friend, it would be easy for me to say, that, in consequence of your deliberate violation of instructions yesterday, you must leave the shop, or, you must throw aside the work done and be charged with the spoiled material, a matter of three or four dollars. And, doubtless, if either decision were laid before your fellow-workmen, for approval or rejection, the verdict would be against you. But I will not deal with you peremptorily. You shall have time for deliberation. Go on and complete this job in your old way, and then consider yourself at full liberty to retire from the shop, or accept me as foreman without reservation. I understand my position entirely. It admits of no controversy with you or any one else in the establishment. If you make controversy, it will be with a just order, to which I, with all the rest, must come under obedience; and I need not tell you that in such a contest you will be beaten."

"I think it most likely," answered Burke, in a frank tone, his whole demeanor changing. "To tell the truth, you're not the man I took you to be. Heretofore we've had the law of push and drive in this shop, and one half of the men sat at their benches with ruffled feathers from morning till night, ready for a set-to with the foreman, and determined to have their own way to the last possible thing. But if we are to have the law of order, why it's give up and come down to it! That's the best kind of law, and irritates no one. So here's my hand to it, and you'll find John Burke always on duty at roll-call!"

And grasping the foreman's hand he shook it warmly, adding,

"If you'd been a different man it might have been worse for me. But, depend on't, I shall never forget your consideration and forbearance to a blind fool who was in the act of throwing himself against a stone wall!"

Burke went to his place, wholly conquered. To the law of force he had always been in open warfare, and the leader of insubordination in the shop; but to the law of order he bowed in complete submission.

Our story gives no striking positions or dramatic climaxes; but to every thoughtful reader it will suggest a most important truth, applicable to all relations in life, where one mind is called to the duty of acting upon and controlling other minds. Order, as we said at the commencement, is an invisible power, to which almost spontaneous obedience is given; while force is sure to create antagonisms. We see this in work-shops, schools, families—every where. If you would proceed harmoniously to your ends first establish order, binding yourself thereby as rigidly as you bind others, and results will come out with an almost unfailing precision. But if you trust to anger and force, alas for the baffling winds that will be forever driving you seaward! The smiling haven of your hopes will never be reached.

THE BOLDERO MURDER.

WE had dined, and were sitting comfortably about under the half-ruined shanty on the top of the mountain.

"Come, Bradley," said Colonel Throop, the story-loving, "tell us some moral, entertaining, and instructive story, before we return to Schem's Head."

"I will," said the young lawyer, absently, and stared away to seaward, as if expecting to find his story in the summer haze that veiled all the further half of the Sound, and obscured even the nearer angular outlines of Falkner's Island. "There's a singularly commanding view," at last he added, "from this spot, in clear weather."

"Go on with your story," said Throop.

"That's what I was considering," said Bradley; "in fact, my observation in part led me to it." And he proceeded:

"You all remember the 'horrid murder' here in North Guilford some years ago? No? It was of two singular old English people, Mr. and Mrs. Boldero: I remember the name, because I fancied he might be the senior partner of the firm of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy, whom Charles Lamb thinks in 'The Superannuated Man.' They lived alone with a niece, on a small, solitary farm in the woods, just over here on the east side of Quinebaug Pond; keeping house in a strange, melancholy way, being known to have and use a considerable quantity of heavy, old-fashioned, English silver plate, but dressing and eating otherwise on a scale parsimonious almost to misery. Their silver, their reserved and almost sour demeanor, and even the slightly greater expense of the

dress of their handsome niece, as well as the lady-like manners of that young person, made the neighbors all believe that they had been people of importance at home, and, in spite of all their frugality here, were immensely rich still, having hoards in the cellar or under the hearth-stone, perhaps.

"There was also an indistinct rumor of a son or nephew of the old man, whom nobody had seen, and indeed nobody knew where the rumor came from, who was said to be a desperate brutal sort of fellow."

"He's the murderer," said Throop.

"Very true," said the lawyer; "but the point is, how he was found out."

"Go on," said Throop.

"Well, all that was known at the time of the murder was that the poor old couple had disappeared. The house was found uninhabited, one pleasant summer morning, by a neighbor, who came on some small country errand of barter or borrowing. Not finding the old lady at any of her usual avocations under the 'back stoop,' or in the kitchen, he knocked, then walked in, searched all the rooms, entering their bedroom, on the ground-floor, last. Here he found the bed-clothes turned down, and the only, but sufficient, signs of the crime—namely, the bed-clothes and bed all saturated with blood. The niece, Miss Selden, was known to have departed on a visit. Searching all over the house and premises, he found elsewhere not so much as a drop of blood nor any traces of the dead, and nothing whatever to notice, except that all the silver was gone.

"This was all, also, that the authorities could ascertain; and, notwithstanding the rigid and persevering search kept up by the people of the neighborhood for some days, these facts remained the sum total of information in the matter.

"It was about two years after this, while I was practicing in New Haven, that the State's Attorney for New Haven County, a leading lawyer there, sent for me to assist him in trying the case of the State *vs.* Yensen; selecting me simply because he knew I needed even the small fees which would be forthcoming, and because he knew my father and myself. His brief business note said nothing of the details; and I was surprised and interested, upon entering his office, to hear that he supposed the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Boldero was this Yensen, as he called himself, and that he had been seized on the premises in North Guilford in the act of digging up the lost silver; having been captured by a North Guilford constable and—to my great surprise—by a certain Charley King. Now King was a classmate of mine at college; had become a lieutenant in the navy; and had, as I knew, just returned from a long voyage in a United States steamer to the Pacific, having been ordered to her from the Coast Survey on account of his skill in hydrography and drawing.

"Yensen had been bound over before a country justice, one of Mr. Boldero's nearest neighbors, on the strength of the presumption from

the occupation in which he was seized. I inquired of the attorney how the two men came to find him there.

"You knew that King was engaged to Miss Selden, didn't you?"

"No, indeed, I never heard of it."

"He was, however, the lawyer said, and had been, as it would appear, lingering about the house, probably in hopes of seeing her; for old Boldero was so queer that he might have been displeased if he had come in. The old gentleman, however, excused himself from giving details, being full of business; and remarking that he should let me manage the case, and that King would undoubtedly communicate with me upon it, he seized some papers and hurried off, telling me that King was at the Tontine, and Yensen at 'the other public house just above'; namely, the jail, which is a few doors north of the old tavern, and also on Church Street, fronting the green.

"Upon inquiring at the Tontine office I found that King had gone to New York, and had left a note for me. This contained a cordial reference to our old friendship, and informed me that he should be in Court on the day appointed for the trial, which would be in ample season. An official order occasioned his departure.

"This was rather puzzling treatment, I thought, for the managing attorney of an important criminal case. How was I to prepare my testimony and to make up my brief? Further consultation with the State's Attorney did not clear up matters; for the old gentleman, I thought, rather put me off, avoiding to give me any information on the plea of urgent employment, and telling me that King was right; for that so far as he (the attorney) understood, the argument could be made *extempore*, and immediately upon the rendering of the testimony, as well as at six months' notice. With this I was perforce content, and waited as well as I could, though little confident in my powers of extemporation.

"The morning of the trial came, however, and I entered the court-room, having been put in communication with the justice who bound over the prisoner, and the constable who helped seize him; having received from my senior the proper formal papers from the justice's court, and being supplied with certain other documents and witnesses to collateral facts; but, to my further surprise, King was not visible. On my saying so to the State's Attorney, he remarked that he supposed not, the morning New York train not arriving quite yet. At ten o'clock the Court entered, and the session was opened with the usual absurd shout by Mr. Sheriff.

"The case was called on and the prisoner arraigned. He looked sufficiently likely to be guilty. A stout-built, bullet-headed, hard-featured, sailorly person, with light hair and eyes, an evil visage, showing signs of much dissipation, and a down look. Upon being put to plead he was arraigned by the name of John Jagger, at which he started perceptibly, and hesitated a

moment, but recovering himself, plead 'Not Guilty' stoutly enough, and in a strong, coarse voice. I was prepared to show, had he disputed it, by witnesses and authenticated copies, that he had, some time before, proved himself, to the satisfaction of the Probate Court of Guilford district, to be John Jagger, the nephew of John Boldero, the deceased; that by that name he had taken out letters of administration with will annexed, over Boldero's estate, alleging that said will (which he presented, all in due form) had been placed by Boldero in the custody of himself as intended heir (which was, no doubt, true); and had in course of law received possession of all the property of Boldero, which he had sold, and had with the proceeds bought a small sea-side farm near New London, where he had since lived; but had there passed himself off as Hans Yensen, a German by birth, who had earned his money in whaling.

"I now introduced the constable, who proved merely the facts of the arrest—viz., that King had come to his house and advised him that he had good cause to suspect a certain man of having murdered Mr. and Mrs. Boldero, and that he would be about the place that night to dig up some of his booty, and could be taken. As a good reward was offered the officer readily undertook the job; they lay in wait near one corner of the wood-yard at a place selected by King, and seized the prisoner after he had come, as they were expecting, had dug a deep hole close to one of the fence-posts, and had taken from it a large quantity of silver, which was present in Court, as the justice had sealed it up. Upon their seizing him he was at first frightened, then fought furiously, and only submitted at sight of a revolver which King presented to him. He had not either then or afterward made any statement whatever, relative to himself or the silver, so far as the officer knew.

"Upon opening the trunk of plate, a large quantity of pieces, of old-fashioned pattern and heavy make, were shown to the Court and jury; very black with their exposure, but having on each piece the name at length of John Boldero and a coat of arms.

"While the silver was under inspection, King not having made his appearance, I rose, and, with some embarrassment of feelings if not in appearance, requested of the Court a short stay of proceedings, on the ground that an important witness was absent.

"'What witness, Mr. Bradley?' blandly inquired the gray-haired Judge.

"'Lieutenant Charles King,' I answered, 'who assisted in apprehending the prisoner.'

"'What do you expect to prove, Mr. Bradley?' rejoined the Judge, 'by Mr. King, further than the testimony of the arresting officer?'

"I really could not tell, and was somewhat puzzled; which fact was observed by the attorney for the defense—a sharp, unscrupulous old fellow, renowned for defending 'horse cases' and criminal prosecutions, for jokes and vulgar stories to the jury, quirks and quibbles, and any thing else

except convincing logic, fair practice, or moral power—and he at once sprung up and commenced an impassioned appeal to the Court against the slightest delay; stating that the defense were ready and anxious to go on, and that not a moment's delay should be granted for a fellow who, it could be probably shown, was seeking the blood of an innocent fellow-being for the sake of gain.

"Incensed at this dirty aspersion upon King, I was, not very wisely, about threatening Counselor Yapman—such was his name—with a little slander suit, when my senior interrupted me with, 'Hold up, William; here's your man!'

"He came, dusty with his ride, and with a large parcel or two under his arm, having driven straight from the cars to the court-room. I beckoned to him, and nodded to the sheriff; the officer vociferated, 'Charles King!' and the tardy witness, a well-made, strong-built, straight young man, with a close, dark auburn beard and mustache which he had cultivated since I had seen him, took his place on the stand, one side of the space before the Judge's chair, and not very far from either that dignitary, the jury, or the dock where the sullen prisoner sat ironed, for he had been obstinately and dangerously violent, close under the wing of the burly sheriff.

"'Now, Mr. King,' I said, 'will you be good enough to tell the Court what you know of the prisoner, and of the transactions in which he is implicated?'

"What he said, in answer to my request, was very nearly as follows:

"'I returned from a long cruise about six weeks ago, having heard nothing from home for a long time. Upon my return I went at once to Mr. Boldero's house, and then for the first time heard of the murder of himself and wife, and of Jagger's succession to the property and transfer of it. The occupants could tell me nothing of Miss Selden; and I therefore made inquiries of a Mr. Bulpin, an old justice of the peace, Mr. Boldero's nearest neighbor, and perhaps his most intimate acquaintance. Justice Bulpin informed me of Miss Selden's whereabouts; and also placed in my hands a will, of which the prosecution have an authenticated copy, and which is of later date than that under which Jagger claimed. This will revoked all former wills, and left all the real and personal property, subject to Mrs. Boldero's life interest, to Miss Selden. I was shortly afterward married to her, having been engaged to her some time; and at once brought a suit against Jagger for the value of the property which is still pending. I had occasion to meet him in New London on business connected with this suit, and on that occasion it was that a circumstance occurred which caused me to recognize the prisoner as guilty of the murder—'

"'What was that circumstance?' sharply asked Mr. Yapman, as King paused and looked keenly at the prisoner. Jagger looked up sullenly and defiantly, yet with a certain expression

of curiosity, at him for a moment, and then down again, in silence.

“‘The witness will be in your hands immediately, brother Yapman,’ interrupted the State’s Attorney, ‘let him tell his own story.’

“Yapman would have insisted, but the Judge silenced him, and King resumed :

“‘We came to no agreement about the suit; but my suspicions were much excited by Jagger’s behavior, and I employed an officer to watch him, who soon brought me word that he had overheard Jagger making certain arrangements with a companion, and upon a given night was intending to dig up certain silver to sell it, and to leave the country, for the reason that he believed he should lose the suit against him. A certain other circumstance, which I will mention immediately, caused me to believe that I knew where this silver would be dug, and by lying in wait at the place accordingly I secured him with it in his possession.

“‘I now proceed,’ continued King, ‘to narrate the circumstances of which I was an eye-witness, which will explain the references which I have twice made thus far to circumstances which caused me to recognize the prisoner.’

“As he said this, the witness, who had hitherto been addressing himself to the Judge, turned himself so as to look directly toward the prisoner; and his voice changed, and he spoke with a deliberate solemnity and a tone of pity and sorrow which showed that he felt himself to be breathing away the life of a man. I unconsciously turned in like manner from the speaker to the prisoner, and so, I think, did every person in the court-room.

“‘On this 30th of June,’ said King, ‘in the year 184-, between the hours of half past four and five, John Jagger—’

“King stopped a moment, struck by the fearful sudden look toward him of the prisoner; and the pale, sickened terror of his face, as his jaw dropped and he stared at the witness, appalled at this quiet fixing almost of the very moment of his crime, did not, I think, leave either jury-man or spectator a shadow of doubt that the murderer was before him: and a smothered sound that was almost a groan arose from all of us. The gray-haired Judge, his kindly voice trembling with emotion, said,

“‘Mr. King, the Court is not in doubt of your sense of your responsibility; yet it thinks it its duty to admonish you that you are now to say what *may* dispose of the present and the future of a human soul.’

“I am not sure that those words should have been said: yet so profoundly awake were we all to the unconscious silent confession, I might almost call it, of the criminal, as if it had made the very air of the quiet old court-room suddenly heavy with revelations of guilt and death, that no sense of impropriety occurred to us; and King, merely bowing silently, but turning again to the prisoner, proceeded; and Jagger, at the bar, still gazed with that horrible fear upon his face, as if within the sphere of a fatal magnetism.

“‘Between the hours of half past four and five, John Jagger came from the back door of Mr. Boldero’s house, went a dozen steps into the back-yard, turned about, and shook his right hand at the house with a peculiar and characteristic gesture of angry passion. After a moment or two he deliberately took two sacks from a repository under the shed, and entered the house with them. He shortly came out again, having upon his shoulder the body of Mr. Boldero in one of the sacks, and this he carried through the yard, through the woods between the house and the pond, and placed it in Mr. Boldero’s skiff, which was made fast to a tree. Then he returned, and in like manner disposed of the body of Mrs. Boldero. Then he cast off the boat, took one of the oars, and, standing up, sculled out into the pond to a point about a third of the way across, where he sank the bodies, and then returned. As he stood up in the boat to return, he made use of the same gesture of anger or excited passion. He made the boat fast at the tree, returned to the house, entered it, shortly came out with the silver in his hand, proceeded to a corner of the wood-yard, dug a deep hole close to and under one of the posts, and there concealed the silver, smoothing the ground over, and leaving it covered with rubbish, as it was before. And then he passed round the house, and went away down the road.

“‘Mr. Boldero had two prominent front teeth, fellows, and with a gold filling on the inside of each, corresponding with that in the other. He had once fractured his collar-bone, and, having been unskillfully set, the portions had grown together so as to leave a large projection at the point of juncture. And he had lost all but half of the lowest joint of his right middle finger.’

“Hastily breaking the string from a parcel, King took from it a human skull, a radius and ulna with the bones of the hand attached, and a collar-bone, and held them up. Then handing them from the witness-box to the foreman of the jury, he continued :

“‘These are the bones of Mr. Boldero. I recovered them myself from Quinebaug Pond, still in the strong linen sacks, which were of English make, such as he always used. The rest of his remains, and those of his wife, are decently buried.’

“This strange and sudden display of the mortal remains of his relative and victim had an effect upon the coarse, materialized mind of the murderer which, perhaps, no circumstantiality of parole testimony could have produced. He stared upon the worn and fleshless bones for a moment, still with the same horrible, white, terror-stricken face. All at once he caught for breath, and groaned aloud; and then, dropping his head upon the rail before him, he cried out, ‘Lord have mercy upon me!’ And so he remained, bent down, trembling, and silent, until the adjournment of the court.

“When the jurymen had each inspected the reliques of mortality which King had given them, he handed them up to the Judge, and continued :

“ ‘ It was the gesture which I had twice seen Jagger make use of on the morning of the murder which caused me to recognize him as the criminal. When I saw him at New London he flew into a passion, and at our parting made use of the same. This, in connection with the general strangeness of his manner, caused me to have him watched, and my taking him with the silver completed my conviction.

“ ‘ I shall now describe the means by which I became an eye-witness of the facts I have mentioned: At the time of the murder I had been a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Boldero, where my present wife was living. A day or two before that time I had received orders to join the steamer with which I have lately returned, and had left Miss Selden, who was also on the point of leaving home for a visit of some length to some friends at the eastward. Being uncertain whether she was yet gone, and being too much employed in completing some computations and drawings connected with the United States Coast Survey to go to the house again, I was that morning watching it, to see her again, knowing her departure would be at a very early hour.

“ ‘ One of the main points in the triangulation of the coast of Connecticut was upon the summit of the steep and bold mountain called Toket, and sometimes Bluff Head, which rises immediately from the western edge of Quinebaug Pond. I had been encamped there for some time, and—as I had often done before—I was looking across the pond with a telescope at Mr. Boldero’s house. It was by means of this instrument that I observed all the movements of Jagger. At the time I took him to be Mr. Boldero himself, for his figure is much the same, although he wore a red shirt, which I had never seen Mr. Boldero do. For this reason my suspicions were not then excited; and though I thought his proceedings a little uncommon, my mind was much preoccupied with my work, the cruise upon which I was ordered, and the lady whom I was wishing to see—and I knew him to be a singular man. I therefore supposed that he was merely adjusting the fence in the corner; and as I knew that Mr. Boldero was in the habit of carrying corn in his skiff to the mill at the outlet of the pond, I at first supposed that to be his errand, and afterward took it for granted that he had chosen to dispose of some waste material or other by sinking it in the pond.’

“ Such was the testimony of King; and here the prosecution rested. Mr. Yapman cross-examined him with no effect; and after a mere brief summary of the proof on my part, and a singularly feeble answer from him, the case went to the jury, who, after fifteen minutes’ deliberation, brought in their verdict, as every one expected, of ‘ Guilty of murder in the first degree.’

“ I ought to give you a collateral item or two, to fill out some details.. The old justice, Bulpin, had retained Boldero’s will, without even mentioning its existence, during all Jagger’s proceedings under the previous one, in accordance with a strict construction of the old gentleman’s instructions to him at placing it in his charge.

“ The neighbors, in their search for the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Boldero, would have found them had they dragged the pond. But this does not seem to have occurred to them, as there is an ancient and received tradition in the vicinity that a certain large area of it, lying opposite the mountain, is unfathomable—an account, by-the-way, which is almost invariably current, and religiously believed, near any rustic lakelet. They say the same of the Black Pond, in Middlefield; of the little lake on the summit of Talcott Mountain, west of Hartford.

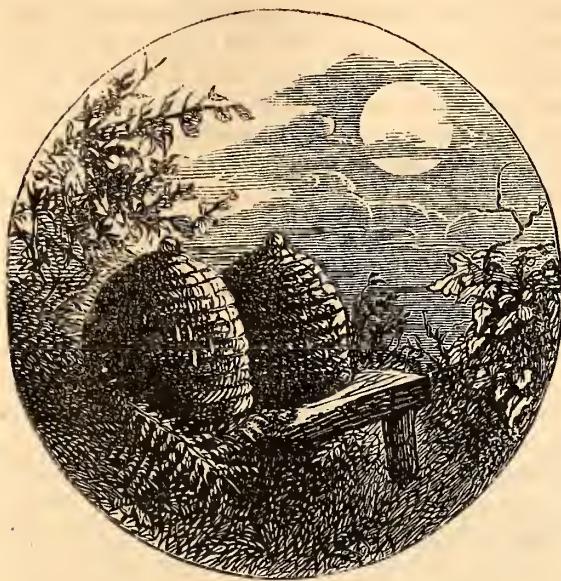
“ It appeared afterward that quite an elaborate scheme of defense had been concocted by Jagger or his counsel, which, however, was rendered useless by the unexpected and overwhelming directness of King’s testimony, and by the effect of it and of the bones so suddenly exhibited upon the prisoner. This defense was to have consisted mainly in the testimony of a fellow who was to have sworn to having been informed of the place where the silver was buried, while at sea, by a sailor, who died, and who was to have been made out the murderer.”

Thus ended the lawyer’s story. “ Now,” said he, rising, “ come this way, and see how plainly we can see the farm.” We followed him to a point at the eastern brow of the mountain, where it falls, in one steep slope, down to the very water’s edge of the deep pond, and looked where he pointed. The farm lay apparently within a stone’s-throw—a lonely, square clearing; a faint smoke rising from one chimney; and all around it the thick woods, dark green with the latter summer, spread silently out for miles. Not another house was in sight all along that side of the long, silent sheet of deep, black water.

“ The place is very lonely,” he added. “ On any ordinary computation of chances it was perfectly safe to go and murder two old people there early in the morning. Jagger had come in from sea, and only waited about until he found that the old couple were alone. He knew nothing of the Coast Survey operations there. He was justified, mathematically speaking, in believing himself quite unseen. This side of the pond is still more lonely than that. No human being could have reckoned upon the presence of a detective hidden at this distance, and upon this lofty, solitary spot, and armed with such an effectual auxiliary.”

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

DESCRIBES A SITUATION INTERESTING BUT NOT UNEXPECTED.

ONLY very willful and silly children cry after the moon. Sensible people who have shed their sweet tooth can't be expected to be very much interested about honey. We may hope Mr. and Mrs. Philip Firmin enjoyed a pleasant wedding tour and that sort of thing: but as for chronicling its delights or adventures, Miss Sowerby and I vote that the task is altogether needless and immoral. Young people are already much too sentimental, and inclined to idle, maudlin reading. Life is earnest, Miss Sowerby remarks (with a strong inclination to spell "earnest" with a large E). Life is labor. Life is duty. Life is rent. Life is taxes. Life brings its ills, bills, doctor's pills. Life is not a mere calendar of honey and moonshine. Very good. But without love, Miss Sowerby, life is just death, and I know, my dear, you would no more care to go on with it than with a new chapter of—of our dear friend —'s* new story.

Between ourselves, Philip's humor is not much more lightsome than that of the ingenious contemporary above named; but if it served to amuse Philip himself, why balk him of a little sport? Well, then: he wrote us a great ream of lumbering pleasantries, dated Paris, Thursday. Geneva, Saturday. Summit of Mont Blanc, Monday. Timbuctoo, Wednesday. Pekin, Friday—with facetious descriptions of those spots and cities. He said that in the last-named place, Charlotte's shoes being worn out, those which she purchased were rather tight for her, and the high heels annoyed her. He stated that the beef at Timbuctoo was not cooked enough for Charlotte's taste, and that the Emperor's at-

tentions were becoming rather marked, and so forth; whereas poor little Char's simple postscripts mentioned no traveling at all, but averred that they were staying at Saint Germain, and as happy as the day was long. As happy as the day was long? As it was short, alas! Their little purse was very slenderly furnished; and in a very, very brief holiday poor Philip's few Napoléons had almost all rolled away. Luckily, it was pay-day when the young people came back to London. They were almost reduced to the Little Sister's wedding present: and surely they would rather work than purchase a few hours' more ease with that poor widow's mite.

Who talked and was afraid of poverty? Philip, with his two newspapers, averred that he had enough; more than enough; could save; could put by. It was at this time that Ridley, the Academician, painted that sweet picture, No. 1976—of course you remember it—"Portrait of a Lady." He became romantically attached to the second-floor lodger; would have no noisy parties in his rooms, or smoking, lest it should annoy her. Would Mrs. Firmin desire to give entertainments of her own? His studio and sitting-room were at her orders. He fetched and carried. He brought presents, and theatre-boxes, and would have cut off his head had she demanded, and laid it at the little bride's feet, so tenderly did he regard her. And she gave him back in return for all this romantic adoration a condescending shake of a soft little hand, and a kind look from a pair of soft eyes, with which the painter was fain to be content. Low of stature and of misshapen form, J. J. thought himself naturally outcast from marriage and love, and looked in with longing eyes at the paradise which he was forbidden to enter. And Mr. Philip sat within this Palace of Delight, and lolled at his ease, and took his pleasure, and Charlotte ministered to him. And once in a way my lord sent out a crumb of kindness, or a little cup of comfort, to the outcast at the gate, who blessed his benefactress, and my lord his benefactor, and was thankful. Charlotte had not two-pence; but she had a little court. It was the fashion for Philip's friends to come and bow before her. Very fine gentlemen who had known him at college, and forgot him, or, sooth to say, thought him rough and overbearing, now suddenly remembered him, and his young wife had quite fashionable assemblies at her five o'clock tea-table. All men liked her, and Miss Sowerby of course says Mrs. Firmin was a good-natured, quite harmless little woman, rather pretty, and—you know, my dear—such as men like. Look you, if I like cold veal, dear Sowerby, it is that my tastes are simple. A fine tough old dry camel, no doubt, is a much nobler and more sagacious animal—and perhaps you think a double hump is quite a delicacy.

* The Author of "Philip" is absent from town, and the name of his dear friend and ingenious contemporary is quite illegible in the MS.—PRINTER.

Yes: Mrs. Philip was a success. She had scarce any female friends as yet, being too poor to go into the world; but she had Mrs. Penden-
nis, and dear little Mrs. Brandon, and Mrs. Mug-
ford, whose celebrated trap repeatedly brought delicacies for the bride from Hampstead, whose chaise was once or twice a week at Philip's door, and who was very much exercised and impressed by the fine company whom she met in Mrs. Fir-
min's apartments. "Lord Thingambury's eard! what next, Brandon, upon my word? Lady Slowby at home? well, I never, Mrs. B.!" In such artless phrases Mrs. Mugford would express her admiration and astonishment during the early time, and when Charlotte still retained the good lady's favor. That a state of things far less agreeable ensued I must own. But though there is ever so small a cloud in the sky even now, let us not heed it for a while, and bask and be content and happy in the sunshine. "Oh, Laura, I tremble when I think how happy I am!" was our little bird's perpetual warble. "How did I live when I was at home with mamma?" she would say. "Do you know that Philip never even scolds me? If he were to say a rough word I think I should die; whereas mamma was barking, barking from morning till night, and I didn't care a pin." This is what comes of injudicious scolding, as of any other drug. The wholesome medicine loses its effect. The inured patient calmly takes a dose that would frighten or kill a stranger. Poor Mrs. Baynes's crossed letters came still, and I am not prepared to pledge my word that Charlotte read them all. Mrs. B. offered to come and superintend and take care of dear Philip when an interesting event should take place. But Mrs. Brandon was already engaged for this important occasion, and Charlotte became so alarmed lest her mother should invade her, that Philip wrote curtly, and positively forbade Mrs. Baynes. You remember the picture, "A Cradle," by J. J.? the two little rosy feet brought I don't know how many hundred guineas apiece to Mr. Ridley. The mother herself did not study babydom more fondly and devotedly than Ridley did in the ways, looks, features, anatomies, attitudes, baby-clothes, etc., of this first-born infant of Charlotte and Philip Firmin. My wife is very angry because I have forgotten whether the first of the young Firmin brood was a boy or a girl, and says I shall forget the names of my own children next. Well? At this distance of time I *think* it was a boy—for their boy is very tall, you know—a great deal taller—*Not* a boy? Then, between ourselves, I have no doubt it was a—"A goose," says the lady, which is not even reasonable.

This is certain, we all thought the young mother looked very pretty, with her pink cheeks and beaming eyes, as she bent over the little infant. J. J. says he thinks there is something *heavenly* in the looks of young mothers at that time. Nay, he goes so far as to declare that a tigress at the Zoological Gardens looks beautiful and gentle as she bends her black nozzle over her

cubs. And if a tigress, why not Mrs. Philip? O ye powers of sentiment, in what a state J. J. was about this young woman! There is a brightness in a young mother's eye: there are pearl and rose tints on her cheek, which are sure to fascinate a painter. This artist used to hang about Mrs. Brandon's rooms till it was droll to see him. I believe he took off his shoes in his own studio, so as not to disturb by his creaking the lady overhead. He purchased the most preposterous mug, and other presents for the infant. Philip went out to his club or his newspaper as he was ordered to do. But Mr. J. J. could not be got away from Thornhaugh Street, so that little Mrs. Brandon laughed at him—absolutely laughed at him.

During all this while Philip and his wife continued in the very greatest favor with Mr. and Mrs. Mugford, and were invited by that worthy couple to go with their infant to Mugford's villa at Hampstead, where a change of air might do good to dear baby and dear mamma. Philip went to this village retreat. Streets and terraces now cover over the house and grounds which worthy Mugford inhabited, and which people say he used to call his Russian Irby. He had amassed in a small space a heap of country pleasures. He had a little garden, a little paddock, a little green-house, a little cucumber-frame, a little stable for his little trap, a little Guernsey cow, a little dairy, a little pig-sty—and with this little treasure the good man was not a little content. He loved and praised every thing that was his. No man admired his own port more than Mugford, or paid more compliments to his own butter and home-baked bread. He enjoyed his own happiness. He appreciated his own worth. He loved to talk of the days when he was a poor boy on London streets, and now—"now try that glass of port, my boy, and say whether the Lord Mayor has got any better," he would say, winking at his glass and his company. To be virtuous, to be lucky, and constantly to think and own that you are so—is not this true happiness? To sing hymns in praise of himself is a charming amusement—at least to the performer; and any body who dined at Mugford's table was pretty sure to hear some of this music after dinner. I am sorry to say Philip did not care for this trumpet-blowing. He was frightfully bored at Haverstock Hill; and when bored, Mr. Philip is not altogether an agreeable companion. He will yawn in a man's face. He will contradict you freely. He will say the mutton is tough, or the wine not fit to drink; that such and such an orator is overrated, and such and such a politician is a fool. Mugford and his guest had battles after dinner, had actually high words. "What-ever is it, Mugford? and what were you two quarreling about in the dining-room?" asks Mrs. Mugford. "Quarreling? it's only the sub-editor snoring," said the gentleman, with a flushed face. "My wine ain't good enough for him; and now my gentleman must put his boots upon a chair and go to sleep under my nose.



MUGFORD'S FAVORITE.

He is a cool hand, and no mistake, Mrs. M." At this juncture poor little Char would gently glide down from a visit to her baby, and would play something on the piano, and soothe the rising anger; and thus Philip would come in

from a little walk in the shrubberies, where he had been blowing a little cloud. Ah! there was a little cloud rising indeed—quite a little one—nay, not so little. When you consider that Philip's bread depended on the good-will of

these people, you will allow that his friends might be anxious regarding the future. A word from Mugford, and Philip and Charlotte and the child were adrift on the world. And these points Mr. Firmin would freely admit, while he stood discoursing of his own affairs (as he loved to do), his hands in his pockets, and his back warming at our fire.

"My dear fellow," says the candid bridegroom, "these things are constantly in my head. I used to talk about 'em to Char, but I don't now. They disturb her, the poor thing; and she clutches hold of the baby; and—and it tears my heart out to think that any grief should come to her. I try and do my best, my good people—but when I'm bored I can't help showing I'm bored, don't you see? I can't be a hypocrite. No, not for two hundred a year, or for twenty thousand. You can't make a silk purse out of that sow's-ear of a Mugford. A very good man. I don't say no. A good father, a good husband, a generous host, and a most tremendous bore and cad. Be agreeable to him? How can I be agreeable when I am being killed? He has a story about Leigh Hunt being put into Newgate, where Mugford, bringing him proofs, saw Lord Byron. I can not keep awake during that story any longer: or, if awake, I grind my teeth, and swear iuwardly, so that I know I'm dreadful to hear and see. Well, Mugford has yellow satin sofas in the 'droaring-room.'"

"Oh, Philip!" says a lady; and two or three circumjacent children set up an insane giggle, which is speedily and sternly silenced.

"I tell you she calls it 'droaring-room.' You know she does, as well as I do. She is a good woman: a kind woman: a hot-tempered woman. I hear her scolding the servants in the kitchen with immense vehemence and at prodigious length. But how can Char frankly be the friend of a woman who calls a drawing-room a droaring-room? With our dear little friend in Thornhaugh Street it is different. She makes no pretense even at equality. Here is a patron and patroness, don't you see? When Mugford walks me round his paddock and gardens, and says, 'Look year, Firmin;' or scratches one of his pigs on the back, and says, 'We'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday'"—(explosive attempts at insubordination and derision on the part of the children again are severely checked by the parental authorities)—"we'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday," I felt inclined to throw him or myself into the trough over the palings. Do you know that that man put that hand into his pocket and offered me some filberts?"

Here I own the lady to whom Philip was addressing himself turned pale and shuddered.

"I can no more be that man's friend *que celui du domestique qui vient d'apporter le what-d'you-call'em? le coal-scuttle*"—(John entered the room with that useful article during Philip's oration—and we allowed the elder children to laugh this time, for the fact is, none of us knew the French for coal-scuttle, and I will wager there is no such word in Chambaud). "This

holding back is not arrogance," Philip went on. "This reticence is not want of humility. To serve that man honestly is one thing; to make friends with him, to laugh at his dull jokes, is to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, is subserviency and hypocrisy on my part. I ought to say to him, Mr. Mugford, I will give you my work for your wage; I will compile your paper, I will produce an agreeable miscellany containing proper proportions of news, politics, and scandal, put titles to your paragraphs, see the *Pall Mall Gazette* ship-shape through the press, and go home to my wife and dinner. You are my employer, but you are not my friend, and— Bless my soul! there is five o'clock striking!" (The time-piece in our drawing-room gave that announcement as he was speaking.) "We have what Mugford calls a white-choker dinner to-day, in honor of the pig!" And with this Philip plunges out of the house, and I hope reached Hampstead in time for the entertainment.

Philip's friends in Westminster felt no little doubt about his prospects, and the Little Sister shared their alarm. "They are not fit to be with those folks," Mrs. Brandon said, "though as for Mrs. Philip, dear thing, I am sure nobody can ever quarrel with *her*. With me it's different. I never had no education, you know—no more than the Mugfords; but I don't like to see my Philip sittin' down as if he was the guest and equal of that fellar." Nor indeed did it ever enter "that fellow's" head that Mr. Robert Mugford could be Mr. Philip Firmin's equal. With our knowledge of the two men, then, we all dismally looked forward to a rupture between Firmin and his patron.

As for the New York journal, we were more easy in respect to Philip's success in that quarter. Several of his friends made a vow to help him. We clubbed club-stories; we begged from our polite friends anecdotes (that would bear sea-transport) of the fashionable world. We happened to overhear the most remarkable conversations between the most influential public characters, who had no secrets from us. We had astonishing intelligence at most European courts; exclusive reports of the Emperor of Russia's last joke—his last? his next, very likely. We knew the most secret designs of the Austrian Privy Council; the views which the Pope had in his eye; who was the latest favorite of the Grand Turk, and so on. The Upper Ten Thousand at New York were supplied with a quantity of information which I trust profited them. It was "Palmerston remarked yesterday at dinner," or "The good old Duke said last night at Apsley House to the French Ambassador," and the rest. The letters were signed "Philalethes;" and, as nobody was wounded by the shafts of our long bow, I trust Mr. Philip and his friends may be pardoned for twanging it. By information procured from learned female personages, we even managed to give accounts, more or less correct, of the latest ladies' fashions. We were members of all the clubs; we were present at the

routs and assemblies of the political leaders of both sides. We had little doubt that Philalethes would be successful at New York, and looked forward to an increased payment for his labors. At the end of the first year of Philip Firmin's married life we made a calculation by which it was clear that he had actually saved money. His expenses, to be sure, were increased. There was a baby in the nursery; but there was a little bag of sovereigns in the cupboard, and the thrifty young fellow hoped to add still more to his store.

We were relieved at finding that Firmin and his wife were not invited to repeat their visit to their employer's house at Hampstead. An occasional invitation to dinner was still sent to the young people; but Mugford, a haughty man in his way, with a proper spirit of his own, had the good sense to see that much intimacy could not arise between him and his sub-editor, and magnanimously declined to be angry at the young fellow's easy superciliousness. I think that indefatigable Little Sister was the peacock-maker between the houses of Mugford and Firmin junior, and that she kept both Philip and his master on their good behavior. At all events, and when a quarrel did arise between them, I grieve to have to own it was poor Philip who was in the wrong.

You know in the old, old days the young king and queen never gave any christening entertainment without neglecting to invite some old fairy, who was furious at the omission. I am sorry to say Charlotte's mother was so angry at not being appointed godmother to the new baby, that she omitted to make her little quarterly payment of £12 10s.; and has altogether discontinued that payment from that remote period up to the present time; so that Philip says his wife has brought him a fortune of £45, paid in four installments. There was the first quarter paid when the old lady "would not be beholden to a man like him." Then there came a second quarter; and then—but I dare say I shall be able to tell when and how Philip's mamma-in-law paid the rest of her poor little daughter's fortune.

Well, Regent's Park is a fine healthy place for infantine diversion, and I don't think Philip at all demeaned himself in walking there with his wife, her little maid, and his baby on his arm. "He is as rude as a bear, and his manners are dreadful; but he has a good heart, that I will say for him," Mugford said to me. In his drive from London to Hampstead Mugford once or twice met the little family group, of which his sub-editor formed the principal figure; and for the sake of Philip's young wife and child Mr. M pardoned the young man's vulgarity, and treated him with long-suffering.

Poor as he was, this was his happiest time, my friend is disposed to think. A young child, a young wife, whose whole life was a tender caress of love for child and husband, a young husband watching both:—I recall the group, as we used often to see it in those days, and see a something sacred in the homely figures. On

the wife's bright face what a radiant happiness there is, and what a rapturous smile! Over the sleeping infant and the happy mother the father looks with pride and thanks in his eyes. Happiness and gratitude fill his simple heart, and prayer involuntary to the Giver of good, that he may have strength to do his duty as father, husband; that he may be enabled to keep want and care from those dear innocent beings; that he may defend them, befriend them, leave them a good name. I am bound to say that Philip became thrifty and saving for the sake of Char and the child; that he came home early of nights; that he thought his child a wonder; that he never tired of speaking about that infant in our house—about its fatness, its strength, its weight, its wonderful early talents and humor. He felt himself a man now for the first time, he said. Life had been play and folly until now. And now especially he regretted that he had been idle, and had neglected his opportunities as a lad. Had he studied for the bar, he might have made that profession now profitable, and a source of honor and competence to his family. Our friend estimated his own powers very humbly; and I am sure he was not the less amiable on account of that humility. O fortunate he, of whom Love is the teacher, the guide and master, the reformer and chastener! Where was our friend's former arrogance, self-confidence, and boisterous profusion? He was at the feet of his wife and child. He was quite humbled about himself; or gratified himself in fondling and caressing these. They taught him, he said; and, as he thought of them, his heart turned in awful thanks to the gracious Heaven which had given them to him. As the tiny infant hand closes round his fingers, I can see the father bending over mother and child, and interpret those maybe unspoken blessings which he asks and bestows. Happy wife, happy husband! However poor his little home may be, it holds treasures and wealth inestimable; whatever storms may threaten without, the home fireside is brightened with the welcome of the dearest eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH I OWN THAT PHILIP TELLS AN UNTRUTH.

CHARLOTTE (and the usual little procession of nurse, baby, etc.) once made their appearance at our house in Queen Square, where they were ever welcome by the lady of the mansion. The young woman was in a great state of elation, and when we came to hear the cause of her delight, her friends too opened the eyes of wonder. She actually announced that Dr. Firmin had sent over a bill of forty pounds (I may be incorrect as to the sum) from New York. It had arrived that morning, and she had seen the bill, and Philip had told her that his father had sent it; and was it not a comfort to think that poor Doctor Firmin was endeavoring to repair some of the evil which he had done; and that



he was repenting, and perhaps was going to become quite honest and good? This was indeed an astounding piece of intelligence: and the two women felt joy at the thought of that sinner repenting; and some one else was accused of cynicism, skepticism, and so forth, for doubting the correctness of the information. "You believe in no one, Sir. You are always incredulous about good," etc., etc., etc., was the accusation brought against the reader's very humble servant. Well, about the contrition of this sinner, I confess I still continued to have doubts; and thought a present of forty pounds to a son, to whom he owed thousands, was no great proof of the doctor's amendment.

And oh! how vexed some people were when the real story came out at last! Not for the money's sake; not because they were wrong in argument, and I turned out to be right. Oh, no! But because it was proved that this unhappy doctor had no present intention of repenting at all. This brand would not come out of the burning, whatever we might hope; and the doctor's supporters were obliged to admit as much when they came to know the real story. "Oh, Philip," cries Mrs. Laura, when next she saw Mr. Firmin, "how pleased I was to hear of that letter!"

"That letter?" asks the gentleman.

"That letter from your father at New York," says the lady.

"Oh," says the gentleman addressed, with a red face.

"What then? Is it not—is it not all true?" we ask.

"Poor Charlotte does not understand about business," says Philip; "I did not read the letter to her. Here it is." And he hands over the document to me, and I have the liberty to publish it:

"NEW YORK, ——.

"And so, my dear Philip, I may congratulate myself on having achieved *ancestral* honor, and may add grandfather to my titles? How quickly this one has come! I feel myself a young man still, *in spite of the blows of misfortune*—at least, I know I was a young man but yesterday, when I may say with our dear old poet, *Non sine*

gloria militavi. Suppose I too were to tire of solitary widowhood and re-enter the married state? There are one or two ladies here who would still condescend to look not unfavorably on the retired *English* gentleman. Without vanity I may say it, a man of birth and position in England acquires a polish and refinement of manner which dollars can not purchase, and many a *Wall Street Millionary* might envy!

"Your wife has been pronounced to be an angel by a *little correspondent* of mine, who gives me much fuller intelligence of my family than my son condescends to furnish. Mrs. Philip, I hear, is gentle; Mrs. Brandon says she is beautiful—she is all good-humored. I hope you have taught her to think not *very* badly of her husband's father? I was the dupe of villains who lured me into their schemes; who robbed me of a life's earnings; who induced me, by their *false representations*, to have such confidence in them that I embarked all my own property, and yours, my poor boy, alas! in their undertakings. Your Charlotte will take the liberal, the wise, the *just* view of the case, and pity rather than blame my misfortune. Such is the view, I am happy to say, generally adopted in this city, where there are men of the world who know the vicissitudes of a mercantile career, and can make allowances for misfortune! What made Rome at first great and prosperous? Were its first colonists all wealthy patricians? Nothing can be more satisfactory than the disregard shown here to *mere pecuniary difficulty*. At the same time to be a gentleman is to possess no trifling privilege in this society, where the advantages of birth, respected name, and early education *always* tell in the possessor's favor. Many persons whom I visit here have certainly not these advantages; and in the highest society of the city I could point out individuals who have had pecuniary misfortunes like myself, who have gallantly renewed the combat after their fall, and are now *fully* restored to competence, to wealth, and the respect of the world! I was in a house in Fifth Avenue last night. Is Washington White shunned by his fellow-men because he has been a bankrupt three times? Any thing more elegant or profuse than his entertainment I have not witnessed on this continent. His lady had diamonds which a duchess might envy. The most costly wines, the most magnificent supper, and myriads of canvas-backed ducks covered his board. Dear Charlotte, my friend Captain Colpoys brings you over three brace of these from your father-in-law, who hopes they will furnish your little dinner-table! We eat currant jelly with them here, but I like an old English lemon and *cayenne sauce* better.

"By-the-way, dear Philip, I trust you will not be inconvenienced by a little financial operation, which necessity (alas!) has compelled me to perform. Knowing that your quarter with the *Upper Ten Thousand Gazette* was now due, I have made so bold as to request Colonel —— to pay it over to me. Promises to pay must be met here as with us—an obdurate holder of an unlucky acceptance of mine (I am happy to say there are very few such) would admit of *no delay*, and I have been compelled to appropriate my poor Philip's earnings. I have only put you off for ninety days: with your credit and wealthy friends you can *easily negotiate the bill inclosed*, and I *promise you* that when presented it shall be honored by my Philip's ever affectionate father,

G. B. F.

"By-the-way, your Philalethes' letters are not *quite spicy* enough, my worthy friend the colonel says. They are *elegant and gay*, but the public here desires to have *more personal news*; a *little scandal about Queen Elizabeth*, you understand? Can't you attack somebody? Look at the letters and articles published by my respected friend of the *New York Emerald*! The readers here like a *high-spiced article*: and I recommend P. F. to put a little more pepper in his dishes. What a comfort to me it is to think that I have procured this place for you, and have been enabled to help my son and his young family!

"G. B. F."

Inclosed in this letter was a slip of paper which poor Philip supposed to be a check when he first beheld it, but which turned out to be his papa's promissory note, payable at New York four months after date. And this document

was to represent the money which the elder Firmin had received in his son's name! Philip's eyes met his friend's when they talked about this matter. Firmin looked almost as much ashamed as if he himself had done the wrong.

"Does the loss of this money annoy you?" asked Philip's friend.

"The manner of the loss does," said poor Philip. "I don't care about the money. But he should not have taken this. He should not have taken this. Think of poor Charlotte and the child being in want possibly! Oh, friend, it's hard to bear, isn't it? I'm an honest fellow, ain't I? I think I am. I pray Heaven I am. In any extremity of poverty could I have done this? Well. It was my father who introduced me to these people. I suppose he thinks he has a right to my earnings: and if he is in want, you know, so he has."

"Had you not better write to the New York publishers and beg them henceforth to remit to you directly?" asks Philip's friend.

"That would be to tell them that he has disposed of the money," groans Philip. "I can't tell them that my father is a—"

"No; but you can thank them for having handed over such a sum on your account to the doctor, and warn them that you will draw on them from this country henceforth. They won't in this case pay the next quarter to the doctor."

"Suppose he is in want, ought I not to supply him?" Firmin said. "As long as there are four crusts in the house, the doctor ought to have one. Ought I to be angry with him for helping himself, old boy?" and he drinks a glass of wine, poor fellow, with a rueful smile. By-the-way, it is my duty to mention here that the elder Firmin was in the habit of giving very elegant little dinner-parties at New York, where little dinner-parties are much more costly than in Europe—"in order," he said, "to establish and keep up his connection as a physician." As a *bon-vivant*, I am informed, the doctor began to be celebrated in his new dwelling-place, where his anecdotes of the British aristocracy were received with pleasure in certain circles.

But it would be as well henceforth that Philip should deal directly with his American correspondents, and not employ the services of so very expensive a broker. To this suggestion he could not but agree. Meanwhile—and let this be a warning to men never to deceive their wives in any the slightest circumstances; to tell them *every thing* they wish to know, to keep nothing hidden from those dear and excellent beings—you must know, ladies, that when Philip's famous ship of dollars arrived from America, Firmin had promised his wife that baby should have a dear delightful white cloak, trimmed with the most lovely tape, on which poor Charlotte had often cast a longing eye as she passed by the milliner and curiosity shops in Hanway Yard, which, I own, she loved to frequent. Well: when Philip told her that his father had sent home forty pounds, or what not, thereby deceiving his fond wife, the little lady went away

straight to her darling shop in the yard—(Hanway Yard has become a street now, but ah! it is always delightful)—Charlotte, I say, went off, ran off to Hanway Yard, pavid with fear lest the darling cloak should be gone, found it—oh, joy!—still in Miss Isaacson's window; put it on baby straightway then and there: kissed the dear infant, and was delighted with the effect of the garment, which all the young ladies at Miss Isaacson's pronounced to be perfect; and took the cloak away on baby's shoulders, promising to send the money, five pounds, if you please, next day. And in this cloak baby and Charlotte went to meet papa when he came home; and I don't know which of them, mamma or baby, was the most pleased, and absurd, and happy baby of the two. On his way home from his newspaper, Mr. Philip had orders to pursue a certain line of streets, and when his accustomed hour for returning from his business drew nigh, Mrs. Char went down Thornhaugh Street, down Charlotte Street, down Rathbone Place, with Betsy the nursekin and baby in the new cloak. Behold, he comes at last—papa—striding down the street. He sees the figures: he sees the child, which laughs, and holds out its little pink hands, and crows a recognition. And "Look—look, papa!" cries the happy mother. (Away! I can not keep up the mystery about the baby any longer, and though I had forgotten for a moment the child's sex, remembered it the instant after, and that it was a girl, to be sure, and that its name was Laura Caroline.) "Look, look, papa!" cries the happy mother. "She has got another little tooth since the morning—such a beautiful little tooth!—and look here, Sir! don't you observe anything?"

"Any what?" asks Philip.

"La! Sir," says Betsy, giving Laura Caroline a great toss, so that her white cloak floats in the air.

"Isn't it a dear cloak?" cries mamma; "and doesn't baby look like an angel in it? I bought it at Miss Isaacson's to-day, as you got your money from New York; and oh, my dear, it only cost five guineas."

"Well, it's a week's work," sighs poor Philip; "and I think I need not grudge that to give Charlotte pleasure." And he feels his empty pockets rather ruefully.

"God bless you, Philip!" says my wife, with her eyes full. "They came here this morning, Charlotte and the nurse and the baby in the new—the new—" Here the lady seized hold of Philip's hand, and fairly broke out into tears. Had she embraced Mr. Firmin before her husband's own eyes I should not have been surprised. Indeed she confessed that she was on the point of giving way to this most sentimental outbreak.

And now, my brethren, see how one crime is the parent of many, and one act of duplicity leads to a whole career of deceit. In the first place, you see, Philip had deceived his wife—with the pious desire, it is true, of screening his

father's little peculiarities—but, *ruat cælum*, we must tell no lies. No: and from this day forth I order John never to say Not at home to the greatest bore, dun, dawdle of my acquaintance. If Philip's father had not deceived him, Philip would not have deceived his wife; if he had not deceived his wife, she would not have given five guineas for that cloak for the baby. If she had not given five guineas for the cloak, my wife would never have entered into a secret correspondence with Mr. Firmin, which might, but for my own sweetness of temper, have bred jealousy, mistrust, and the most awful quarrels—nay, duels—between the heads of the two families. Fancy Philip's body lying stark upon Hampstead Heath with a bullet through it, dispatched by the hand of his friend! Fancy a cab driving up to my own house, and from it—under the eyes of the children at the parlor windows—their father's bleeding corpse ejected!—Enough of this dreadful pleasantry! Two days after the affair of the cloak, I found a letter in Philip's handwriting addressed to my wife, and thinking that the note had reference to a matter of dinner then pending between our families, I broke open the envelope and read as follows:

"THORNHAUGH STREET, Thursday.

"MY DEAR, KIND GODMAMMA,—As soon as ever I can write and speak, I will thank you for being so kind to me. My mamma says she is very jealous, and as she bought my cloak she can't think of allowing you to pay for it. But she desires me never to forget your kindness to us, and though I don't know any thing about it now, she promises to tell me when I am old enough. Meanwhile I am your grateful and affectionate little goddaughter, L. C. F."

Philip was persuaded by his friends at home to send out the request to his New York employers to pay his salary henceforth to himself; and I remember a dignified letter came from his parent, in which the matter was spoken of in sorrow rather than in anger; in which the doctor pointed out that this precautionary measure seemed to imply a doubt on Philip's side of his father's honor; and surely, surely, he was unhappy enough and unfortunate enough already without meriting this mistrust from his son. The duty of a son to honor his father and mother was feelingly pointed out, and the doctor meekly trusted that Philip's children would give him more confidence than he seemed to be inclined to award to his unfortunate father. Never mind. He should bear no malice. If Fortune ever smiled on him again, and something told him she would, he would show Philip that he could forgive; although he might not perhaps be able to forget that in his exile, his solitude, his declining years, his misfortune, his own child had mistrusted him. This, he said, was the most cruel blow of all for his susceptible heart to bear.

This letter of paternal remonstrance was inclosed in one from the doctor to his old friend the Little Sister, in which he vaunted a discovery which he and some other scientific gentlemen were engaged in perfecting—of a medicine which was to be extraordinarily efficacious in cases in which Mrs. Brandon herself was often specially and professionally engaged, and he felt

sure that the sale of this medicine would go far to retrieve his shattered fortune. He pointed out the complaints in which this medicine was most efficacious. He would send some of it, and details regarding its use, to Mrs. Brandon, who might try its efficacy upon her patients. He was advancing slowly, but steadily, in his medical profession, he said; though, of course, he had to suffer from the jealousy of his professional brethren. Never mind. Better times, he was sure, were in store for all; when his son should see that a wretched matter of forty pounds more should not deter him from paying all just claims upon him. Amen! We all heartily wished for the day when Philip's father should be able to settle his little accounts. Meanwhile, the proprietors of the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* were instructed to write directly to their London correspondent.

Although Mr. Firmin prided himself, as we have seen, upon his taste and dexterity as sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I must own that he was a very insubordinate officer, with whom his superiors often had cause to be angry. Certain people were praised in the *Gazette*—certain others were attacked. Very dull books were admired, and very lively works attacked. Some men were praised for every thing they did; some others were satirized no matter what their works were. "I find," poor Philip used to say, with a groan, "that in matters of criticism, especially, there are so often private reasons for the praise and the blame administered, that I am glad, for my part, my only duty is to see the paper through the press. For instance, there is Harrocks, the tragedian, of Drury Lane: every piece in which he appears is a master-piece, and his performance the greatest triumph ever witnessed. Very good. Harrocks and my excellent employer are good friends, and dine with each other; and it is natural that Mugford should like to have his friend praised, and to help him in every way. But Balderson, of Covent Garden, is also a very fine actor. Why can't our critic see his merit as well as Harrocks's? Poor Balderson is never allowed any merit at all. He is passed over with a sneer, or a curt word of cold commendation, while columns of flattery are not enough for his rival."

"Why, Mr. F., what a flat you must be!—askin' your pardon," remarked Mugford, in reply to his sub-editor's simple remonstrance. "How can we praise Balderson when Harrocks is our friend? Me and Harrocks are thick. Our wives are close friends. If I was to let Balderson be praised I should drive Harrocks mad. I can't praise Balderson, don't you see, out of justice to Harrocks!"

Then there was a certain author whom Bickerton was forever attacking. They had had a private quarrel, and Bickerton revenged himself in this way. In reply to Philip's outcries and remonstrances Mr. Mugford only laughed: "The two men are enemies, and Bickerton hits him whenever he can. Why, that's only human nature, Mr. F.," says Philip's employer.

"Great Heavens!" bawls out Firmin, "do you mean to say that the man is base enough to strike at his private enemies through the press?"

"Private enemies! private gammon, Mr. Firmin!" eries Philip's employer. "If I have enemies—and I have, there's no doubt about that—I serve them out whenever and wherever I can. And let me tell you I don't half relish having my conduct ealled base. It's only natural; and it's right. Perhaps you would like to praise your enemies and abuse your friend? If that's your line, let me tell you you won't do in the noospaper business, and had better take to some other trade." And the employer parted from his subordinate in some heat.

Mugford, indeed, feelingly spoke to me about this insubordination of Philip. "What does the fellow mean by quarreling with his bread-and-butter?" Mr. Mugford asked. "Speak to him, and show him what's what, Mr. P., or we shall come to a quarrel, mind you; and I don't want that, for the sake of his little wife—poor little delicate thing! Whatever is to happen to them if we don't stand by them?"

What was to happen to them, indeed? Any one who knew Philip's temper as we did was aware how little advice or remonstrance were likely to affect that gentleman. "Good Heavens!" he said to me, when I endeavored to make him adopt a conciliatory tone toward his employer, "do you want to make me Mugford's galley-slave? I shall have him standing over me and swearing at me as he does at the printers. He looks into my room at times when he is in a passion, and glares at me as if he would like to seize me by the throat; and after a word or two he goes off, and I hear him curse the boys in the passage. One day it will be on me that he will turn, I feel sure of that. I tell you the slavery is beginning to be awful. I wake of a night and groan and chafe; and poor Char, too, wakes and asks, 'What is it, Philip?' I say it is rheumatism. Rheumatism!" Of course to Philip's malady his friends tried to apply the commonplace anodynes and eonsolations. He must be gentle in his bearing. He must remember that his employer had not been bred a gentleman, and that though rough and coarse in language, Mugford had a kind heart. "There is no need to tell me he is not a gentleman, I know that," says poor Phil. "He *is* kind to Char and the child, that is the truth, and so is his wife. I am a slave for all that. He is my driver. He feeds me. He hasn't beat me yet. When I was away at Paris I did not feel the echain so much. But it is searcely tolerable now, when I have to see my jailer four or five times a week. My poor little Char, why did I drag you into this slavery?"

"Because you wanted a consoler, I suppose," remarks one of Philip's eomforters. "And do you suppose Charlotte would be happier if she were away from you? Though you live up two pair of stairs, is any home happier than yours, Philip? You often own as much when you are in happier moods. Who has not his work to do,

and his burden to bear? You say sometimes that you are imperious and hot-tempered. Perhaps your slavery, as you call it, may be good for you."

"I have doomed myself and her to it," says Philip, hanging down his head.

"Does she ever repine?" asks his adviser. "Does she not think herself the happiest little wife in the world? See here, Philip, here is a note from her yesterday in which she says as much. Do you want to know what the note is about, Sir?" says the lady, with a smile. "Well, then, she wanted a receipt for that dish which you liked so much on Friday, and she and Mrs. Brandon will make it for you."

"And if it consisted of minced Charlotte," says Philip's other friend, "you know she would cheerfully ehop herself up, and have herself served with a little cream-sauce and sippets of toast for your honor's dinner."

This was undoubtedly true. Did not Job's friends make many true remarks when they visited him in his affliction? Patient as he was, the patriarch groaned and lamented, and why should not poor Philip be allowed to grumble, who was not a model of patience at all? He was not broke in as yet. The mill-horse was restive and kicked at his work. He would ehafe not seldom at the daily drudgery, and have his fits of revolt and despondency. Well? Have others not had to toil, to bow the proud head, and earry the daily burden? Don't you see Pegasus, who was going to win the plate, a weary, broken-kneed, broken-down old cab haek shivering in the rank; or a sleek gelding, mayhap, pacing under a corpulent master in Rotten Row? Philip's erust began to be scanty, and was dipped in bitter waters. I am not going to make a long story of this part of his career, or parade my friend as too hungry and poor. He is safe now, and out of all peril, Heaven be thanked! but he had to pass through hard times, and to look out very wistfully lest the wolf should enter at the door. He never laid claim to be a man of genius, nor was he a successful quack who could pass as a man of genius. When there were French prisoners in England, we know how stout old officers, who had plied their sabres against Mamelukes, or Russians, or Germans, were fain to carve little jimeracks in bone with their pen-knives, or make baskets and boxes of chipped straw, and piteously sell them to casual visitors to their prison. Philip was poverty's prisoner. He had to make sueh shifts and do such work as he could find in his captivity. I do not think men who have undergone the struggle and served the dire task-master like to look back and recall the grim apprenticeship. When Philip says now, "What fools we were to marry, Char!" she looks up radiantly, with love and happiness in her eyes—looks up to heaven, and is thankful; but grief and sadness eome over her husband's face at the thought of those days of pain and gloom. She may soothe him, and he may be thankful too; but the wounds are still there which were dealt to him in the eruel battle with fortune. Men are ridden down in it. Men are

poltroons and run. Men maraud, break ranks, are guilty of meanness, cowardice, shabby plunder. Men are raised to rank and honor, or drop and perish unnoticed on the field. Happy he who comes from it with his honor pure! Philip did not win crosses and epaulets. He is like you and me, my dear Sir, not a heroic genius at all. And it is to be hoped that all three have behaved with an average pluck, and have been guilty of no meanness, or treachery, or desertion. Did you behave otherwise, what would wife and children say? As for Mrs. Philip, I tell you she thinks to this day that there is no man like her husband—is ready to fall down and worship the boots in which he walks.

How do men live? How is rent paid? How does the dinner come day after day? As a rule there *is* dinner. You might live longer with less of it, but you can't go without it and live long. How did my neighbor 23 earn his carriage, and how did 24 pay for his house? As I am writing this sentence Mr. Cox, who collects the taxes in this quarter, walks in. How do you do, Mr. Cox? We are not in the least afraid of meeting one another. Time was—two, three years of time—when poor Philip was troubled at the sight of Cox; and this troublous time his biographer intends to pass over in a very few pages.

At the end of six months the Upper Ten Thousand of New York heard with modified wonder that the editor of that fashionable journal had made a retreat from the city, carrying with him the scanty contents of the till; so the contributions of Philalethes never brought our poor friend any dollars at all. But though one fish is caught and eaten, are there not plenty more left in the sea? At this very time when I was in a natural state of despondency about poor Philip's affairs, it struck Tregarvan, the wealthy Cornish member of Parliament, that the Government and the House of Commons slighted his speeches and his views on foreign polities; that the wife of the Foreign Secretary had been very inattentive to Lady Tregarvan; that the designs of a certain Great Power were most menacing and dangerous, and ought to be exposed and counteracted; and that the peerage which he had long desired ought to be bestowed on him. Sir John Tregarvan applied to certain literary and political gentlemen with whom he was acquainted. He would bring out the *European Review*. He would expose the designs of that Great Power which was menacing Europe. He would show up in his proper colors a Minister who was careless of the country's honor, and forgetful of his own: a Minister whose arrogance ought no longer to be tolerated by the country gentlemen of England. Sir John, a little man in brass buttons, and a tall head, who loves to hear his own voice, came and made a speech on the above topics to the writer of the present biography; that writer's lady was in his study as Sir John expounded his views at some length. She listened to him with the greatest attention and respect. She was shocked to hear

of the ingratitude of Government; astounded and terrified by his exposition of the designs of—of that Great Power whose intrigues were so menacing to European tranquillity. She was most deeply interested in the idea of establishing the *Review*. He would, of course, be himself the editor; and—and—(here the woman looked across the table at her husband with a strange triumph in her eyes). She knew, they both knew, the very man of *all the world* who was most suited to act as sub-editor under Sir John—a gentleman, one of the truest that ever lived—a university man; a man remarkably versed in the European languages—that is, in French most certainly. And now the reader, I dare say, can guess who this individual was. "I knew it at once," says the lady, after Sir John had taken his leave. "I told you that those dear children would not be forsaken." And I would no more try and persuade her that the *European Review* was not ordained of all time to afford maintenance to Philip than I would induce her to turn Mormon, and accept all the consequences to which ladies must submit when they make profession of that creed.

"You see, my love," I say to the partner of my existence, "what other things must have been ordained of all time as well as Philip's appointment to be sub-editor of the *European Review*. It must have been decreed *ab initio* that Lady Plinlimmon should give evening parties, in order that she might offend Lady Tregarvan by not asking her to those parties. It must have been ordained by fate that Lady Tregarvan should be of a jealous disposition, so that she might hate Lady Plinlimmon, and was to work upon her husband, and inspire him with anger and revolt against his chief. It must have been ruled by destiny that Tregarvan should be rather a weak and wordy personage, fancying that he had a talent for literary composition. Else he would not have thought of setting up the *Review*. Else he would never have been angry with Lord Plinlimmon for not inviting him to tea. Else he would not have engaged Philip as sub-editor. So, you see, in order to bring about this event, and put a couple of hundred a year into Philip Firmin's pocket, the Tregarvans have to be born from the earliest times: the Plinlimmons have to spring up in the remotest ages, and come down to the present day: Doctor Firmin has to be a rogue, and undergo his destiny of cheating his son of money:—all mankind up to the origin of our race are involved in your proposition, and we actually arrive at Adam and Eve, who are but fulfilling their destiny, which was to be the ancestors of Philip Firmin."

"Even in our first parents there was doubt and skepticism and misgiving," says the lady, with strong emphasis on the words. "If you mean to say that there is no such thing as a Superior Power watching over us, and ordaining things for our good, you are an atheist—and such a thing as an atheist does not exist in the world, and I would not believe you if you said you were one twenty times over."

I mention these points by-the-way, and as samples of lady-like logic. I acknowledge that Philip himself, as he looks back at his past career, is very much moved. "I do not deny," he says, gravely, "that these things happened in the natural order. I say I am grateful for what happened; and look back at the past not without awe. In great grief and danger maybe, I have had timely rescue. Under great suffering I have met with supreme consolation. When the trial has seemed almost too hard for me it has ended, and our darkness has been lightened. *Ut vivo et valeo—si valeo*, I know by Whose permission this is—and would you forbid me to be thankful? to be thankful for my life; to be thankful for my children; to be thankful for the daily bread which has been granted to me, and the temptation from which I have been rescued? As I think of the past and its bitter trials, I bow my head in thanks and awe. I wanted succor, and I found it. I fell on evil times, and good friends pitied and helped me—good friends like yourself, your dear wife, many another I could name. In what moments of depression, old friend, have you not seen me and cheered me? Do you know in the moments of our grief the inexpressible value of your sympathy? Your good Samaritan takes out only two-pence maybe for the wayfarer whom he has rescued, but the little timely supply saves a life. You remember dear old Ned St. George—dead in the West Indies years ago? Before he got his place Ned was hanging on in London, so utterly poor and ruined, that he had not often a shilling to buy a dinner. He used often to come to us, and my wife and our children loved him; and I used to leave a heap of shillings on my study-table, so that he might take two or three as he wanted them. Of course you remember him. You were at the dinner which we gave him on his getting his place. I forget the cost of that dinner; but I remember my share amounted to the exact number of shillings which poor Ned had taken off my table. He gave me the money then and there at the tavern at Blackwall. He said it seemed providential. But for those shillings, and the constant welcome at our poor little table, he said he thought he should have made away with his life. I am not bragging of the two-pence which I gave, but thanking God for sending me there to give it. *Benedico benedictus*. I wonder sometimes am I the I of twenty years ago? before our heads were bald, friend, and when the little ones reached up to our knees. Before dinner you saw me in the library reading in that old *European Review* which your friend Tregarvan established. I came upon an article of my own, and a very dull one, on a subject which I knew nothing about. "Persian politics, and the intrigues at the Court of Teheran." It was done to order. Tregarvan had some special interest about Persia, or wanted to vex Sir Thomas Nobbles, who was Minister there. I breakfasted with Tregarvan in the Albany, the facts (we will call them facts) and papers were

supplied to me, and I went home to point out the delinquencies of Sir Thomas, and the atrocious intrigues of the Russian Court. Well, Sir, Nobbles, Tregarvan, Teheran, all disappeared as I looked at the text in the old volume of the *Review*. I saw a deal table in a little room, and a reading lamp, and a young fellow writing at it, with a sad heart, and a dreadful apprehension torturing him. One of our children was ill in the adjoining room, and I have before me the figure of my wife coming in from time to time to my room and saying, "She is asleep now, and the fever is much lower."

Here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a tall young lady, who says, "Papa, the coffee is quite cold: and the carriage will be here very soon, and both mamma and my godmother say they are growing very angry. Do you know you have been talking here for two hours?"

Had two hours actually slipped away as we sate prattling about old times? As I narrate them, I prefer to give Mr. Firmin's account of his adventures in his own words, where I can recall or imitate them. Both of us are graver and more reverend seigniors than we were at the time of which I am writing. Has not Firmin's girl grown up to be taller than her godmother? Veterans both, we love to prattle about the merry days when we were young—(the merry days? no, the past is never merry)—about the days when we were young; and do we grow young in talking of them, or only indulge in a senile cheerfulness and prolixity?

Tregarvan sleeps with his Cornish fathers: Europe for many years has gone on without her *Review*; but it is a certainty that the establishment of that occult organ of opinion tended very much to benefit Philip Firmin, and helped for a while to supply him and several innocent people dependent on him with their daily bread. Of course, as they were so poor, this worthy family increased and multiplied; and as they increased, and as they multiplied, my wife insists that I should point out how support was found for them. When there was a second child in Philip's nursery he would have removed from his lodgings in Thornhaugh Street but for the prayers and commands of the affectionate Little Sister, who insisted that there was plenty of room in the house for every body, and who said that if Philip went away she would cut off her little godchild with a shilling. And then indeed it was discovered for the first time, that this faithful and affectionate creature had endowed Philip with all her little property. These are the rays of sunshine in the dungeon. These are the drops of water in the desert. And with a full heart our friend acknowledges how comfort came to him in his hour of need.

Though Mr. Firmin has a very grateful heart, it has been admitted that he was a loud, disagreeable Firmin at times, impetuous in his talk and violent in his behavior: and we are now come to that period of his history when he had a quarrel, in which I am sorry to say Mr. Philip was

in the wrong. Why do we consort with those whom we dislike? Why is it that men *will* try and associate between whom no love is? I think it was the ladies who tried to reconcile Philip and his master; who brought them together, and strove to make them friends; but the more they met the more they disliked each other; and now the Muse has to relate their final and irreconcilable rupture.

Of Mugford's wrath the direful tale relate, O Muse! and Philip's pitiable fate. I have shown how the men had long been inwardly envenomed one against another. "Because Firmin is as poor as a rat, that's no reason why he should adopt that hawhaw manner, and them high and mighty airs toward a man who gives him the bread he eats," Mugford argued not unjustly. "What do *I* care for his being a university man? I am as good as he is. I am better than his old scamp of a father, who was a college man too, and lived in fine company. I made my own way in the world, independent, and supported myself since I was fourteen years of age, and helped my mother and brothers too, and that's more than my sub-editor can say, who can't support himself yet. I could get fifty sub-editors as good as he is, by calling out of window into the street, I could. I say, hang Firmin! I'm a-losing all patience with him." On the other hand, Mr. Philip was in the habit of speaking his mind with equal candor. "What right has that person to call me Firmin?" he asked. "I am Firmin to my equals and friends. I am this man's laborer at four guineas a week. I give him his money's worth, and on every Saturday evening we are quits. Call me Philip indeed, and strike me in the side. I choke, Sir, as I think of the confounded familiarity!" "Confound his impudence!" was the cry, and the not unjust cry of the laborer and his employer. The men should have been kept apart: and it was a most mistaken Christian charity and female conspiracy which brought them together. "Another invitation from Mugford. It was agreed that I was never to go again, and I won't go," said Philip to his meek wife. "Write and say we are engaged, Charlotte."

"It is for the 18th of next month, and this is the 23d," said poor Charlotte. "We can't well say that we are engaged so far off."

"It is for one of his grand ceremony parties," urged the Little Sister. "You can't come to no quarreling there. He has a good heart. So have you. There's no good quarreling with him. Oh, Philip, do forgive, and be friends!" Philip yielded to the remonstrances of the women, as we all do; and a letter was sent to Hampstead, announcing that Mr. and Mrs. P. F. would have the honor of, etc.

In his quality of newspaper proprietor, musical professors and opera singers paid much court to Mr. Mugford; and he liked to entertain them at his hospitable table; to brag about his wines, cookery, plate, garden, prosperity, and private virtue, during dinner, while the artists sate respectfully listening to him; and to go to sleep

and snore, or wake up and join cheerfully in a chorus, when the professional people performed in the drawing-room. Now, there was a lady who was once known on the theatre by the name of Mrs. Ravenswing, and who had been forced on to the stage by the misconduct of her husband, a certain Walker, one of the greatest scamps who ever entered a jail. On Walker's death this lady married a Mr. Woolsey, a wealthy tailor, who retired from his business, as he caused his wife to withdraw from hers.

Now, more worthy and honorable people do not live than Woolsey and his wife, as those know who were acquainted with their history. Mrs. Woolsey is loud. Her *h's* are by no means where they should be; her knife at dinner is often where it should not be. She calls men aloud by their names, and without any prefix of courtesy. She is very fond of porter, and has no scruple in asking for it. She sits down to play the piano, and to sing with perfect good-nature, and if you look at her hands as they wander over the keys—well, I don't wish to say any thing unkind, but I am forced to own that those hands are not so white as the ivory which they thump. Woolsey sits in perfect rapture listening to his wife. Mugford presses her to take a glass of "somethink" afterward; and the good-natured soul says she will take something 'ot. She sits and listens with infinite patience and good-humor while the little Mugfords go through their horrible little musical exercises; and these over, she is ready to go back to the piano again, and sing more songs, and drink more 'ot.

I do not say that this was an elegant woman, or a fitting companion for Mrs. Philip; but I know that Mrs. Woolsey was a good, clever, and kindly woman, and that Philip behaved rudely to her. He never meant to be rude to her, he said; but the truth is, he treated her, her husband, Mugford, and Mrs. Mugford, with a haughty ill-humor which utterly exasperated and perplexed them.

About this poor lady, who was modest and innocent as Susannah, Philip had heard some wicked elders at wicked clubs tell wicked stories in old times. There was that old Trail, for instance, what woman escaped from *his* sneers and slander? There were others who could be named, and whose testimony was equally untruthful. On an ordinary occasion Philip would never have cared or squabbled about a question of precedence, and would have taken any place assigned to him at any table. But when Mrs. Woolsey, in crumpled satins and blowsy lace, made her appearance, and was eagerly and respectfully saluted by the host and hostess, Philip remembered those early stories about the poor lady; his eyes flashed wrath, and his breast beat with an indignation which almost choked him. Ask that woman to meet my wife? he thought to himself, and looked so ferocious and desperate that the timid little wife gazed with alarm at her Philip, and crept up to him and whispered, "What is it, dear?"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mugford and Mrs. Woolsey

were in full colloquy about the weather, the nursery, and so forth—and Woolsey and Mugford giving each other the hearty grasp of friendship. Philip, then, scowling at the newly-arrived guests, turning his great hulking back upon the company and talking to his wife, presented a not agreeable figure to his entertainer.

"Hang the fellow's pride!" thought Mugford. "He chooses to turn his back upon my company because Woolsey was a tradesman. An honest tailor is better than a bankrupt, swindling doctor, I should think. *Woolsey* need not be ashamed to show his face, I suppose. Why did you make me ask that feller again, Mrs. M.? Don't you see, our society ain't good enough for him?"

Philip's conduct, then, so irritated Mugford, that when dinner was announced he stepped forward and offered his arm to Mrs. Woolsey; having intended in the first instance to confer that honor upon Charlotte. "I'll show him," thought Mugford, "that an honest tradesman's lady who pays his way, and is not afraid of any body, is better than my sub-editor's wife, the daughter of a bankrupt swell." Though the dinner was illuminated by Mugford's grandest plate, and accompanied by his very best wine, it was a gloomy and weary repast to several people present, and Philip and Charlotte, and I dare say Mugford, thought it never would be done. Mrs. Woolsey, to be sure, placidly ate her dinner, and drank her wine; while, remembering these wicked legends against her, Philip sat before the poor unconscious lady, silent, with glaring eyes, insolent and odious; so much so, that Mrs. Woolsey imparted to Mrs. Mugford her surmise that the tall gentleman must have got out of bed the wrong leg foremost.

Well, Mrs. Woolsey's carriage and Mr. Firmin's cab were announced at the same moment; and immediately Philip started up and beckoned his wife away. But Mrs. Woolsey's carriage and lamps of course had the precedence; and this lady Mr. Mugford accompanied to her carriage step.

He did not pay the same attention to Mrs. Firmin. Most likely he forgot. Possibly he did not think etiquette required he should show that sort of politeness to a sub-editor's wife: at any rate, he was not so rude as Philip himself had been during the evening, but he stood in the hall looking at his guests departing in their cab, when, in a sudden gust of passion, Philip stepped out of the carriage, and stalked up to his host, who

stood there in his own hall confronting him, Philip declared, with a most impudent smile on his face.

"Come back to light a pipe, I suppose? Nice thing for your wife, ain't it?" said Mugford, relishing his own joke.

"I am come back, Sir," said Philip, glaring at Mugford, "to ask how you dared invite Mrs. Philip Firmin to meet that woman?"

Here, on his side, Mr. Mugford lost his temper, and from this moment *his* wrong begins. When he was in a passion, the language used by Mr. Mugford was not, it appears, choice. We have heard that when angry he was in the habit of swearing freely at his subordinates. He broke out on this occasion also with many oaths. He told Philip that he would stand his impudence no longer; that he was as good as a swindling doctor's son; that though he hadn't been to college he could buy and pay them as had; and that if Philip liked to come into the back-yard for ten minutes he'd give him one—two, and show him whether he was a man or not. Poor Char, who, indeed, fancied that her husband had gone back to light his cigar, sat a while unconscious in her cab, and supposed that the two gentlemen were engaged on newspaper business. When Mugford began to pull his coat off, she sat wondering, but not in the least understanding the meaning of the action. Philip had described his employer as walking about his office without a coat and using energetic language.

But when, attracted by the loudness of the talk, Mrs. Mugford came forth from her neighboring drawing-room, accompanied by such of her children as had not yet gone to roost—when seeing Mugford pulling off his dress-coat she began to scream—when, lifting his voice over hers, Mugford poured forth oaths, and frantically shook his fists at Philip, asking how that blackguard dared insult him in his own house, and proposing to knock his head off at that moment—then poor Char, in a wild alarm, sprang out of the cab, ran to her husband, whose whole frame was throbbing, whose nostrils were snorting with passion. Then Mrs. Mugford springing forward, placed her ample form before her husband's, and calling Philip a great cowardly beast, asked him if he was going to attack that little old man? Then Mugford dashing his coat down to the ground, called with fresh oaths to Philip to come on. And, in fine, there was a most unpleasant row, occasioned by Mr. Philip Firmin's hot temper.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

WE close our record on the 9th of April, in hourly receipt of tidings of more importance than have yet marked the history of the war. The long-expected advance of our army on the Potomac has been commenced. The 22d of February had been fixed upon as the day for the general move-

ment of all the divisions of the entire army; but previous to that time the forces in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri had advanced and effected the evacuation of Bowling Green, the surrender of Fort Donelson, the abandonment of Columbus, and the occupation of Nashville. The impassable condition of the roads in Virginia, however, delayed the march

of the army of the Potomac. But on the 8th of March a general order from the President directed the General Commanding to organize that part of the army destined for active operations into four corps. Another order, of the 11th, announced that General McClellan having taken the field at the head of the army of the Potomac, he was relieved from the command of the other military departments. By this and subsequent orders the different military departments were rearranged. The two Western departments, under Generals Halleck and Hunter, and a portion of that under General Buell, were consolidated under Halleck, and a new Department of the South, comprising South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, was formed and placed under General Hunter; and the Department of the Gulf, comprising the coast of the Gulf of Mexico west of Pensacola Harbor, and such portions of the Gulf States as may be occupied by our forces, under General Butler. The country east of the Department of the Mississippi, and west of that of the Potomac, was formed into the Mountain Department, and placed under General Frémont; and two new departments were formed from a portion of that of the Potomac—that of the Shenandoah, under General Banks, and Rappahannock, comprising that part of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge and west of the Potomac, together with the District of Columbia, under General McDowell.

The direct advance from before Washington commenced on the 6th of March, the enemy having some days before begun to fall back from the positions at Centreville and Manassas, which he had occupied for nearly a year. Centreville was occupied on the 11th, and Manassas immediately after. On the 14th General McClellan issued from Fairfax Court House an address to the army under his immediate command, in which he says that he had not kept them so long inactive without a purpose. They were to be armed, instructed, and disciplined, and artillery had to be created; and other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. These had now been attained, and the patience of the army was worth a dozen victories. The period of inaction had passed, and he would now bring the army face to face with the rebels. They would meet a brave foe, and he should demand of his troops great and heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, and perhaps privations.—From present indications it appears that the enemy in Virginia are taking up a new defensive position from Norfolk to the Blue Ridge, forming a semicircular line partly along the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. Richmond is nearly opposite the centre of this line.—On the 4th of April General McClellan's division left Fortress Monroe for Yorktown, held by the enemy under Magruder. The siege was begun on the 5th, and is still in progress.

Of still more importance even than the affairs in Virginia are those in the Southwest. The main body of the Confederates from Tennessee and Kentucky have fallen back to the neighborhood of Corinth, in Mississippi, where they have been joined by the best troops from every other quarter. General Beauregard is supposed to be in immediate command here. Corinth is a small village in the northwestern corner of Mississippi, near the Tennessee line. It is at the junction of the Mobile and Ohio and the Memphis and Charleston railways, and is thus connected by railway with almost every part of the Confederacy. It lies 93 miles from Memphis, and about 140 from Island No. 10. It is only 20 miles

from Savannah and Pittsburg, in Tennessee, the head-quarters of our army under Grant and Buell. —The telegraph of the 9th of April brings news of a great battle here. At daylight on Sunday the 6th the enemy, under Beauregard and Sidney Johnston, who had advanced from Corinth in great strength, attacked our forces at Pittsburg. The battle lasted all that day, with doubtful success—each side alternately appearing to have the advantage. It was renewed on the next day, continuing until late in the afternoon, when the enemy broke and fled. We do not venture now to give the loss as estimated by the unofficial dispatch; but if this is at all reliable, the battle is by far the most severe ever fought upon this continent, and will rank among the most bloody ever fought.

After the evacuation of Columbus, the Confederate forces which had occupied that position fell down the Mississippi to Island No. 10, about 45 miles below Columbus. The river, whose general course is south, here makes a sharp bend, running northwest for about 12 miles, when it again resumes its southern course. At this second bend, on the Missouri side, is New Madrid, which had been held by a strong Confederate force. On the 3d of March the national forces, under General Pope, arrived in front of New Madrid, which they found occupied by five regiments of infantry and several companies of cavalry. The place was defended by redoubts at the upper and lower end, connected by lines of entrenchments, and six gun-boats were anchored along the shore between the redoubts. The river was so high that the guns of the boats looked directly over the banks, and the country being flat the approaches, for miles, were commanded by a direct and cross fire from at least sixty guns. General Pope, instead of making an immediate assault, took up a position below the town, cutting off all supplies from down the river, and pushed forward works to command the place. The enemy were meanwhile reinforced from Island No. 10, until they had 9000 infantry, besides artillery and nine gun-boats. On the 13th the works having been sufficiently advanced, fire was opened, which was vigorously returned. Our fire was principally directed against the gun-boats, of which several were disabled. The trenches were meanwhile extended, and batteries pushed forward still nearer the river. A furious storm sprung up during the night; but at daylight on the 14th a flag of truce appeared with information that the enemy had evacuated his works. The flight had been precipitate; almost every thing was left behind; thirty-three pieces of artillery, magazines full of fixed ammunition, several thousand of small-arms, tents for an army of 10,000 men, with entrenching tools, horses, and mules, fell into our hands. The enemy escaped with nothing except what they had on their persons. Our loss during these operations was 51 killed and wounded; that of the enemy is unknown; but more than a hundred new-made graves showed that he must have suffered severely.—The investment of Island No. 10 was begun on the 16th by our gun-boats under Commodore Foote. On the 20th Commodore Foote sent a dispatch saying that "Island No. 10 is harder to conquer than Columbus, as the island shores are lined with forts, each one commanding the one above it. I am gradually approaching the island, but still do not hope for much until the occurrence of certain events which promise success." These "events" comprehended the cutting off, by General Pope, at New Madrid, of all access by the river from below, the digging of a canal

through a swamp on the main land west of the island, and, through which a part of our gun-boats could pass below the island, and the passage of the river from the Missouri to the Kentucky shore, in face of the enemy's batteries. These operations were successfully carried out, a brisk bombardment being all the while kept up. The investment being complete, every thing was in readiness for an assault, when, at midnight of the 7th of April, two Confederate officers boarded our boats, with orders to surrender the island to the commander of the naval expedition. The same day which brings us the telegraphic dispatch of the battle near Savannah, brings the tidings of the surrender of Island No. 10, with the announcement that we have "captured three generals, 6000 prisoners, 100 siege-pieces, several field-pieces, and immense quantities of small-arms, tents, wagons, horses, and provisions."

When Norfolk, Virginia, was abandoned, in April, 1861, among the vessels left behind was the steam-frigate *Merrimac*, then under repair; she was sunk, but without undergoing any essential damage. She was raised, cut down to near the water's edge, plated with iron, and a bomb-proof covering, resembling the sloping roof of a house, thrown over the gun-deck. She was provided with an armament reported to consist of four 11-inch guns on each side, and two 100-pounders at bow and stern; the bow also was furnished with a steel beak for the purpose of piercing the sides of an enemy. Fully nine months were spent in thus converting the *Merrimac*, whose name was changed to the *Virginia*, into a floating battery. She left Norfolk, steamed down the Elizabeth River, and on the 8th of March made her appearance in Hampton Roads, near Fortress Monroe. The principal national vessels in the Roads were the steam-frigate *Minnesota*, and the sailing frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland*, the two latter of which were blockading the river. The *Virginia* made direct for the *Cumberland*, who opened fire upon her with heavy guns, but the balls glanced harmlessly from her. After firing a single shot, which killed five men, the *Virginia* ran into the *Cumberland*, who kept up a vigorous though ineffectual fire, the *Virginia* all the time firing with deadly effect. The *Cumberland* soon began to sink, and finally went down, carrying with her the wounded. The *Virginia* then attacked the *Congress*, which was, in the course of half an hour, so thoroughly riddled that, finding the contest hopeless, she struck her colors, after having been run ashore, where she was burned. The *Minnesota*, in trying to reach the scene of action, ran aground, and could not be moved. Night had now set in, but there seemed no reason why, on the next day, the *Minnesota*, and all the vessels remaining in the Roads, might not be destroyed, as the *Cumberland* and *Congress* had been. During the night the floating battery *Monitor* arrived in the Roads from New York. This vessel, which had just been completed, from designs of Mr. Ericsson, differs materially from any vessel before constructed. Externally it presents the appearance of a long, oval raft, rising only eighteen inches above the water, with a low, round tower upon its centre. This raft is the upper part of the hull of the vessel, and is plated with iron so as to be ball-proof. It projects on every side beyond the lower hull, which contains the machinery. The tower, which contains two heavy guns, the only armament of the battery, is of iron, and nearly a foot in thickness. It is constructed so as to revolve, bringing the guns to bear upon any point. This tower, nine feet high and

twenty in diameter, and a pilot-house, rising three feet, are all that appear upon the smooth, level deck. The vessel was believed by its inventor to be absolutely invulnerable. Early on the morning of the 9th the *Monitor* was dispatched to the aid of the *Minnesota*, which lay still aground. The *Virginia*, followed by two steamers, soon moved down toward the *Minnesota*, evidently expecting to destroy her; but the *Monitor* interposed, and an action began between the two floating batteries. Sometimes the vessels were close together; at others, some distance apart. The *Virginia* once ran against the *Monitor*, but without doing the slightest injury; several times she tried to run past her antagonist and engage the *Minnesota* at close quarters, but without success. The battle lasted five hours. The tower of the *Monitor* was struck more than twenty times by balls, but without receiving the slightest damage. A little past noon the *Virginia* withdrew, and returned up the river, having apparently received considerable damage. Early in the action the pilot-house of the *Monitor* was struck, and Lieutenant Worden, her commander, was stunned by the concussion, and also blinded by the minute particles of cement driven into his eyes. This was the only casualty on board the battery. The *Minnesota* and the gun-boat *Whitehall* participated in the engagement, keeping up a fire against the *Virginia*, which seemed to have no effect upon her iron-cased sides. Both these vessels received some injury, and suffered loss in men. The *Monitor*, though hardly a third part the size of her antagonist, showed herself in this contest more than a match for her. The *Virginia* returned to Norfolk, having evidently suffered considerable damage. Her commander, Lieutenant Buchanan, was severely if not fatally wounded, and it is supposed that considerable loss of life was sustained on board. It is reported that she has been put upon the dock, her damages repaired, and provided with a heavier armament than before; and that she is about to undertake another expedition against our fleet, and, if possible, make her way past Fortress Monroe to sea. Our loss during these two days was very severe. There were on board the *Congress* 434 officers and men; of these, 136 were killed, wounded, and missing, the greater number presumed to have been killed. The loss on the *Cumberland* was about the same.

At Pea Ridge, Arkansas, a severe action was fought, and a decisive victory gained by our forces, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of March. The enemy, who had retreated from Missouri before General Curtis, concentrated all his forces under General Van Dorn, and made an attack on our right and rear. Reinforcements coming up, the attack was suspended for the night. Next morning our centre attacked him, while he at the same time made a vigorous assault on our right; and the action lasted the whole day at these points. Our right, under Colonel Carr, held their position, while the enemy were in the centre entirely repulsed, losing General M'Culloch. During the day the enemy gradually concentrated his main force against our right, and Curtis changed his front so as to face him, and commenced the attack at sunrise on the 8th. General Siegel, who commanded our left, drove the enemy from the heights; our centre and right were now pushed forward, our right turning his left, and cross-firing on his centre. The final position of the enemy was in the form of an arc of a circle. Upon this a charge of infantry extending through the whole line was made, which routed his whole force, driving him in

confusion through the impassable defiles of Cross Timber. General Curtis, in his official report of the action, makes especial mention of General Siegel, who commanded the right, and drove back the left wing of the enemy; Ashboth, who was wounded in his gallant attempt to reinforce our right; Davis, who commanded the centre, where M'Culloch fell; and Carr, also wounded, who was under the continuous fire of the enemy during the two hardest days of the struggle. "Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missouri," he says, in conclusion, "may proudly share the honor of victory, which their gallant heroes won over the combined forces of Van Dorn, Price, and M'Culloch at Pea Ridge, in the mountains of Arkansas."—Our loss is given at 212 killed, 926 wounded, and 174 missing. That of the enemy can not be ascertained.—Among the forces of the enemy were a large number of Indians, who it is said scalped and mutilated many of our dead and wounded.

Newbern, North Carolina, was captured on the 14th of March by General Burnside, after a sharp action. The vessels composing the attacking division started from Hatteras Inlet on the 12th, proceeded up the Neuse River, and landed the troops about 18 miles below the town on the next morning; they marched 12 miles that day, dragging the cannon through the deep mud, and bivouacked for the night. At daybreak they advanced, and soon came upon the enemy's entrenchments, extending in a continuous line for more than a mile, protected on the river bank by a battery of 13 guns, and on the opposite bank a line of redoubts for riflemen and field-pieces. These works were defended by 8 regiments of infantry, 500 cavalry, and three batteries of 6 field-guns each. After an engagement of four hours these works were carried by assault, enabling us to gain the rear of the remaining batteries between that point and Newbern. The enemy retreated in great confusion along the railroad, but burned the draw of the bridge behind them, checking for a time further pursuit, and delaying the occupation of the town by the military force. But the naval force had forced its way up the river, and its guns commanded the town, which was abandoned by the enemy, who set fire to it in several places; but the flames were extinguished by the joint exertions of the citizens and our soldiers. We captured here 46 heavy and 18 light guns, two steamboats, a number of sailing vessels, and a large amount of military stores, and made 200 prisoners. Our loss is given at 91 killed and 466 wounded, many of them mortally; that of the enemy was less, as they fought behind entrenchments, and although superior in numbers, fled as soon as their works were carried.—General Burnside subsequently dispatched a force to Beaufort, the best harbor on the North Carolina coast. The town was occupied without opposition; but Fort Macon, which defends the harbor, was held by some 500 troops, who refused to surrender, and preparations were at once made to invest it.—The steamer *Nashville*, which was lying in the harbor, put out for sea, and succeeded in escaping the blockading vessels.

In the mean while Commodore Dupont has dispatched expeditions from Port Royal, which have seized the important places on the Florida coast. Among these places are Fernandina, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine; Fort Marion, at the latter place, was surrendered without resistance on the 12th of March. The advance upon Savannah is also pressed forward; batteries upon Skidaway and Green Islands having been abandoned by the enemy, and the guns

removed, in order to be placed nearer Savannah. Fort Pulaski is now cut off from succor, and its capture is considered certain.

A brilliant victory was gained at Winchester, Virginia, on the 23d of March, by our army under General Shields. A reconnaissance, made some days before beyond Strasburg, showed that the Confederate General Jackson was in a strong position, within supporting distance of the main army under Johnston. Shields undertook to decoy him from that position. He accordingly, with his whole command, fell back, on the 20th, 30 miles to Winchester, as if in retreat. His force was then posted in a secluded position two miles from Winchester. The rebel cavalry the next day came within sight of Winchester, and then the whole of Banks's division, with the exception of Shields's hidden command, evacuated Winchester, *en route* for Centreville. Intelligence of this movement was sent by the inhabitants of the region to Jackson, who was assured that only a few regiments were left at Winchester. The enemy's cavalry, under Ashby, now advanced, and drove in our pickets. Shields ordered forward just enough forces to repel this attack, leaving him to suppose that this was all the force left to garrison the town, and still keeping his main body concealed. In a slight skirmish that evening Shields was struck by the fragment of a shell, which broke his arm and shattered his shoulder; but he nevertheless continued to make preparations for repelling the enemy. An entire brigade of infantry, supported by artillery, was pushed forward, and another was held in reserve, to operate against any point that might be assailed, and so the expected attack of the enemy was awaited. No attack was made during the night, and scouts who were sent out early on the morning of the 23d reported no enemy in sight, except Ashby's cavalry, infantry, and artillery. General Banks, who still remained at Winchester, believed that Jackson could not be in front; he left therefore for Washington. Shields also began to doubt whether his plan had succeeded, but omitted no precaution to be ready for his antagonist. By half past 10 it became evident that a strong force of the enemy was before him, but they were so carefully hidden in the woods that no estimate could be formed of their number. A fire of artillery was opened upon them, which soon compelled them to show themselves. They planted battery after battery on their centre and flanks; our artillery responded, and the action continued in this manner until half past three in the afternoon, when Shields directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left, and assail that flank. This was successfully done, and their guns on the left were captured, this wing forced back upon its centre, and they were laid open to a general attack. This was made at 5 o'clock by our infantry, who succeeded in driving them from the ground, leaving us in possession of the field, with 2 guns, 4 caissons, 1000 stand of small-arms, and 300 prisoners.—Our loss in this action amounted to 132 killed, 540 wounded, and 46 missing—718 in all. That of the enemy is uncertain, but it must have been far greater than ours. General Banks, who returned from Washington, and took on the morning following the battle the command of the division, which Shields's wound prevented him from retaining, pursued the enemy. He found the houses for more than twenty miles from the battle-field filled with the dead and dying of the enemy; and graves were discovered far away from the road where the inhabitants had buried them as they died.

Editor's Table.

NATIONAL HABIT.—Man has been very fitly styled a bundle of habits; and what is in this respect true of the individual, is equally true of communities and nations. If we wish to know what a man really is, we are not by any means content with learning what his speculative opinions, occasional freaks, or incidental experiences are. We insist upon ascertaining what he habitually thinks, feels, says, and does. Probably, in certain exceptional states of mind, most men come very near each other: and the jolliest pleasure-seeker has his serious hours, when he thinks that he can really give up the world; while the gravest devotee has his merry hours, when he could sing and dance as if there were no grave under his feet, and no awful judgments to fear. But the regular habits of men marvelously differ, and the habitual paths in which they walk express the sum total of their ideas and purposes, and the resultant forces of their lives. They define the past, and, moreover, indicate the future; for the daily paths are haunted by the most solemn of prophets, and the orbit in which a man walks is virtually the cycle of his destiny.

It is the same with nations; and as we name the great powers of the world—Russia, Austria, France, England, and others—we have a distinct idea of them mainly from acquaintance with their national habits. Take, for example, the people nearest ourselves in blood and destiny, the English. We know a small part of their history and character when we are acquainted with the thoughts and fancies of their men of genius, or the rare deeds of their heroes. We know England well when we know what an Englishman expects to do, and to have his nation do, as a matter of course, without a particle of hesitation or argument. We find at once that he is a bundle of habits, and that the bundle is tied together by a most rigid cord of pertinacity. His mind is made up on most of the great practical subjects; and what is more, his will is equally made up. You are left in no sort of doubt as to what he thinks of a child's duty to a parent, a servant's to his master, a subject's to the throne and laws, or a Christian's to the Church. In the least as well as the greatest of interests he travels in a well-worn path, and keeps his books, drives his horses, and drinks his wine in his own way, and after the manner of his fathers. The result is seen in the wonderful nationality of England. When any emergency rises all the people ask how do the English people usually bear themselves in such circumstances; and it matters very little whether or no there is a written law, so long as there is a fixed habit or clearly-defined precedent. The moment the old path is clearly pointed out the Englishman is ready to go therein; and he lays down his life without a moment's hesitation for any cause that is fully identified with the Constitution, laws, or customs of his country. Much of the law, especially what is called the Common Law, is not written in set codes, yet it is equally imperative with the most positive enactments; and the English Constitution itself is virtually a collection of habits, new usages being added from time to time as the need requires. Progress indeed is made, but it must be very much in the old way; and every reform is urged, not so much because it presents a new idea as because it vindicates or carries out some ancient right.

We Americans, although having little of the English immobility and reserve, are yet great lovers

of our own ways; and our national life is the result of long-continued and variously-combined habits. We are a bundle of old provinces tied together by a Union cord; and it is easy to see how powerful custom has been, and is, in deciding our national ways and character. Each of the original thirteen colonies had its own usages, opinions, and laws; and even the colonies that were side by side, and peopled mainly from the same stock, had the most obstinate diversities. Let any man, for example, live a few months in each of the New England States, and how different the manners and customs that he encounters! A Rhode Islander does not seem to be of the same race as a Massachusetts man, and Connecticut differs about as much from Maine, and New Hampshire from Vermont. Yet all the colonies came into the Union at first reluctant to yield their local liberty so far as needed to form a solid nationality, and they all retained their old provincial habits in the most positive way. The only exceptions confirm the rule; for the new States that were peopled by emigrants from the old districts carried with them their old usages; and the Virginian or Carolinian in the Southwest, and the New-Englander on the Ohio or the lakes, walk very much in the old paths of their fathers.

With us Americans, however, the national as well as the local habit is one of ancient date; for the old colonies were always accustomed to look beyond their narrow local limits to a superior authority: and in time their common respect for their European ruler gave way to a gradual recognition of a continental Union, which gave promise of its great future before any acts of Congress had been heard. Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, spoke the auspicious word that interpreted the past and foretold the future at the Colonial Congress at New York, in 1765, when he said: "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the Continent, but all Americans." It is well to know that there is at least one man in South Carolina, and in the city of Charleston too, who still holds that same sentiment, and that the mantle of Gadsden is fitly worn by James Louis Petigru. Surely the habit of Union is an old one, and they who despise it must despise the lessons of more than two centuries, and forget or assail the associate and continuous life of the provinces from the outset of colonization.

But we have fallen upon new times, when the great National habit has been set at naught, and the sectional will has been put above the National authority. It is remarkable, indeed, that the crisis had not come before; and that even beyond the prescriptions of our written law and the anticipations of our constitutional fathers, our institutions have been extended into new and vast domains without military power, and even without any specific enactments providing for such cases. New States have been formed, and the great popular habit of civil order has organized republican liberty in distant borders, where our arms were feeble and our Government had been but a name. The history of California is most remarkable in this respect; and it is most comforting to our patriotism to note the loyalty of her people to our institutions through all of their troubles, and to know that even the terrible Committee of Vigilance that seemed to suspend the laws really vindicated them, and sought at the earliest moment to make over their power to the legally organized authority. There is great comfort now

in this spectacle of a State so remote and so true; and while we write these words the spark of electric light flashes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, like thought, through limbs of the same responsive organism.

Why marvel, however, that such harmony should not be universal, and that the sectional habit should have its time of quarrel with the National authority, and the question should arise which shall prevail? It has been so in the history of all nations, even of the most conservative. Thus England, apparently the most stable and well-balanced of empires, has had its fearful oscillations, and has paid a fearful price for her present peace. Every adjustment between rival powers in the realm has been secured by rivers of blood and mines of gold. The two great lines of habit—the sectional and the central, or the popular and the royal—have been at issue with each other, and not by quiet reformations, but by stormy revolutions, the peace between them has been secured. Not always, as by the Barons at Runnymede, was the check given to the assumptions of the crown by a Magna Charta, and a Cromwell came who sealed with blood a new covenant between the people and the peers and throne—a covenant that still holds, although the great Commonwealth is no more, and the crown and mace are not baubles now as when the stout Protector threw them down. It is cheering to think that something has been permanently won for English nationality by those struggles; and the rival lines of habit, by turning and writhing, have been twisted into something like consistency and solidity, like the strands of a rope in process of manufacture. Let us consider, in this light, the recent convulsions in our nation, and try to interpret our condition somewhat by the philosophy of National habit.

There is, first of all, a time for the *formation* of habits; and this generally takes place according to a very obvious principle of human nature. Whenever any idea or desire finds its object, it tends to recur to it again with a certain continuity, and this continuity we call habit. As the word indicates, it is that which *holds* us; and thus a man's habits are the ways that hold him. Thus, to take an illustration from the most familiar of all experiences, the desire for food. This desire is natural, and with the first signs of vitality it craves its object; and the infant seeks the mother's breast, first from instinct, and afterward from habit; and the desire and the object are thus joined or held together by a certain tenure that soon takes the places of thought or volition, and acts sometimes both involuntarily and unconsciously. The higher affections and faculties follow the same law of continuity: so that what a man once sets his heart upon he tends to hold to with an involuntary persistence; and whatever subjects we for a time earnestly meditate upon return to mind apparently of themselves with a certain periodicity. We can understand this continuity pretty well, when under the action of merely material laws—as when the running water continues to flow in the channel that has once been formed, or the wheel continues to turn a great while when once set in motion upon a smooth axle. But in the higher plane of vital and intellectual functions the matter is not so clear; and surely nothing is more marvelous than the undoubted fact that most of our thought, and even of our work, in time goes on of itself with little effort on our part: so that when we have once mastered an art, it seems so to possess us as to become a second nature. There is probably a great natural law at the basis of this

experience; and those automatic functions that keep the heart and lungs in spontaneous play are seated in the nervous system, and have undoubted connections, or at least correspondences, with the spontaneous movings of thoughts, feelings, and actions that have been habitual. Thus the mind seems to have a motive power of its own very much as a mechanic has a steam-engine in his shop; and whatever mental work is duly committed to this power is taken out of the weary hands, like the saw or lathe which is fastened to the steam-engine, and the hardest burden of labor is done away.

Now all personal habits, in their formation, learn to use this automatic force, and thus go on as if it were of themselves. The different habits of a man join with each other under the action of the same force, like so many machines belted to the same shaft. Then, as men come into neighborhoods and states, they consciously or unconsciously combine their habits into a certain public or national life; and thus a body politic is formed, with its peculiar order of habits, that act with the same spontaneity, and often evince a force that surprises the very subjects of it. Thus, in the present crisis in our republic, the trouble does not come from any mere accident or caprice, but from an ancient and powerful habit of sectional sovereignty; and instead of wondering that this has now shown its obstinacy, we should rather wonder that it has so long kept quiet, and given precedence to a rival habit, that of allegiance to the Central National Authority. Wherever there are two powers, one or the other must lead; and there is not, and can not be, any such thing as perfect equality. Herbert Spencer well says, that, if the two parts of a pair of scales are put into perfect equilibrium, the equilibrium will soon cease, and under the weight of stray particles of dust, or the action of air or moisture, one or the other will preponderate. Much greater, of course, will be the rivalry when vital forces are in question; as when two twigs of the same size are planted side by side, or two fowls or dogs from the same stock are reared together. It is plain that one or the other soon shoots ahead, and in strength or spirit, or in both, is sure to be master. Nay, even in the same person, there is no perfect equality among rival limbs or functions; and the right hand generally becomes master of the left, and one side of the person will be stronger or handsomer than the other. Thus it is with personal and social habits. They are in conflict until the order of precedence is effectually settled. In most young men, for example, the habit of independence, or self-will, is in conflict with the habit of obedience, or parental will; and sometimes, in a sad way, the balance is broken, and the poor prodigal turns from the good old home to feed on the husks of misery that follow the revels of self-indulgence. In nations, the force of self-will in the sections or provinces comes into conflict with the national will; and no government was ever put on a solid basis without having gone through this conflict, and settling the question as to who shall rule, the less or the greater. Here is precisely the point before us, and we are suffering uncounted ills from the conflict of the habit of sectional power in certain districts with the habit of national law. The cause of the vast power of this rebellion lies in the fact that it moved in the line of a great sectional feeling, and instead of pleading a specific grievance as the motive of its uprising, it appealed to a mighty prepossession in the people, and lifted up the banner of State Rights in evident hope of rallying not only the offended provinces, but

the whole State Rights party, North as well as South, on its side. But before bringing this power into play, the rebellious spirit was obliged to start the wheels of its chariot of ruin by a still narrower and more intense motive. It was the inveterate local pride and clannish jealousy of South Carolina, and especially of the little aristocratic city of Charleston, that began the mischief and set the train in motion, with all its vast connections and terrible sweep. That clique of petty despots had done little for about a century but nurse their own self-importance upon the remembrance that theirs was once one of the most promising commercial cities of the land, and curse the tyrannical North for drawing away their commerce and fame. A Carolina man, as such, seems to think himself better than the rest of the human race, and not to be named in the same breath with any other American, whether from the North or the South; and while other States may have wished or meditated the monstrous act, to South Carolina belongs the infamy of being first to break the national league, and first to fire upon the national flag. That old leaven of pride that has been gathering for so many years at last leavened the whole neighborhood, and raised the whole lump in the ferment of rebellion. But no sooner had the old habit of sectional will, thus inflamed by a malignant provincial pride, lifted up its head and struck its treasonable blow, than it was evident that there was another and mightier habit in the nation—a habit of national loyalty that had been growing quietly for nearly a century, and that had hardly before been conscious of itself except in case of insult or assault from foreign Powers. Its force had been silently gathering in the schools, and workshops, and town councils, and State Legislatures, and journals, and churches of the land; but its power was little known or dreamed of until it was lifted to its feet by the foul blow of rebellion. Before, indeed, it had vindicated itself in debate, and in the great argument of Webster and our constitutional champions with Calhoun, Hayne, and their clique of nullifiers, the sovereignty of the nation over the States was triumphantly established. But a forensic victory is not a final settlement, nor a dynamic one, although it would have become one if Andrew Jackson's seat had always been held by a man of his stout will and indomitable loyalty. The time came for another issue, and with weapons sterner than arguments or proclamations. We have lately had the effective indorsement of Webster's speeches against nullification; and the cannon of Dupont, and Grant, and Foote, and Burnside ring out their mighty Amen to the loyal affirmation of the great expounder of the Constitution. May the sound rise and swell until it sweeps through the land and finds no opposing note from Maine to Texas, from New York to California! May God save the nation by saving the habit of allegiance and Union! and while we mourn over every loyal citizen who lays down his life for his country, and can feel even for the wounds and death of the rebel soldiery, we think the result worth the sacrifice, and believe that the welfare of this whole continent for centuries depends upon the right result of the conflict. Let secession win, and the habit of division is at once forever established, and the habit of loyalty is gone. Let secession win, and no State is safe for the Union, no county safe for the State, no village or city is safe for the county, and no citizen is safe for the law, and the reckless individualism returns that marked the barbaric ages, when every man did that which was pleasing in his own eyes.

We thus see, from the very nature of the *formation* of public habits, that conflicts must arise, and can well understand that these conflicts of great social forces must create tumults and wars very much like the wars and tempests that come from the conflicts of the mighty currents in the ocean and the air. The disturbance that ensues demands instant attention, and in the readjustment that must be made we are obliged to take one or the other of two grounds, and speak either the word *revolution* or *reformation*. We have made our choice, or, rather, it is made for us by our very birth, breeding, and by all our most sacred convictions and purposes. It is not *revolution* but *reformation*. It is revolution that has assailed the Government, and kindled this fearful civil war against a Constitution whose benign and mighty protection had been extended over all the States alike, and without even the pretense that any act of encroachment upon any State had been perpetrated. We are conservatives, and we mean to go on in the good old paths, and strengthen instead of destroying the great conservative elements of the national life. Of course the nation must be reformed, as must every institution and every character that has earthly imperfections and is subject to human changes. The antagonist powers that are in deadly war with each other must be conformed to true relations; whatever is excessive in one quarter must be abated, and whatever is wanting in another quarter must be brought up. Nothing must be lost, and even the fearful abuse of sectional power that has wrought all this mischief must teach us the value of this force, and move us to restore it to its rightful place instead of trying to extinguish its existence.

We can not accept the idea of revolution in either of its aspects, nor consent to overturn either the Constitutional powers of the States or of the nation. If we overturn the national authority, and allow the States or sections to secede at will, we either make national order impossible by removing the only power that can secure unity, or we prepare the way for some new and undesirable centralization, by leaving the stronger of the seceded States to become the centre of a new Union or of new Unions. Already this latter alternative threatens the Border States that remain within the old Union; for the secessionist dynasty has assailed their liberty, and only needs the power in order to carry out its usurpation, and rule unwilling or half-willing neighbors with a rod of iron. The principle of the new Confederacy virtually denies itself, and in the end will destroy itself; for the moment the seceding States come effectually together, and work together, that moment an associate habit of centralization that is quite as strong as written law, and will not fail ere long to bring such law, will spring up; and thus the seeders will be obliged to take the very stand for the preservation of their government that they now blame us for taking in order to preserve our own. Not only do we argue thus from the nature of things, but especially from the nature of the Southern mind, which has so much of the Celtic love of power and passion for centralization. Not only would our Southern neighbors combine to lord it over any States that might wish to stray from their Confederacy, but they would probably, even if we let them alone, ere long try their hand upon us, and the present issue of an appeal to arms would first or last be forced upon us. So then we must, from every consideration, stand by our national habit, and keep the States, in all matters purely national, subordinate to

the Union. Principle and expediency alike compel our present course; and to shrink from it would be merely deferring and exaggerating the evil.

What shall we say of the opposite form of revolution, or that which would sacrifice the prerogative of the section or the State to the sovereignty of the nation? It is evident that this issue is contemplated by many; and in the press, the debates of Congress, and the round of daily conversation, we find advocates of thorough-going centralization. Some go so far as to favor the utter extinction of State independence, and to claim for the nation a consolidation as entire as that of England, if not of France. Now whatever may be said in behalf of this course, it can not be denied that it is revolutionary; and, however desirable in the eyes of some parties, it implies the overturning of the original idea of our nationality. and it is obvious that the States would never have consented to accept the Constitution if they had supposed that they were to be subject provincials, bound to the seat of government as Scotland or Ireland is bound to the British throne. No thought was entertained by the leading Federalists of the old school of taking all power of self-government from the States, and the intense local feeling which the most conservative and national of the old States have shown since the adoption of the Constitution, is proof enough of what was in the mind of our Constitutional fathers. It was the people as such, and not the separate States, indeed, that formed the Constitutional government: yet, as such, they kept these State affections and prerogatives, and secured them by the new laws and by the very first principles of the Union; and the new nation solemnly resolved to guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, and protect them all against invasion and domestic violence.

Moreover, from the nature of things, as well as from the habit and principle of the nation, we are utterly opposed to do any thing, not required by self-defense, that shall break down the prerogative of the States in their proper sphere. Our nation is the growth of many years and of very peculiar elements, and its form is but the organization of its own essential nature. The two habits—the sectional and the central—are like the centrifugal and centripetal forces of our solar system, and, as such, are essential to the life and prosperity of the nation. If we extinguish or enfeeble the proper local powers of the States, we so far impair the nation; and the head must suffer in the languor of the members. The strength of our Government consists in the due harmony between the members and the head; and the wonderful civil and social forces of *justice* and *honor*—the one ever earnest to give, and the other as earnest to take its due—combine their offices when both habits are recognized. There is none too much State pride and State honor; and an evil day will come to us when it fails to be seen that each star shines by its own light on our flag, and keeps, instead of losing, its brilliancy by obeying the organic law of the constellation. It is far better to invigorate than to destroy the local power; and if its functions are deranged, the common rules of civil therapeutics require that they shall be set right or kept under restraint until they return to their healthy action.

Thus with the States now in rebellion: they are under self-excommunication, and so long as they fail to give due guarantees for their obedience to the National laws they must expect to suffer restraint, and be threatened or invaded by our arms; and

whatever loss of property comes to them by acts of confiscation or by martial law, they must set down as part of the punishment of disobedience. If their slaves are confiscated and freed by law, or take their own liberty into their hands in presence of the invading army, such losses are to be estimated among the penalties of sedition, and are not to be regarded as any infraction of the just rights of loyal citizens, or as any declaration on the part of the National government to withhold from any State its constitutional prerogative. Nay, on the other hand, all assurance should be given that loyalty will be every where respected; and the utmost use should be made of the sentiment of State Rights and local jurisdiction, in order to strengthen the central authority and restore the integrity of the nation. Such has been the evident idea of the present Administration, and the President has had the mass of the people and the great majority of the States with him—not merely because he stands up stoutly for the National Sovereignty, but because he also vindicates the rights of the sections, and each loyal State is assured that it defends its own sacred prerogative in contending for the just unity of the nation and the power of the Constitution. To say nothing of Maryland, Missouri, or Kentucky, where there is division of feeling, and to take, for illustration, such wholly loyal States as Massachusetts or Rhode Island, is it not evident that each one of these old Commonwealths has the most intense local pride, and that the sentiment of State honor is mightily confirmed, instead of being enfeebled, by brave and indomitable allegiance to the General Government? We must beware, then, how in any way we strike at this principle; and when we punish local treason we must assail the treasonable *functionaries*, and not destroy the constitutional *organism*. Even South Carolina shall be sacred to us in its constitutional organization; and however much its rebellious functions may be restrained or suspended, its organism as a State shall not be destroyed, even if for a hundred years no loyal majority can be found to claim its privileges and develop its powers.

Taking this stand, we are all the more at liberty to strike without reserve at all disloyal persons and powers; for in subduing them we secure to the local governments their true rights and just jurisdiction. We therefore make no scruple of avowing our utter hostility to all the leaders and abettors of this rebellion; and rejoice that they have been weighed in the balance and have been found wanting, and that their days are already numbered and their doom is evidently near. We thank God for the victory of the arms of the nation over the revolted sections; and look confidently to the day when their defeat shall be final, and not one of the clique of despots that have dared to conspire against the most benign government that the earth has ever seen shall be left to raise his voice or hand against the majesty of our law.

We take it to be one of the main elements in the present reformation, that the oligarchy of slaveholders, who have brought this trouble upon us, are to be put where they belong, and are no longer to rule the whole land. We have been always ready to give them their legal rights, and have never been parties to the effort to rob the Slave States of jurisdiction over their own affairs. But we have suffered so much from the intrigues and violence of their leaders as to be unwilling to suffer any more, and to be determined to have it settled beyond all question that the nation is to rule in its own right, and

through its own people, and not be at the mercy of an arrogant and unscrupulous clique, who have so long had their own way as to take it for granted that they were born to command and we were born to obey. We must have no more bullying in Congress—no more answer to arguments by pistols, bowie-knives, and bludgeons—no more bragging and blustering on the part of the idlers, who live upon the fruit of labor not their own, over our industrious classes who live by their own toil—no more countenance to the monstrous error that claims courage for every ruffian who carries weapons in his pockets or belt, and denies it to the farmer or mechanic or teacher who is in habit and temper a peacemaker. We have made it very clear that our plain working people can fight, as well as dig and plow and saw and spin. We trust that this vindication of their bravery will suffice at least for a hundred years, and fix the great habit of self-respect on their part, and respect for them by the conspirators who have maligned them. Already the secession rhetoric has mightily changed its tone; and our people, if sometimes still called cobblers and peddlers by the rebel press, are no longer branded as cowards, any half-dozen of whom, it has been said, will be sure to run at the first gleam of a Southern sword. We verily believe that our erring neighbors never thought so well of us as they do now that they have had proof of our earnestness and bravery. They are almost idolators of power, and the reason why they have held themselves so high and us so low has merely been the assumption that they were determined and strong, and we were tame and feeble. Now that they have found their mistake, their very respect for strength may make them transfer something of their regard from their own heroes to ours, and not think that in being part of a nation made of such materials they are losing caste. We too may have some errors to correct; and certainly, so far as the mass of the Southern people are concerned, we may have cause to respect their sincerity, courage, and self-sacrifice, while we none the less wish them a larger share of judgment, coolness, and nationality. A proper understanding on these points must be an important element in the current reformation.

We undoubtedly owe something to the very folly and perversity of the assailants in helping us withstand their assault. They attacked us with such force of numbers, such show of principle, such weight of interests, such skill of generalship, and such policy in foreign relations as to require all our sagacity, resources, and energy to meet them effectively. The enemy was no slight one, and we must rise in all our might or yield to the blow. The nation has risen in its might; and, in fact, for the first time been conscious of its power. A less danger might have been more fatal, because met by inadequate means; and what we will not yield to these millions we might, perhaps, have yielded to as many hundreds of thousands.

Again, they have helped us put them down, and the pestilent principle of secession with them, by basing their claim on so monstrous a doctrine, and calling up thereby the moral indignation of the people here, and dashing the otherwise ready sympathy and perhaps co-operation of Europe. They have set up their peculiar institution as a permanent one; which, instead of being tolerated as a local usage or temporary convenience, is to be regarded as the corner-stone of society, and to be carried every where in the track of labor. They have not only taught that the black man must be the white man's

slave, but that manual labor every where is incompatible with liberty; and even their sincere and apparently devout preachers have declared that the working-class every where must be in virtual slavery. The contempt for labor so boldly avowed has vastly strengthened our arms, and brought the force of moral indignation to bear, in conjunction with self-defense, against this two-fold assault against our persons and our principles. Henceforth the idea of secession is to be odious alike because it has been put down by so mighty an uprising of power, and because it has been met by so hearty a condemnation; and thus we owe it to our enemies that we have been able so to combine against them the weapons that are carnal and those that are moral and spiritual.

Precisely on what terms the readjustment between the conflicting powers will be effected, or the civil reformation will be accomplished, we can not with any certainty affirm. We are confident that we express the hope and conviction of the body of the nation when we say that the nation, as a nation, ought, by the dear price of this conflict, purchase her own emancipation, and from this time forth the nation should be free, and whatever is not free should belong solely to the local governments or to the States. Liberty thus will be uppermost, and its sense of security will give its friends a tranquillity in themselves, and a kindness in helping their neighbors bear or remove their burdens, that will conduce greatly to the peace and good-neighborhood of the States and nation.

What statesmen and what measures will arrange the terms of the reformation we can not say; but we will most emphatically say that no mere accommodation of material interests, no cunning adjustment of rival policies can, of themselves, bring us together in comfort and constancy. The higher elements of good-will, justice, humanity, and religion must mediate between the conflicting parties, and assimilate them as never before. There must be *transformation* as well as *reformation*, and without it no lasting reconstruction can be effected. We all know very well the difference between the two processes, when we remember that it is one thing for two neighbors to cease hostilities because they have worn out each other's tongues or fists or patience, and quite another thing for them really to make up and unite in some work of mutual usefulness; one thing for a man to give up a bad practice because it is unprofitable, and another thing for him to renounce it because he ceases to love it, and his affection for his family, or his sense of duty to God and his own soul, has so changed his dispositions as to make him no longer seek the once favorite vice or self-indulgence. Now we are aware that it is no easy matter to transform enemies into friends; yet we believe that it is really easier to make them friends indeed than in mere policy, and to hold them together more effectually by right good-will than by mere expediency or bargaining. The experience of all wars shows this; and the soldiers who have been trying to destroy each other, the moment that an honorable peace is concluded find it very easy to be friends, and even take pleasure in acknowledging each other's bravery. The nature of the human heart shows that they who have been enemies may go more readily from enmity to friendship than from indifference. The reason is obvious. They who are enemies are already brought very near each other in the deadly grip of hate. The moment they cease to hate each other they are near enough to see something to like, and may be earnest to seek

relief from the pains of hatred by something of the comfort of good-will; whereas they who have merely a relation of policy to each other are not in close relations at all, and do not touch each other enough to feel the beating of each other's hearts or the warmth of each other's grasp.

Nothing brings persons or parties together so effectually as the standing upon a common principle; and the nation may gain much by being brought to the true ground by meeting in the arena of battle, and finding that they can have a solid foundation for reconciliation and agreement. The power that is to hold us together on our constitutional ground is a hearty and wise and devout nationality. As we look to a truth and justice and protection beyond our own conceit or will we are drawn together, and the most diverse tempers and minds are wonderfully assimilated by a common loyalty. We may be quite ready enough to preach this doctrine to others, but are we ready enough to apply it to ourselves? Are we ready to accept the true principle of national life, and live, and, if need be, fight and die for it? When this bitter and fearful struggle is over, the greater heroism will be needed—the heroism that is determined to *live* for the country always instead of being willing to die for it once. More justice is needed between man and man, in the spirit of the golden rule; and opposing parties and districts, that vainly try by bargain to reconcile obstinate wills and headstrong passions, find themselves brought together on the common ground of rectitude. More humanity between neighbor and neighbor, State and State; and it will be found that where we are tempted to denounce wrong we may as fitly pity misfortune, and where we harshly condemn sin we may all the more humbly remember that it is not for us to cast the first stone. More of religion, the true sense of what we owe to God in our hearts, and as we bow before the mercy-seat of our Maker, we shall find it easier to bear with those with whom He is forbearing, and to forgive as we ask to be forgiven.

In this line of remark, instead of striking out into an unknown region, are we not returning to the old paths and calling up associations that have not died out, although so long slumbering or kept down? We have been one people, and shall be so again. The Union feeling has been not merely a sentiment, but a habit, a mighty habit, and has given proof of its existence in the darkest times and the most doubtful sections of the country. The moment that the honest but misguided multitude who have been beguiled by designing men into the madness of insurrection see their error, and have evidence that their rights will be secured to them under the National Government, there is reason to believe that a great reaction will set in, and the old fountains of National loyalty will be opened once more.

Public opinion, surely humane and religious principle every where, whether at home or abroad, should help on this good consummation; and such intervention we should hail with delight. The comity of nations has kept Europe from breaking our blockade, and from recognizing the rebellious States as an independent government. Why may it not go further; and, soothing the pride and animosity that the foreign press has done so much to inflame, why may not the conservative statesmanship of Europe interpose judicious influence, and achieve, by moral and intellectual weapons, the adjustment which it has refused to force by arms? The moment that the great powers of Europe prove that they sincerely wish to have our troubles ended and the balance

of trade restored, and the interchanges of industry resumed, they take from the rebellion its strength. The ports will be reopened, the laws will be obeyed, and a return to the good old loyalty will secure our peace, and comfort the friends of good government, and the enemies of sedition throughout the world.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"Now when it flowereth,
And when the banks and fields
Are greener every day,
And sweet is each bird's breath
In the tree where he builds
Singing after his way,
Spring comes to us with hasty step and brief,
Every where in leaf,
And every where makes people laugh and play."

SO sings Rinaldo D'Aquino, an old Italian poet of the thirteenth century, as translated by Rossetti, the English Pre-Raphaelite painter, who has recently published a delightful volume of the early Italian Poets before Dante, and including Dante and his circle.

It is the same old song of spring that the earth sings in flowers and green, and our hearts in fresh emotions. It is the kindly touch of common feeling that makes medieval men and women our contemporaries, and lights their dusky life with the light of common day.

May-day comes in imagination, if not actually in nature. It may be a chill and gloomy morning that ushers in the month, as wild storms may rage at Christmas. But each is a festival of the mind and heart, and the weather can not touch either. They belong to gracious associations and tender thoughts.

There could not be a more charming May-day book, or book of May and summer, than this volume of the early Italian Poets. It includes a translation of Dante's *Vita Nuova*—the best, so the best Italian scholars and Danteans say, that there is. And indeed all the poems, even in their English form, preserve fully the Italian spirit; which will surprise no one who has seen any of the pictures painted by the translator. They are like medieval Italian poems. One especially, depicting the scene in the *Vita Nuova* when Dante first sees Beatrice, is remarkable for a kind of passionate depth of color and expression. It is intense and speetral, like one's fancies of the time; but suffused with tremulous tenderness and emotion, so that it is almost morbid—or, more truly, *exalté*. The same delicate apprehension and sincere, subtle feeling, which are so striking in the pictures of Rossetti, give the utmost value to these translations of the poetry of an age with which he has the profoundest sympathy.

One of the finest poems in the collection it seems is very famous in Italian poetry. It is the canzone of *The Gentle Heart*, by Guido Guinicelli, of a princely Bolognese family, in 1220. Dante praises him, and is thought even to have been influenced by him in a similar strain. Here are two stanzas of this beautiful poem. Will any bird of May sing sweeter?

OF THE GENTLE HEART.

"Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove;
Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,
So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's."

And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire, the heat's excess.

"The fire of love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun;
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoreth."

THE great event of the month since we were talking together is the conflict of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. The wooden walls of England were annihilated without being touched, and by a blow three thousand miles away. For while England has been for two or three years wonderfully building the *Black Warrior*, and emulous France *la Gloire*, and spending thousands and even millions of dollars upon them, the Yankees have built a floating battery of iron within a hundred days at a cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which arrives just at the proper moment to engage another ponderous iron battery, which it drives back to its harbor: so that the battle of Hampton Roads, on the 8th and 9th of March, marks an era more distinctly than any naval action of the century.

The *Merrimac* may come out again, may fall upon the *Monitor* and destroy her, but the great fact, established by our experiment, is that metal-clad vessels are irresistible by wood and cannon; for the cannon are harmless against their metal scales, and their terrible prows can sink the wooden ships even while they blaze with broadsides.

The result is, that, for purposes of home defense, we are now equal with England. A fleet of batteries like the *Monitor* would sheath our whole Atlantic coast in metal, and make it truly iron-bound. The whole navy of Great Britain could be annihilated. Three months ago the prospect of war with England was gloomy enough from the fear of her ships. All terror of war from that cause has vanished. We can now start fair. She has supposed, and we have proved, that metallic batteries are practically invincible against wood.

Indeed the natural consequence of the battle of Hampton Roads would seem to be the absolute impregnability of every maritime state upon its water front. For it is doubtful if effective batteries of the new kind could cross the ocean; and it is certain that if they could, they would not withstand similar devices along the enemy's shore. And so, in a way entirely undreamed of by him, Jefferson's famous gun-boat system may prove to be our stanchest shield and buckler. The *Monitor* was only a gun-boat, and upon any Leviathan of iron that a foreign foe might safely steer over the sea, a swarm of *Monitors* would descend. It is the great change in the methods of war developed by our struggle.

Nor shall it be forgotten, that, although this triumph has been achieved in a Yankee war, it is to a Swede that the honor of success belongs. John Ericsson, one of the most distinguished engineers and inventors of the time, is the projector and the builder of the *Monitor*. He was born in Sweden in 1803, and his whole life has been devoted to the most incessant and successful scientific toil. It is proper that America, whose very genius is (or will soon be as it was meant to be) hospitality to all na-

tions and races, should have furnished the arena for the final triumph of Ericsson.

THE Anglo-Saxon blood is so little dramatic, when compared with the Celtic and Southern, that we are naturally inclined to smile at the "thirty centuries look down upon you from the pyramids," and the elaborate peaked hats and essential ribbons with which the Italians work out the salvation of their liberty and nationality.

It was therefore a bold experiment for our Secretary of War, after the battle of Mill Spring, to issue a bulletin of congratulation couched in ringing rhetoric. But it was the experiment of genius, and was consequently successful. Doubtless the secret of its success was the conviction of sincerity. Napoleon, whose bulletins and addresses are the favorite and popular models, was always too high-flown for foreign ears, and his shrewdest soldiers must have perceived the buncombe of his fine talk. Probably Napoleon never impressed any body as a truthful or disinterested person. But despite the sharp criticisms upon our war from many quarters, history will record that, upon the whole, it was waged with vigor and the utmost fidelity. Therefore when the Secretary of War sent out his ringing words, they were heard as they were spoken.

General M'Clellan's address to the army of the Potomac was admirable for its spirit, as his order of the day upon the death of General Lander was one of the most touching and eloquent pieces of our military literature. The only feeling of a doubtful character which the address suggested was that its tone toward the soldiers, the "*Mes enfans*" strain, seems hyperbolical in an American general to his volunteer army. And this is not a matter to be insisted upon. It is merely the point that might have been seized by critics resolved to carp; while to represent the address as an apology is curiously unfair.

But in nothing more than in the criticism upon M'Clellan has party-spirit unhandsomely shown itself, if we except the similar treatment of Frémont. Long before these lines are read M'Clellan will have made or unmade his reputation. As they are written he is still facing the enemy at Manassas. The air is thick with conflicting rumors. Yet the papers which reproduce them are full of contradictions of similar stories, of corrections, and of apologies. No man has a right to say that he knows enough to insist that M'Clellan has, up to the close of March, proved himself either an incompetent General or a traitor—for that is the charge.

So fierce and furious is party-spirit, even when the nation itself is threatened. Don't think the Easy Chair is so stupid as to suppose that patriotism consists in unswerving and indiscriminate support and praise of every thing that Government does. For the last thirty years patriotism has shown itself by vigorous denunciation of what Government has done. But it is the *method* of criticism and opposition which indicates the real spirit. In trying times, when you are persuaded that, upon the whole, honest efforts are making by the leaders, and when you know that a united public sentiment is inestimable, you will certainly refrain from any attack which is not substantiated by facts, and you will not hesitate to make those facts public. If a man intrusted with most important cares is known by you to be a drunkard, you are an enemy of the State if you do not expose him, and insist upon his removal. But if that man is your political enemy, and you only hear the rumor of his drunkenness, and not able to charge it

plainly, you insinuate and insinuate, sapping a faith which you do not know to be unjustified, you are not less the State's enemy. In the hour of peril, every citizen has the right to expect fair play from every other. But neither M'Clellan nor Frémont have had it from their opponents during this war.

Of course an Easy Chair commenting upon events a month after they have happened, does not enter into the detail of the dispute; he merely observes the spirit in which it was conducted—and it was a bad spirit. It was that sneering incredulity of party-spirit which taints every thing it touches. Perhaps already M'Clellan is victorious. Do you know what his opponents will say? They will say, "Of course he succeeds, because this is just the thing we have always said he was fit for." Perhaps he is defeated. Do you know what they will say? "Of course: we always knew it."

This Easy Chair is not the champion of M'Clellan, but of fair play. The General himself would not accept the Philadelphia sword without saying, so that the whole country might hear, "I hope to deserve it." But perhaps the best sign is that he can hold his tongue. Let the act speak, that is the motto of a brave man. If he can not carve his laurels with his sword he will wear none. If he can not impress himself upon the nation by his deeds, none of the ludicrously extravagant praises that have incensed him in advance will make a mark for him there. Yet the attack begets the counter attack. A steady praise is too much. What if Aristides is just, we are sick of hearing it. And the anti-Aristideans take the field, and the honest citizen is banished.

Patience! patience! Tell your facts, if you know them, and tell them steadily and fairly. Then your withers are unwrung whatever befalls. Assume a theory, and persistently stick to it, and you are wrong, whatever happens.

DURING the last few months we have all constantly read that "the people" demanded this and that. The people demanded an advance. The people demanded that we should wait. The people demanded the removal of this man. The people were united in supporting him. The people were persuaded that a total change was necessary. The people were resolved that those who clamored for a change should be suppressed. The people wished this and that. The people didn't. The people would do this and that. The people wouldn't.

It is merely a figure of speech, you see. It is an ingenious method of emphasis adopted by all of us who write for the daily, or weekly, or monthly press. Before us it was the device of others to strengthen their own views. John Wilkes used to speak for "the people" in London eighty years ago. Robespierre, Danton, Mirabeau—all the leaders—used to declare in the old French Assembly and Convention that the people of France wished this thing or that to be done. So the Communes of Paris used to surge into the Chamber, and loftily insist that "le peuple" would have its way. They all meant the mob of Paris. That was the people of France in the Revolution; and the mob of Paris was the tool of a few men.

What the people want can not be stated, for they do not know themselves. That is to say, they are never agreed upon the method. They want Justice and Liberty; but how they are to be secured is precisely the point upon which they differ, and upon which a few assume to speak in their name. For

instance, in our history of a twelvemonth it is perfectly clear that the people had resolved upon the suppression of the rebellion by arms—what further they were agreed upon no man can truly say. When an editor or orator says, "The people of this country wish this or that to be done," the value of his words is to be found in his sagacity. But we are to remember that very few writers or speakers are in haste to announce that the people wish any thing which they themselves individually do not. And the chance is that they say the people wish it because the speakers think that they ought to.

If we could, therefore, believe speakers and writers to be both sagacious and sincere, their words of this kind would have great weight. But unluckily we are compelled to believe that the phrase "the people wish it" is only a rhetorical phrase. At least there is scarcely a despot in the world who does not despotize in the name of what he calls his faithful subjects. He wears his crown by the grace of God, he says; but he assumes the loyalty of his people, and he fights against them, often enough, under the plea of protecting them.

On the other hand, we can see that neither Robespierre nor Danton spoke for the people of France. They were the red mouths of the city faction only. Mirabeau was the orator, the true tribune, of the people so long as he lived. And so was Lafayette their representative for some time. But, in his case, it was the accident of agreement. With Mirabeau it was an instinctive perception. Therefore, as the revolution developed, Lafayette was broken by it; but Mirabeau would have moulded it.

It is impossible to determine that the people wish any thing merely because some body says so. We know what we want them to wish—how many of us know what they do wish? It is the very secret of the highest statesmanship in this country to know that, and then to do it. How, for instance, we were mistaken all round in our rebellion. The Southern wise men thought that the North would rise for them. The Northern sagamores thought the South would not rise at all. Each was disappointed. The South did rise, and nobody at the North, but a few feeble, maudering party sots wanted their rebellion to destroy the nation. The people were right, but the doctors all thought them wrong.

Two or three months ago we were chatting of the different pictures that different historians paint of the same scenes: so that a student is often startled and perplexed by discovering that he has to decide what is true from the conflicting evidence of what purport to be true records; and that, after all, historians are very much like counsel in court, and you are listening to an argument when you thought that it was a description.

Who, for instance, but must distrust Gibbon whenever he speaks of Christianity? Who can confide in Hume when he talks of the Puritans? Who does not feel that Macaulay praises Somers more easily than he acknowledges the claims of Tory leaders? Or who, coursing the placid page of Prescott in his Mexican History, can help asking himself whether the Spaniards, upon whom he relies, were fair historians of a land and a race they had conquered and oppressed? Is it the Romish or the Protestant historians who tell the truth about Henry Eighth and Queen Mary?

But there are historical points the truth of which we are in a position to determine, which are almost universally misrepresented and misunderstood. One

of these misrepresentations is just now very current in this country. The story of the Saint Domingo insurrection is constantly told, and told untruly. It is one of the unfortunate chapters of history which can be used as a tremendous argument, if the facts are falsified; so that no one ought to feel that he knows the history correctly, unless he has especially studied it. Another point of the same kind is the tale of West India emancipation. The superficial common impression is, ludicrously enough, that it was a "failure;" that is to say, that Jamaica exports less sugar than she did fifty years ago. But there is not a man who has candidly investigated the subject who does not know that all the English West India Islands are really more materially prosperous than they were fifty years ago, although some parts of some islands have fallen back to the bush; and that the difficulties have always been upon the side of the employers, and not of the laborers. As for the theory that the slaves naturally prefer starving to working, the reply is, that it is very clearly their own affair. Because, granting that any body has a right to compel a man to work that he may live, it will be very hard to show that he may be compelled to earn more than is necessary for his existence.

But our special interest just now is with the Saint Domingo error. The usual understanding is that the slaves of that island rose against their masters, and, under the lead of Toussaint L'Ouverture, committed nameless horrors until the island was virtually depopulated and the earth shook with horror. A white refugee from Saint Domingo figures as an interesting hero of romance and pensive interest in our conversation even to this day. I remember walking with a gentleman about his grounds covered with noble trees, and when he said that the place was laid out by a Saint Domingo refugee, I was conscious of the vague interest that traditionally clings to the name, and of which we are unconscious until it is evoked. Think of the source of that pensive interest. *Quumdiu, Domine!* There were horrors in Saint Domingo: who was responsible for them? It is a question that all of us will have to answer a great many times in the next ten years; and it is one with whose correct answer we ought to be familiar.

The real authorities upon the subject are not Bryan Edwards and the English planters, but, rather, indifferent French eye-witnesses, who report what they saw. Dallas, who wrote the "History of the Maroons," was a West Indian by birth, and Bryan Edwards lived there for many years. Of his history, which is one of the "no-gentleman's-library-without" kind, the cool M'Culloch says that it shows "a disposition to extenuate the cruelties that were too often inflicted upon the slaves." Victor Soelcher, and Ardouin, with the French memoirs of the time and place, are the proper sources of information.

In our country the question involved in the matter is shifting from a question of slavery to that of the colored race; and no man who wishes to think and act as every honest man should, that is to say, with intelligence, upon the subject, will allow himself to be swept away by any generalizations of men whose immediate interest prompts them to cherish prejudice.

How much ignorance a very simple question often reveals! The other evening some one suddenly asked, "Who wrote 'Baron Munchausen'?" "Was

he a real person?" We all thought we knew something about it, but nobody could answer satisfactorily. Was his book a burlesque? *Wasn't* it a burlesque of Baron Trenck's memoirs? It was astonishing how much ignorance a very few questions revealed.

Of course you are much wiser. You know all about it. You have known little else, in fact. This section of his chat, therefore, the Easy Chair does not devote to you, but to those who are still asking who was Munchausen?—who wrote his memoirs?—and what do they mean?

Here, then, is the full title of the captivating book: "The surprising Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchausen, in Russia, the Caspian Sea, Iceland, Turkey, Egypt, Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic Ocean, and through the Centre of Mount Aetna into the South Sea. Also an account of a Voyage into the Moon and Dog Star, with many extraordinary particulars relative to the cooking animals in those planets, which are there called the Human Species. To which is added a Sequel containing his expedition into Africa; his being buried in a whirlwind of sand; feasts on live bulls; builds a bridge from thence to Great Britain, supported by a single arch; visits the islands in the South Sea, etc., etc.; and raises the hull of the *Royal George*, etc., etc. *Humbly dedicated to Mr. Bruce, the African traveler, etc.*"

It is an English edition, of course, and the dedication is a rapier-thrust of satire. But the Baron is a historical personage. Jerome Charles Friedrich von Munchausen was his name—a German, born in Hanover. He was a soldier, and an ardent lover of horses and dogs; and having served in 1737–39 against the Turks, was never weary of telling stories of his campaigns—so marvelous and incredible that he was famous as the greatest liar in Germany. He made the acquaintance of the poet Burger, who, according to some accounts, was the first to compile and extend and adorn and publish them. Other traditions assert that Rudolph Eric Raspe, a German literary refugee in England, first published them in London in English in 1785.

"The first edition," gravely says the preface of the edition whose title has been quoted, "contained no more than was written by Baron Munchausen, and includes chapters 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, only; all the other chapters are the production of another pen, written in the Baron's manner. Some of the hints and a few of the facts are taken from Lucian's 'True History,' as he ironically calls it, particularly a short account of such things as were discovered in the moon."

Burger says that the English saw the fun of the book much sooner than the Germans; but the first English edition was rather "hard to move," as publishers say, because of its brevity. The public always wants enough of a book for a large bite. The adventures of Munchausen have served to confound the slander conveyed in the expression, "travelers' tales," and to bring those gentry to a strict and simple veracity. It was before the artless and truthful stories of the German soldier that Shakespeare wrote,

"For travelers tell no idle tales
But fools at home believe them."

And it was since his day that the great fraternity of vagabonds renounced the habit of lying.

COLERIDGE wrote a piteous sonnet to an ass's foal, its mother being tethered near it; but the touch-

ing heroism of *Hats* has been hitherto uncelebrated. Donkeys have the advantage of life, and heels, and teeth. Donkeys, if they are abused beyond measure, may kick—may bite—may balk—may run away, and capsizes your apple-cart. But the hat has no resource but silent martyrdom. Patient endurance, thy name is Hat!

For consider how for the last dozen years this crowning glory of modern attire male, has been assaulted and insulted. Stiff, ugly, absurd; tile, stove-pipe, beaver: no name has been spared, no obloquy unheaped upon it. The painters made a dash at it. They came home every year from Italy with a dreadful something upon their heads, which they told us was picturesque and *Salvator Rosy*. Poor fellow! Then the patriots took a turn. Kossuth arrived. He had a marvelous hat. It was not the Italian slouch, nor the French slouch, but the Hungarian slouch, slightly stiffened. Kossuth was eloquent. We could not all be eloquent, but we could all wear bad hats. When the epitaph of the weird orator shall be written—far be the day!—it shall be engraved in marble—“He gave to Hungary Liberty, and to America the slouched hat.”

Meanwhile John Bull, the ineessant traveler, who has the worst temper and wears the worst clothes of all civilized people, put on the wide-awake, which was, of course, the most inconceivably bad of all bad hats. But only upon his travels. Smug must Bull be as he glooms on ‘Change, as he sulks to chureh. His coat of arms bears one universal legend—“Respectable, if I die for it.” He knows the echarmed seeret. A gentleman, says Bull’s sartorial docters, is known by his extremities: his gloves, his boots, his hat. Respectability, thy name is Hat!

Then the reformers donned the invader. The stiffer the morals the slouehier the hat. Yet for respectability and conservatism this is also to be said that the ancient Jews, who haunt the flea-swarming shores of Gennesaret awaiting the restoration of the chosen race, and who have no other possession, proudly wear the hat in the midst of infidel turbans. And the old clo’ dealer who calls down your area, or the Hebrew who tempts you with doubtful jewels, both share the dignity of the hat. Nay, the Commons of England sit in their hats—a most extraordinary eustom of that amusing people.

Buy a new hat, and be not dismayed. The angry and defiant waves of various sloueh dash around it. Mark how it endures. Mark how calmly it stands, like Pharos amidst the hissing Mediterranean bil-lows. Reflect how quietly it has held its meek and constant way through all the fluctuating contemporary fashions. The slouch impudently claims novelty. Unparalleled audacity! Avaunt, temerity! What are you but the old Spanish head-gear—“that ingenious compound of the hat and umbrella,” as Leigh Hunt wisely says? What are you but Fra Diavolo’s covering—but Charles the Second’s, which gradually stiffened and angled into the coeked hat of our fathers, whence sprung, in the fullness of time, the symmetrical stove-pipe, the heaven-aspiring tile, the Hat?

The hat is progress, liberality, and civilization. The slouch is retroaction, barbarism, and chaos come again. Do the people who present themselves to public view in such things really mean what their hats say? Do they seriously wish the Pope and wooden shoes, the Pretender and the Inquisition? Let them remcmber that the lower, and limberer, and plumper the hats of the Cavaliers became, the higher and stiffer rose those of the Puritans. What

occult sympathy is there between limpness of hats and looseness of principles? Are these slouched haters conspiring for the return of full hose and slashed doublets? Are we to be plunged backward into the Roman toga? Hold, hold, your hats! Let us pause, while there is yet time, and be content with the nineteenth century, happiness, and hats.

THE general aspect of life in the city is not much affected by the war; but there is a natural curiosity to see how it touches amusements, as the Easy Chair discovered when it found itself the other evening rolling slowly toward the Opera. What a splendid house it is! How festal the tier on tier of white and gold gallery; the heavy, grotesque columns; the vast space; the airy openness; the fluted yellow silk of the proscenium boxes, and the ample light over all! There is no theatre more spacious, and impressive, and brilliant in the world. The Scala at Milan, the San Carlo at Naples, the Paris “French Opera,” the Berlin Royal Opera-house, the pretty Mumieh theatre, the graceful one at Dresden—they are all inferior to this, although what St. Petersburgh may have is unknown to this Chair.

The Opera itself is always a lottery in New York. Since Grisi and Mario did not surely and always fill the house it is in vain that the city talks of taste, and knowledge, and enjoyment of music. It has its metropolitan degree yet to take. For if it had known itself better it would not have built so huge a house; and if it insisted upon the Opera from knowledge, and not from fashion and imitation of other capitals, it would have recognized the great singers when they came. What wonderful singing was that of Grisi, in her resolute moments, upon this very stage! When she saw the impassive audience and determined to conquer, by the force of superb disdain, she recovered her old splendor and swept the stage and thrilled the house with great bursts of lyric passion. They had slight response, and she drooped again, and every body said “What a pity such an old woman does not sink into private life!”

Well, she did persist too long. Her voice in New York was not what it had been in Paris twenty years before. But the grandeur of her style was still the same; yes, it was finer. And Mario was in his prime when he was here. One evening, when he sang in “Lucia,” the last scene was the most marvelously sung of any in the annals of the Academy stage. It is hard to believe that Rubini could have surpassed it.

Thus it is part of the fascination of a theatre as of a ball-room that the assoeiations are so vivid. The ghosts and the living mingle in almost equal distinctness. Perhaps it is the scenic, half-spectral, unreal appearance of the persons upon the stage that summons the wholly spectral figures of the departed. But when I sit and hear an opera, I hear at the same time all the other operas I ever heard. It was “Martha” the other evening, and Anschutz directed, and Susini was Plunkett. But as I sat it was thirteen years before, and the opera was “Martha,” and it was the Opera-house at Berlin, and it was Flotow the composer who directed, and it was Botticher who was Plunkett; then it was Formes who was Plunkett, and the whole thing seemed shadowy and languid, and the singers to be indifferent, and they and the audience to be lost in a musing tranec of memory.

It was not so, of course. For with Miss Kellogg, the Prima Donna, it was a very serious task of the present time. She was making her impression, and

she knew that she had certain other impressions to unmake or overlay. And it was equally serious with Susini, who knew that Formes used to be funnier than he, disproportionately funny indeed. And it was serious with Brignoli, who had a cold and constantly expectorated, and was glum because the house was not full. Was it less serious with the gay groups in the boxes and gallery, or balcony, as they call it? The youth of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two is not less young than that of a century ago, and it was just as fresh, and pleasant, and exciting to the new eyes as it used to be to the old ones. So it was only you that were musing and remembering; and that peculiar bloom of enjoyment which you can not help thinking is gone from all fruit because it is rubbed off your particular plum is just as soft and lovely and perfect as it ever was. "Boys having now become men," said the Afghan prince when he became two dozen years old, "it is ordered that all rocking-horses in the realm be destroyed."

The only really fine singing was Brignoli's. He is not in the least magnetic. He is even more of a lay figure than tenors generally are. He has all the childish whims and absurdities of the tenor. But his voice is exquisite, and he sings much more easily than he walks. We have had no such voice except Mario's. Antognini I did not hear. Salvi had to pump up his voice, and it was a thin trickle when it came—thin, but very clear and sweet. Bettini's voice was inadequate for the house and his own size. But Brignoli's has the charm and quality which make a tenor voice the luxury of kings and the enthusiasm of fashion. A king gives enormous sums to tempt a tenor to his theatre, as the Emperor of Russia tempted Rubini. But he does it as he would give a fortune for the rarest flower or the most brilliant gem. And Nature hides all these treasures in queer places. You shall find the flower in a lonely, noisome marsh, or the pearl in the oyster, or the voice in Alboni. It is well worth a fortune when you find it.

But the interest of the evening was a Spanish dancer, Cubas. A friend, who in a few months had been more entirely saturated with Spain than most of us would be in many years, or in all our lives, said that to see Cubas was to see very Spain—not languor and sunshine only, or chiefly, but fire and passion and the glittering snake that always coils in the South. The half-wild, barbaric, gipsy intensity and strangeness and fearfulness, all were to be felt in the dancing of Cubas. It was the most characteristic of all the dancing we had ever seen. It was the language spoken by a native with all the native asperity. It was not softened, and modified, and adapted, and flavored to different national tastes, as when Ellsler, or Cerito, or Lucille Grahn, or Taglioni danced a Spanish dance. It is Spanish, he said, as the Tarantella, danced by a Neapolitan girl upon the shore, is Italian. *Basta così, amico mio*, let us go and see Cubas.

It was certainly all that he had said. Years ago, at the old Park Theatre, where we used to be boxed up in those frightful red boxes, and look with cramps and stitches in every limb, and envy in the heart at the free movement of actors or singers or dancers upon the stage—years ago, Fanny Ellsler came, danced, and conquered. She danced Spanish, and Polish, and Italian, and Hungarian dances, and all with such stately grace that the brains ran out of some people's heads, and they became asses and drew her in a carriage. Jenny Lind made no more in-

tense, although a much more lasting and extended, impression upon the public mind than Fanny Ellsler. We had had Celeste and Augusta before, and Augusta in the Bayadere was beautiful; but Fanny Ellsler fascinated the town, and triumphed.

Remembering this, recalling her in the cachucka, the Jaleo, and the Haute Arragonaise, there was a curious expectation in the mind of the Easy Chair when he saw the black-eyed Cubas in her gold skirt, dashed all over with huge flaunting black bows, standing at the side scene, and then clicking her castanets, with a few rapid bounds leaping to the front. The coal-black hair, eyes, and eyebrows, the glittering grin, and the powerful, rapid, darting, snake-like quality of her movement amazed rather than pleased the audience.

But the dancing was wonderful. Her partner thumped and rang the tambourine, and she rattled her castanets, while she flew and bounded about him with marvelous muscular agility and a liteness like that of a blade of grass. She darted and fled, scouring the ground like Shakespeare's lapwing, then erect as a crested snake she glared and glittered at him till you looked to see the forked tongue. It was a fierce pantomime of passion, of jealousy, of scorn, of all the savagery that hides in coal-black coils of hair and the tawny skins that cover dusky natures.

The audience was surprised, repelled, cold. They applauded, but not heartily. They even encored the second dance, but simply as a freak, and when she ran stooping to the front, instead of a louder burst of welcome, the applause died away. The most extraordinary and effective points passed unrecognized. She had none of that responsive fervor of applause which stimulates and intoxicates a dancer. The audience did not help, it hindered her. But she danced magnificently. Fanny Ellsler would have so modified the dances as to enchant the spectators; but she could not have shown so perfectly the dance of Spain exactly as it is danced, and with all the characteristic gipsy ferocity. The coffee of Mocha, when you drink it in Arabia, is thick and muddy, and your little cup is half filled with slime when you have drunk the liquid; but it is sweet and delicious beyond description. The same coffee in Paris is strained to dusky transparency; but it is thin, and metallic, and changed. Yet it is French coffee, which is thought to be perfect. Nobody shall quarrel with differing tastes; but the Mocha berry browned with care, immediately bruised in a coffee mortar, then made almost a paste from which you drink the liquid, is as different from the beverage of the Boulevards as the dancing of Cubas from that of Ellsler.

IN these parlous times, if you wish to keep a cheerful mind, disbelieve the newspapers; and, in general, discredit all information which is especially authentic. The misrepresentations of print or report are often unintentional, but when they implicate persons they are very seriously annoying. Conductors of newspapers, anxious as we all are for sensations, make surprising personal statements, which might have been verified before they were printed. But it is so much easier to "compose" than to verify!

Here was Mr. Charles Mackay, an English gentleman known to us all as a song-writer, and as a visitor some few years since, when he delivered lectures in many of our cities. It was his misfortune to be—if the expression may be allowed—engineered at that time by a person who has been amusing his

leisure in London and elsewhere, during the winter, by declaring that the nation to which he belongs is not a nation, and the Government to which he is subject not a Government. It may be a very laudable and pleasant pursuit for a person upon his travels in a foreign country to decry his own, but it may also be a performance in which nobody but himself and his friends have any conceivable interest. Nor is it surprising that when a lecturer has been engineered in a strange country, he should have a natural curiosity to hear the engineer when he lectures in his own. So Mr. Mackay went to hear an American tell Englishmen that the United States were death-smitten.

Then Mr. Mackay came to this country; and a newspaper in Boston, whose word has weight, and justly, printed a communication saying that Doctor Mackay—it is a literary, not a medical doctorate, probably—had presided at a meeting of secessionists in London; had now come to help them in this country; was a correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*; had said that he was dissatisfied to find Boston prosperous; had expected to find mobs and general social chaos; openly advocated rebellion; said that the South could never be subdued; that the Government had no right to try to save itself; that we were not a nation; and that we were no better than we should be.

Mr. Mackay, or Doctor, belongs to the guild of letters, and we have a fellow-feeling for him—a desire that justice shall be done; and therefore the points of his reply shall be stated, that he may have the benefit of them, and that we may take another lesson in the necessary art of not believing every thing we see in print.

Dr. Mackay then says: that he went to his engineer's lecture in London from curiosity, was voted into the chair, but upon taking it disclaimed all responsibility and approval of the opinions of the lecturer; that he has not come to this country to help secession directly or indirectly; that he is not a correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*; that if he expressed surprise at the order and prosperity of Boston, it was an emotion of pleasure, not of regret; that he never said any thing so silly as that he expected to find social chaos; that he never advocated the cause of rebellion, but may have expressed doubts of its speedy suppression before he had heard of Donelson, etc.; that he has never spoken of our Government or people but with the highest respect; that he did say that the word "Columbia" was easier to sing than the words "United States," and that he thinks "United Kingdom" would be quite as difficult; and that he hopes his accuser will, when he again overhears the conversation of a stranger, be accurate if not charitable when he tries to repeat it.

Unless Doctor Mackay has perjured himself—and no one hints such a thing—a verdict of not guilty must be immediately entered. And when we read in the newspapers that we are polygamists and pagans, let us hope that our friends will wait and hear from us before they condemn us utterly.

Our Foreign Bureau.

THE Parisian mind is fast approaching the crisis of one of its periodic political fermentations. It may not prove serious. It may not have its Varennes; it may not bring abdication; it has little chance of outburst in barricades (seeing that the

street paving-stones are mostly gone); but it will have its influence upon the Imperial policy, and will leave its mark upon the history of the time. The phases of the new ferment have been peculiar. It did not find its start-point in hunger, in poorly-paid labor, nor even in clamor against the limitations of personal freedom. The nucleus of that agitation which now carries its waves of frothy talk into every café, and to the benches of the stately Luxembourg, has long been underlying the discussion of Church matters. Around the Pope and Ultramontanism have been rallying, month by month, all reactionists, whether of the Orleans party or of the party of the elder Bourbons. And against the Pope, and against all diplomatic impedimenta in the way of a progressive and united Italy, as well as against the domination of priestcraft at home, have rallied as rapidly all the Republicans, the free-thinkers, and the agitators of France. The Empire and the Emperor stand between the two.

The decree which last year granted comparative-ly free discussion to the Legislative Assemblies only served to restore to French talkers the old "habit of tongue." This, the second year, has brought a fruitage of clamorous altercation and keen questionings of every issue of the Imperial policy. It has brought the old talking, trenchant, eager France back to its century-long miracle of unrest.

A new gift of the Emperor, in putting the purse-strings in keeping of the Legislative Assembly, has quickened the consciousness of their cumulating powers; while it has given the first occasion to stay and inhibit a wish of the Emperor. The papers will already have given to our readers the full details of the affair to which we allude; to wit, the proposed dotation in favor of the General Montauban, created Count of Talikao, who commanded the French expedition of two years gone to China.

The gift of titles vests in the Emperor—whom-ever he names Count must bide a Count; but with the dotation of fifty thousand francs per annum attaching to the hereditary title the case was different, and with a spurt of their new financial independence the Assembly refused it. The nominal grounds of objection were merely technical, and had a certain validity. But the General Montauban is not a popular man, in the sense in which Pelissier was popular when he threw British generalship into the shade by his bold storm of the Malakoff. French pride was never thoroughly enlisted in the Chinese campaign; partly because it was reckoned the solution of a purely British quarrel, and partly because its issues redounded to British profit far more than to the profit of France. Frenchmen had no opium to sell, no harbor to hold, and the only blazon of the affair to their minds was the planting of a French cross in the midst of the wilderness of Pekin. Besides which there have been vague rumors ever since the return of the French expedition that the spoliation of the Chinese palaces gave great loot to the generals and soldiers engaged, and French soldiers or French people are never proud of loot. An ounce of glory is more to them than a pound of booty. Montauban has suffered from this cause. His antecedents, moreover, carry no lustre with them; his name was not one to conjure an army shout with: so it has happened that the Emperor's application in his behalf was repulsed.

Montauban indeed begged his Imperial master to withdraw the project so soon as he had intimation of the antagonism it would provoke, and in a very creditable letter. The Emperor, however, in

round terms reassured him of his admiration for his valor, and his determination to maintain the purpose of rewarding it.

Affairs looked very much like some of those old State crises which have arrayed the sovereign in unyielding and fatal war with the wishes of his Parliament. But the time is not yet. The Emperor, if a warm friend, is still the admirably cool and adroit tactician. He writes a letter to M. the Count de Morny, President of the Legislative Assembly, lamenting that there should appear a want of harmony between the Chief of the State and that popular Assembly, without whose concurrence he can not effectively carry out measures for the welfare of France. Both Chief and Assembly are only agents of the people: there should be, therefore, there can be, justly no conflicts between them. He proposes therefore, in place of the project of special dotation, a scheme by which his intentions may be carried out, and which he believes to be more in accordance with the wishes of the Assembly. He proposes a special credit, from which, by Imperial decree, acts of special military valor and desert, whether of marshals or of private soldiers, may be honored with such rewards as France loves always to give to her heroes.

We abridge and paraphrase the letter, but give its intent. There is delicate flattery of the Legislature, there is appeal to French generosity, there is apparent abeyance to the wishes of the Assembly, and there is adroit insistence upon his intentions. It called up a great shout of *vivats*, and it has won an Imperial victory.

It is not, however, claimed as a victory; the victor is too prudent. It is doubtful even if the Assembly has not its own private exultation at having kept the Emperor at bay.

But all this, whichever way the conquest may incline, has been thrown in the shade by the free speaking of such orators as M. Jules Favre, who denounce the quasi tyranny of the Government in as round and truculent phrase as did ever Odillon Barrot the Government of Louis Philippe. The police, the law of the press, the law of elections, the sham of universal suffrage, the ignoble occupation of Rome —thus keeping the great, free nation of Southern Europe out of its inherited capital—all these things come under the scathing rebuke of the distinguished republican advocate. He tells the president, De Morny, who writhes in his chair, that the Emperor is the virtual editor of every journal in France; that arrests are made daily without any sanction or color of law; that the abolition of the passport system is only a farce; and that, contrary to the desire of two-thirds of France, French bayonets are to-day supporting at Rome the most odious tyranny of Europe, while across the ocean they are attempting to fasten a king of the worst family of old monarchies in the violated seat of a Republician chief magistrate. Such utterances are not made in the Chamber without their buzz in the street.

Jules Favre, always a marked man by reason of his gaunt ugliness of feature, and his reputation as a skillful advocate, bids fair to achieve other renown in the crisis which seems opening.

He is a man of fifty-three or thereabout, born at Lyons, of a commercial family, and had just finished his "Law" in the schools of Paris when the revolution broke out which dethroned the elder Bourbons and bore Louis Philippe to power. So early as that day he declared against kingship of whatever sort, and in a letter to the *Nationale* urged the reinstation

of a constituent Assembly which should hold national sovereignty.

A famous plea of his in behalf of the insurrectionists "of April," before the Court of Peers, year 1835, commenced with the startling language (for such presence) "*Je suis Républicain*," and he has never belied the French construction of the title. In the time of the Provisional Government under Lamartine and Company, he held the position of Under-secretary in the Ministry of the Interior, and is supposed to have instigated that famous circular of Ledru Rollin's to the commissioners, which was attributed at one time to Madame Dudevant (Geo. Sand).

He was certainly earnest, exaggerated in his Republican views, and uncompromising.

For several years succeeding the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, he was, of course, politically silent; devoting himself in that time exclusively to his profession of advocate, in which he has now risen to be *batonniere* of the Order in Paris. In the year 1858 he was returned as one of the members for the capital, and has fairly entered upon the career which he has doubtless marked out for himself, of undermining the Empire, and restoring a popular Assembly which shall be sovereign.

The world, and, we dare say, the Emperor, will watch that career with interest.

The Senate too has not been free from a fever of language. But the violence and the altercation have been kept within the bounds of the interminable Papal question. The Prince Napoleon, recovering from his first display of passionate bitterness, has pronounced a well-considered and logical argument against the French occupation of Rome. The points of any such argument are too old for repetition; they are indicated and sustained at once by the instinct of every republican and liberal mind.

The democratic affiliation of the Prince has long been known; but the question arises, if his presenturgence of the views of Ricasoli and the liberal men of Italy, and his consequent opposition to the Imperial policy, is the result of conscientious sympathy with the cause of freedom in the Peninsula, or simply an adroit neutral attitude between the Emperor's designs, and the harsh ultramontanism of such men as La Rochejacquelain and the prelates of France. It is a question that time only can solve. Certainly the Prince is not a man whose character and luxurious habits of life can command the worship or even respect of such stern republicans as Raspail or Louis Blanc: his arguments may convince the Senate possibly, but something more than artful collation of historic facts would be needed for effective leadership of the men who inhabit the Faubourg St. Antoine.

He is clearly covetous of the incense of popular applause, and ambitious of a large democratic championship. A prince can stoop to this when he has no executive power; yet the same prince might fail of lifting himself to such level if power were in his hand. We doubt if the Prince has either the intensity of purpose or the self-abnegation which are requisite in a great leader of the people.

To those who have known him as the luxurious lounger in the Bois de Boulogne, or the assiduous visitant at the Théâtre Français in the days of the Queen of Tragedy, his speeches are a surprise. It seems almost incredible that a man who has slipped into the *fauteuil* of the Palais Royal so easily as he—who makes a merit of his connoisseurship in the pretty paintings of Greuze and Boucher—whose figure might make a type for a new and polished

Silenus—whose history might foretell an intellectual culture brimful of Catullus, but with no drop of Tacitus or Grotius—that such a man should parry history with a Rochejacquelin, and neology with a Cardinal, and state-craft with Billaut, seems, as we said, quite incredible. But it is true nevertheless; and his speeches have the point of good artifice, and the pungency of keen satire.

We are by no means disposed to count him, as some do, the leader of the progressive and liberal party in France. He has as yet by far too keen a smack of the palace to enlist the confidence of those who are burrowing under all palaces. He stands related to the present earnest republicans of France very much as Philippe Egalité (the father of Louis Philippe) stood related to the Republicans of Mirabeau's time.

And the rich Egalité had a bad end.

WE pass from these men and symptoms of revolution to the quieter theme of birds, and an eccentric lover of birds. Observant readers will remember that this Bureau of ours has its nominal establishment upon the Quai Voltaire. With the exception of certain apocryphal journeys which have been duly indicated, it has not shifted position since the day it was instituted.

At three of each afternoon, during the early summer of 1861, there was a chattering of daws upon a neighboring balcony, which presently came to engage the attention of the cab-drivers opposite, then of the street-folk, and, finally, of all passers-by. How came it that the jackdaws, which every Paris visitor will recall, wheeling about the high tower of the Jacquerie, gathered at this special balcony at three of the afternoon? What drew the daws, and whose was the balcony?

It was noised at length among the neighbors that a quaint old Portuguese gentleman, connected in some way with the Portuguese embassy, held the apartment to which the balcony was attached, and provided food for the jackdaws from his table every day punctually at three. There they rustled and chattered and gorged the meats furnished them, then whirred away to their homes among the roofs of the Tuileries and the sculptures of the Jacquerie Tower.

This friend of the birds was the Commander de Gama Machado, a zealous naturalist, and well known to the scientific coterie of the Jardin des Plantes. He died early in the summer of 1861, leaving a large fortune. His family on the Quai Voltaire consisted only of a Demoiselle Elizabeth Perret, sixty-six years of age, and a hundred or more of rare birds from the Himalaya, the Indies, Africa, and Peru. His love for birds was a passion. He imported necessary food for them from their native countries, devoted himself to a study of their habits, and has left a magnificently-illustrated work containing the result of his observations. There were individuals of this feathered family which had been his daily companions for thirty years. The age of each one was recorded, and several were left by will to distinguished naturalists.

The Demoiselle Elizabeth Perret had been in his service for forty-six years, and had become friend and legatee to the amount of thirty thousand francs per annum. She had learned to love the birds like her patron, and it was her zealous care for them which had won his friendship and his generous bequest. By special testamentary order the jackdaws, which had been fed every day in his balcony for the

six years last past, were left unfed on the day of his funeral, and the funeral he had himself appointed at three of the afternoon. Thus the poor gentleman had arranged his own dirge, and his body was followed along the quay by the incessant clamor of the ravens.

AND now that we are in the way of Paris *causerie*, let us sketch another episode belonging also to our Quai Voltaire. We have spoken of the book-stalls which are along the river bank, within plain view of our window. The booksellers are in rusty, clumsy paletots; they smoke, on occasions, short pipes, drawing matches upon the asphalte of the pavement, or, if the weather be damp, upon the lining of their coats. Their wares are arranged in long wooden cases upon the stones of the river parapet, and are ticketed ten sous, twenty sous, sixty sous, or a hundred sous, as the case may be. Every bibliomaniac of Paris takes his weekly stroll along this quay, casting furtive glances over the musty boxes, and occasionally pouncing upon a treasure. We have ourselves secured in this market dainty folios in vellum with dates of the fifteenth century, or rare bits of binding with royal initials interlaced upon the covers, which came doubtless from some old revolutionary theft—so old that the odor of the theft had softened down into the perfume of honest book-trade. Thus we have an *Elzevir* of the *Poemata Septem*, covered over with the cipher of a Bourbon; and a Michaud's *Crusades*, with the initials of Louis Philippe; and a *Pastor Fido*, with the imprint of the Italian house of Este; and a *History of Gardening*, with the Imperial stamp of the First Napoleon.

About these stalls, with such occasional prizes, we have seen an old gentleman respectably clad, though in a threadbare suit, passing from time to time in a furtive and mysterious way, giving his attention more to the bookseller, as it seemed, than to the books, and finally passing down the quay with the nervous, eager step of a culprit.

These quay merchants come, after a while, to know the face of every serious buyer; but this old gentleman, who glanced here and there so rapidly, and who walked off in such nervous haste with his coat pocket suspiciously laden, soon challenged their attention. They compared notes together, and gave hint of their mistrust to the nearest *sergent de ville*, who accordingly placed himself on the watch.

At his usual hour the old gentleman came up, glanced eagerly here and there, paced back and forth, sought his occasion, and with a quick gesture thrust a little duodecimo *broché* into his coat pocket.

But the official with the dainty rapier was straightforward at his side.

“*Monsieur*, I arrest you.”

“*Mon Dieu!* arrest me?”

“You have just now stolen a book from this stall.”

“A yellow book,” says the eager trader. “It's not the first; you're an old hand at this; we have seen you before: we have you now.”

Two or three have gathered around, and say, “Pity! so old a man too!”

“I a thief!” says the poor gentleman, with mingled shame and indignation.

“But how can you dare deny it?” says the official. “I have caught you in the very act.”

“A thief! I?” repeats the old gentleman, in a maze of apparent consternation. “Ah, *Messieurs*, if you knew—”

“*Oui, oui!* the old story,” say the by-standers,

half sympathizing with him, "no bread, no employment, family suffering; for God's sake let him go."

"Come," says the agent of police, taking him by the collar, "tell your story to the commissary."

The crowd has gathered meantime, and the look of agony and shame on the poor man's face has kindled a little pity even in the booksellers themselves.

"Enfin," says one, "do you deny that nearly every day under pretense of looking over our cases you bear off a volume or two in your pocket?"

"Hélas, Messieurs, since you force me to say this, it is precisely the contrary that happens."

"Comment, Monsieur, it is we who rob? *Pardieu! voilà qui est trop fort!*"

"Oui, Messieurs: search me if you like; you will find three volumes—not stolen, *mon Dieu*, no; they have cost me dearly—all my savings for years have gone that way."

"Let us look," says one of the by-standers. And the police agent finds in the pockets of the arrested man three copies of a book in yellow paper covers, entitled, "*Dictionnaire des Idées*."

"Eh bien, Messieurs," says the accused, "look over your cases from the *Pont Neuf* up, and you will find just five copies of the same—an excellent work. But ask every holder—ask this man before me who would have me arrested as a miserable thief—if they or he ever bought such a volume." And the old gentleman at the same time pointed out a copy of the work in question, in the case before him, marked twenty sous.

The seller takes up the book, looks it over, finds no mark of his own, does not know it; but recalls that he had sold such an one a few days before to the bibliophile Jacob.

"Bibliophile Jacob!" exclaims the old gentleman under arrest, "what honor!"

"What then can all this mean?" says the officer, a little softened by the culprit's manner.

"*Mon Dieu*, it is very simple," says the poor man. "I am myself the author of the '*Dictionnaire des Idées*', which after each word names the ideas which that word naturally suggests—a precious book for poets, a precious book too for prose writers. But for all this I could find no publisher, and I have imposed upon myself years of privation and economy, from a little salary which I gain as master of Latin in the Institution de —, that I might give it to the world. I waited with interest for the sales, believing they would reward me; I sent it to the journals; to all the writers of the day. But the public is given over to vain romances. Only six copies in as many months did my publisher dispose of. Fifty more have been distributed *gratis*. As a speculation it has miserably failed me; the loss of the moneys spent I might forego, but to find my cherished work unknown and unregarded was too cruel a disappointment. I therefore bethought me of distributing it along the Quays, where I have seen the excellent Béranger, in other times, regard it; where I have seen even Guizot and Villemain give it a glance as they passed down to the Chambers of the Institute. Even the bibliophile Jacob has purchased one. I thus had the satisfaction of knowing that my work met the eyes of the learned, and that the name of the author could not be wholly obscure."

"Eh bien, at the very moment you have arrested me I was on the point of slipping the copy of my book, which I had placed in this case a week since, again into my pocket, in order to give it a new trial

along the stalls farther down. It is painful to me to make such explanation in order to relieve myself from the charge of stealing, but it is every word true."

"But why," says the stall-man, "did you not offer your book at a reduced price to us? I myself would take a half dozen at ten sous."

"Ten sous! The '*Dictionnaire des Idées!*' ten sous! *Mon Dieu! Monsieur*, I had rather run the hazard of such an arrest than to offer the cherished labor of my life at so vile a price. You do not understand an author's dignity."

In short, the poor gentleman stood fairly acquitted of theft, and had the satisfaction of disposing of three copies of his book to as many compassionate bystanders, who limited their charity only by the price of publication.

It is an over-true tale, and may be true of many in Paris whose story does not see the light.

If we step from the Quai Voltaire to the Chambers of the Institute a short way below, it is to listen to a new proposition for a great Artesian well, which shall dwarf all enterprises of the kind yet undertaken. We mentioned with some detail the engineering works at Passy, and the fortunate result of those works. M. Gaudin, an intrepid engineer, now proposes to sink a shaft to the great water-basin underlying Paris and its environs, of a diameter of no less than fifteen feet, and something like half a mile in depth. It seems stupendous; but the proponent urges the scheme with rare ability, and compares it with the horizontal shafts which the railway companies are driving every year further and further under the mountains, and always with success. Let us only make a miniature tunnel, he says, vertical instead of horizontal, and we give an abounding element of life to ten millions of inhabitants. The scheme of M. Gaudin contemplates a grand *Château d'Eau* in granite, rising at least one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Paris plain, to which height he is confident the immense column of water will rise; and he estimates the total cost of execution, *château*, shaft, machinery, and all appliances, at the moderate sum of a million of francs.

The distinguished surgeon, M. Jobert de Lamballe, discourses at length and with the earnestness of conviction upon the reproduction of tendons. The reproduction of bony matter in the human system is abundantly attested. We are not writing medical theses; but if bones and tendons find elements of reconstruction in the play of the vital economy, why not muscular tissue—some such muscular tissue as belongs to the heart itself? To what limit shall science go in hatching us into the integuments of weary life? One lung has been proved enough to aerate the blood; when will the play of one lung work reparation of the other?

If we go from the Institute to the Theatres we find, first of all, a wondrous scenic display at the Grand Opera, which revives Biblical traditions of the Temple of Solomon. The scene-painters have tasked themselves with a revival of the cedar beams of Lebanon, and the jasper set in the wall, and the golden decorations. But the music is not equal to the hangings, and the hangings do not call such plaudits as the ballet. A new piece at the *Français* finds its pivot in the strange topic of filial love. We can not stay to give the plot. Its burden rests upon the French custom of *dot*-ing a married child; and the virtue lies in repayment of the *dot* to a ruined

parent. The votes of applause and of the play go to sustain the policy of repayment.

THE masked balls of the Carnival season have been numberless. The *chroniqueurs* are full of them. But it is only the old story of "Night" sparkling with spangles of stars, and "Day" dreamy with golden suns; peasant dresses for shapely ankles, and marchionesses of the old time for complexions that gain by rouge and powdered, piled-up hair.

Mysterious dominoes glide here and there; and by such mention we learn that the Emperor and Empress were present.

But *Paula majora canemus!* Nations are at play of mask while the balls go on. Italy, for instance, which we thought well settled into parliamentary system, now shows herself in the leadership of Ratazzi in place of Ricasoli.

It is a grand surprise to us, who last month counted upon normal development of all the questions at issue, and a surprise to Italy and a surprise to Europe.

Italy, too—like France—is in the heat of a spring fermentation. Hatred of Austria, and an earnest determination to engross the ruins and the renown of Rome, are indeed a part of every Italian's opinions. But why should Ratazzi supplant Ricasoli? The question is easier asked than answered.

We fear that a secret political cabalism can alone explain it. Ricasoli is a stern, conscientious, straightforward man, who might have stepped, with all his dignity and primness, out of the archives of a proud Italian Republic of the medieval times. Ratazzi is a schemer, a tactician—shall we say a demagogue?

There was no open war between Ricasoli and the Italian Parliament; there was no vote of failing confidence; but there was no heartiness of support which could eheer him. With his cool, sagacious mind he could not fail to perceive that, underneath the apparent votes in his favor, there was an undercurrent of distrust—a secret determination to baffle him, which his proud temper could not brook. So he handed over the state power to the King.

We wish heartily that there were no bad rumors about the King; we wish that his life were such as to forbid the scandal of the reporters; we wish that he were less a lover of pleasure and more a man of the cabinet. None doubt his generous instincts, his proud Italian feeling, his gallantry in war, his instinctive courage, his love for his people; but, unfortunately, the enemies which the King (if rumor be true) has most need to eombat, are not at Rome, not in Paris, not at Vienna, but in the regal palaces of Turin. The man of strong appetites has no enemies so great as those he meets at home. If he rule them, he can—so far as self-abnegation goes—rule a nation.

But let us hope for the best. Ratazzi is *premier*. He has ambition, Italian feeling, love of liberty, resolute opposition to Papal temporal authority. Moreover, it appears that he has the confidence of Garibaldi to an extent which Ricasoli never could command. This is easily explicable. For Garibaldi is essentially and inordinately a democrat. Ricasoli was a baron. Ricasoli could not forget the stately courtesies of a higher social life; he could not doff his gloves; he could not bend himself to the easy fellowship of the camp-room; he could not forget the—Signor. Ratazzi can.

Ratazzi and Garibaldi have talked together; as much could never be said of Garibaldi and Ricasoli.

Shall we see, then, a blending of plans which will work out the complete independence of Italy? We

should be glad to express our confident hope of this. But we can not forget that Garibaldi is the most simple and straightforward of men, and that Ratazzi is artful, adroit, ambitious.

But let us hope for the best. On the anniversary of the birthday of the King's son, Prince Humbert, the new Prime Minister gave a dinner party. The British ambassador offered a toast to the "King of Italy." The Prussian ambassador, hampered by the non-recognition of the new kingdom by the King of Prussia, gave only—"the Prince Humbert!" The Minister of the United States (Mr. Marsh) gave—"the happiness and union of a disunited people!"

Did this mean Italy? Did this mean North America?

As for Romish affairs, they remain as they were. The French ambassador, the Marquis de Lavalette, domiciled in the Palace of the Colonna, has recently had his official reception; and all those gracious things have been said, doubtless, which belong to the dependent position of the Church and the protectorate position of France.

British engineers employed upon the railways are stilettoed from time to time without much remark. Civilization staggers under the triple crown, and feels its insignificance.

As for Naples brigandism still survives, and a French deputy only the other day had the hardihood to declare that Victor Emanuel was not King in the South.

The armies of the Austrian Emperor are bristling with new activity along the lines of the Mincio, and the Austrian navy is gaining strength every day in the waters of the Adriatic.

UPON the Italian imbroglio and the war of Montenegro comes now the Greek rebellion. What does this mean? Is not Otho King by law, and can he not do as he chooses? The insurrectionists say No. They say he has forgotten or ignored his promises. They say he is no Greek, but Bavarian (which, by the change of a letter, means only barbarian). They neither love him nor the Queen. They are inoculated with the new nationalism of Italy, and will have only Greeks. The revolutionists hold Nauplia, one of the strongest places of the little kingdom, whose guns command the plains of Argos. The island of Syra, too, has declared against the Government; and, in despite of the announced blockade and the little fleet of Otho, hold daily communication with Nauplia.

It may prove but the beginning of the solution of the whole Oriental question.

MEANTIME, stolid Prussia has its ferment. Before yet the acclamations that attended the ceremonies of Königsberg have died upon the air, the Prussian Parliament is dissolved by a fiat of the King.

A proposition to bring the national credits under the immediate supervision of the popular Assembly was ignored by the Ministers. They were outvoted, and resigned. What does the King? Appoint a new Ministry? Nothing of the sort. He refused to accept the tendered resignations; and if the legislative chamber is persistent (as it proves to be), promises its dissolution, and the order for a new Parliament.

So to-day it happens that an election is going forward in the old kingdom of Frederic the Great, which is virtually to determine whether Prussia

shall be a nation governed by a God-appointed king, or a nation governed by itself.

How the Great Frederic would have frowned down the obstinacy of his law-makers! But the years have changed, and the men. Kings are not so great, and the people are not so little.

The occasion is glorious for a man of the right stamp to lead off Germany in the way of liberation and a united empire; to stamp all the little Germanic kingdoms or dukedoms with the seal of a nationality that might guarantee growth, and freedom, and power, and dignity; but the coy, reluctant martinetism of the Prussian King will never do it.

As for Hungary, it is much to be feared that there is not that unanimity in the national councils which will carry the nation safely through its struggles. Even in the late Diet, now dissolved, were two parties, one rallying about M. Deak, and called the party *de l'addresse* (which is as much as to say, expediency); and the other, far more earnest and outspoken in its opposition to Austria (called the party *de resolution*). Both, it is true, have only one end in view—complete divorce of Hungarian from the Austrian rule. They only differ in the means proposed for accomplishing this aim; but a difference of this kind at such a critical epoch may very possibly work the ruin of Hungary.

It can not be concealed that in Hungary, as in almost every country of Europe, there stand in opposition the purely democratic pretensions with the aristocratical privileges which carry the weight of precedence, and of actual possession. And it is melancholy to perceive that the antagonism between these two is as bitter and earnest as the antagonism of both to the Imperial claims of the court of Habsburg.

Editor's Drawer.

MAKING FUN of serious things is never allowed in the Drawer, for two very good reasons: it is wicked, and it never pays. The first settles the matter, and the second clenches it. The Drawer thought to do a good thing by laughing at the follies and the sins of men who take the pulpit for their platform, and make religion a laughing-stock by their impertinence, irreverence, or ignorance. And into the Drawer some of the best divines in the land have come with their anecdotes of clergymen and others which have afterward been read by millions, doing a good work their writers and the Drawer thought.

But if there was ever a line in the Drawer that has made a bad mark on the hearts of any of the million who read it, or has called a blush to the cheek of one who heard it, that line we would wish now, as if dying, to blot, and never to see its mate in the Drawer again. To suit the tastes or to come up to the standard of all is neither the aim nor the hope of the Drawer. And in "shooting folly as it flies," if virtue should be wounded the Drawer would weep itself full of tears.

ONE of the most religious of the Episcopal newspapers entertains its readers with the following story, which appears well enough there, but when it is copied into secular and profane newspapers, as it is very widely, it is criticised as making light of serious things. But the story has a good point to it nevertheless:

A Virginian circuit preacher gives the following illustra-

tion of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

"'Bredren,' he said, in his broken way, 'whateber de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book,' holding up at the same time an old and evidently much read Bible, 'dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it belongs to God; jumpin' at it belongs to me.'"

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, who was once the British Consul at Boston, and now a sturdy blasphemer of all Yankeedom, was run over by a Train in London last winter. We have never heard whether he picked himself up or not; but being an Irishman, he doubtless did. In one of his many books he tells of an Irish dinner at a country Squire's, where they made a night of it. A priest in the party sings a song; and Corney Cahill another, beginning:

"Here's a health to Martin Mulligan's aunt,
And I'll tell you the reason why—
She eats because she's hungry,
But she drinks before she's dry.
If ever a man
Preached over his can,
Mulligan's aunt would cry—
Come fill up your glass,
And let the toast pass,
How d'ye know but your neighbor's dry?"

Jack Mandeville followed with a chant, an Address to Whisky Punch, a large tumbler of which he held in his hand, and drank of it between every stanza:

"O Whisky Punch, I love you much, for you're the very thing
To level all distinctions 'twixt a beggar and a king;
You lift me up so aisy, and so softly let me down,
That the devil a hair I care what I wear, a caubeen or a crown.

"While you're a coorsin' through my veins I feel so mighty pleasant,
That I can not jist exactly tell whether I'm prince or peasant;
Maybe I'm one, maybe the other, but that gives me small throuble,
By the powers! I b'lieve I'm both of them, for I think I'm seein' double.

"The man who first made claret or Made-aira was a botch
To him who first invinted whisky, Irish or Scotch;
The praise of pure poteen I'll sing, in epic, ode, or sonnet,
And bad luck to him, I say agin, who'd throw cold water on it.

"How mighty fast the room turns round, with all the people in it!
Oh, I hope this night will shortly end, that we might once more begin it!
For 'tis my delight, at morn or night, while our tumblers we are clinkin',
To turn my head away from bed, and dhrame that I am drinkin'.
Then Whisky Punch, long life to you," etc.

The carousal goes on; midnight comes and goes, but the guests go not. The uproar becomes more uproarious. The weakest headed are one by one falling under the table. The priest, finding his ninth or tenth tumbler of punch rather potent, called for hot water to weaken it.

"Hot water, Thiggen, to his reverence," said the Squire, with a wink of his eye.

"Hot water," echoed the priest.

"Yis, yer riverence," said Thiggen, the servant,

lifting the copper kettle that was kept "on the boil;" and he filled up the tumbler. The priest half emptied it, and shaking his head and smacking his lips, exclaimed, "It's still too strong."

"Then hold it with both hands, your reverence!" said the Squire. "More hot water for his reverence."

"Yis, Sir," cried Thigean, and then filled the tumbler again, but without weakening the scalding draught. And why should it? for the kettle contained not water but *boiling whisky*, purposely kept for the priest, to overpower him and get him quietly out of the way. He was thus disposed of. And then the fun really began. And on it went, hour after hour, till the Squire shouted, "Out with the lamps, open the shutters!" and the darkness was suddenly followed by a flood of sunshine pouring into the room.

DR. GARTH, of Edinburgh, was fond of a good thing out or in his practice. Stumbling into a church one day while the sermon was in progress, he found the preacher in tears as he poured out words, not thoughts, upon his listening congregation.

"What makes him weep?" asked Dr. Garth of one standing near him.

"By my faith," was the answer, "and you would weep too if you were in his place and had as little to say."

"Come along, my dear fellow," responded the Doctor to his new acquaintance, "come and dine with me; you are too good a fellow to be here."

This was the same Dr. Garth of whom another story is told. He staid one night at the club long after he had said he must be off to see some patients. At length one of his friends, becoming uneasy about the poor fellows, told him he had better stop drinking and be off.

"It's no great matter," Garth replied, "whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

SPEAKING of doctors recalls Rabelais, who was very severe on his brethren in his last moments. He saw several of them consulting, and raising his head from his pillow, with a sad smile he said, "Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death."

DR. MEAD was at one time the greatest of all the London doctors, and was assailed in a pamphlet by Dr. Woodward, Professor of Physic at the Gresham College. The doctors met, a fight ensued with swords. Mead disarmed his adversary, and ordered him to beg for his life.

"Never!" said Woodward—"never, till I am your patient!"

Under the circumstances, that is as good as anything we ever heard.

BUT, being among the doctors, we must tell one more: The little Abbé de Voisenon was ordered by his physician to drink a quart of water every hour. On the next visit the doctor asked what effect the prescription had produced.

"Not any," answered the Abbé.

"Did you drink a quart every hour, as I directed?" demanded the Doctor, with some severity.

"Ah, my friend," pleaded the suffering priest,

"how could you make me swallow a quart an hour? I hold but a pint!"

A MARYLANDER says that in the middle of that State there lives a preacher who has two sons. The older boy having fallen in love, was often teased by the younger, who was joined by the father in this fun. The annoyance went on until the poor fellow could stand it no longer; but having a profound reverence for his father, he did not wish to offend him, and so he broke out, and said, "Father, you and Tom tell tales about me, and you tell them just alike; but Tom lies!"

This was a delicate insinuation certainly, and the inference was very strong that the old man *lied* too; still he was not so charged by his discriminating son. "I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief, but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

A LADY in California, writing to the Drawer, gives an amusing incident in her travels:

"In 1854 my husband went to Texas to buy a drove of cattle, and I went with him. From Little Rock, in Arkansas, we traveled by land. One day the pole of the carriage broke, and we had to stop at a farm-house while the driver went back several miles to get the pole mended. Among our baggage I had my guitar, and as it had not been unpacked since we left New York I took it out to while away the hours. The women and children of the house heard the music, and gathered around me to listen. At length the old lady held up both hands, and exclaimed, 'Well, the land's sake! I've hearn tell of pyanners, but I never seed one afore!'"

THE same fair correspondent writes:

"In Hartford, Kentucky, lived two gentlemen, Messrs. Black and Brown, the Black man having the largest and the Brown man the longest nose in the village—big noses, both of them noticeable noses: nobody knows what noses they were unless they saw them. One day they met, and Mr. Black taking himself by the large handle of his face, called out to Mr. Brown, 'Walk round, walk round; don't let us block the street!'"

MR. STARK was elected or appointed Justice of the Peace when De Kalb County was first organized in Illinois. He lived in a log-house, and always held his court at home; his wife kept his docket, and attended all his courts to keep his minutes. She was a helpmeet for him, and he courted to some purpose when he got such a wife as Mrs. Stark proved to be. One day when the room was crowded and a trial going on, Mrs. Stark dropped her pencil on the floor, and being unable to find it for the pressure, the Justice roared out, "Stand back, stand back, I say! the Court has lost her pencil!"

IN a small village on the Iowa River Bottom resides a certain doctor, who, although his education is decidedly limited, being possessed of a great deal of self-assurance and bluster, is considered by many of his neighbors to be a man remarkably well posted.

The doctor, a few weeks since, was participating in an exciting political discussion at a country store, in the course of which his opponent, desiring to demonstrate that the negroes, in many instances, were a thrifty people, mentioned that Hayti had contributed a large amount to the "John Brown Fund." At this the doctor straightened himself—"Hayti! Hay-

ti!" says he, "I knowed him back East, and he was a rascally old Abolitionist!"

DR. JUDSON, in one of the largest towns in Florida, was called to consult with a number of other physicians in the case of a wealthy citizen who had been taken suddenly and severely sick. Dr. Judson came late, and the other gentlemen had already examined the case and made up their minds about it. They pronounced it a plain case of brain fever, to which opinion Dr. J. at once demurred. "Brethren," said he, "there is no need of my seeing the patient to satisfy me that you are on the wrong scent; I have known him more than twenty years and never suspected him of having any brains at all!"

Not long since I passed through the Wyoming Valley on the accommodation train of the L. and B. Railroad. As usual on such trains we stopped a long time at each station, and it seemed as if there were stations every five minutes. Of course there was much grumbling among the passengers, and finally, as we stopped at a place called East Pittston a half hour or more, every body's patience was exhausted. One impatient passenger very fretfully asked of another, "What do they stop so long *here* for?" "Why," answered my friend, "you see this is the *accommodation* train. Didn't you see the Rev. Dr. Nelson get off the train? He has gone down town to preach, and they are waiting for him. He preaches at Lackawanna, the station above, also. You understand, my friend, this is the ACCOMMODATION train."

A CORRESPONDENT in Sing Sing sends us the following invitation, which was issued, just before the last St. Patrick's day, in Tarrytown, which is the place just below Sing Sing, where Washington Irving lived and died and is buried; where also is Sleepy Hollow. The Irish brethren are thickening there, and in February they put forth an eloquent call in these words:

LOVE! TRUTH! AND JUSTICE! RALLY! RALLY!

The members of A. O. of Hibernian Benevolent Society of Tarrytown will hold their first Grand meeting at Larry Johneghan's Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1862, at 7 o'clock P.M., in order to make arrangements to celebrate the coming anniversary of the Memorable 17th of March.

Let every Irish patriot of Tarrytown who loves to memorize in the annals of History the glorious examples of our progenitors, carry down unsullied to posterity the mighty deeds of by-gone centuries, Rally on the 4th of February, and make the snow-clad hills of Tarrytown echo with your enthusiasm the historic reminiscences written upon their classic soil; and be ready to participate in giving homage to the Illustrious Apostle of Ireland with millions of our race throughout the nations of the earth on the approaching Anniversary, in the land of our adoption, where Irish valor and fidelity to-day, in her trying hour, defends her from her assailants, and from every foe that seeks to humiliate the proud American Republic, The land of the free and the home of the brave.

EVEN in Pike County, Missouri, in these times of war, the Drawer is one of the cherished institutions. A lady correspondent, in January last, wrote: "I am one of your thousands of readers—have been a subscriber for many years; but as my husband has been driven from his home by the rebels and compelled to join the army, thereby cutting off every thing but bread from the helpless family he leaves behind, I am compelled, for want of money, to forego the pleasure which the 24th volume would be sure to

bring me. But I did not forget the Drawer when I heard a funny story, and determined to send it on.

"One of our country 'neighbors,' Joe Irvine by name, was at the house of a Union friend of mine, who was attempting to convert Joe from the error of his ways by enumerating the various wise things which have been done by the present Administration, and, among other things, the blockade of the Mississippi was spoken of. 'Why,' says Joe, 'this blockade business just shows how ignorant Lincoln is; don't the fool know that the tide will wash all the blocks out of the river, and the first big fresh would carry every bit of brush clean into the Atlantic Ocean?'

"Now I thought that, for a man of property, and one who thinks himself something extra, was rather too rich."

MR. MASON returned from a drive, and his horse being much heated, after he had drunk half a pail of water Mr. M. tells Pat, his hostler, not to give him any more water.

Mr. Mason was obliged to go from town the next day, and on his return, after a fortnight's absence, finds the horse in a distressed and almost dying condition. Examining Pat as to the food, water, etc., that the horse had had, Pat exclaimed, "Water, yer honor? ye toold me not to give him any more water!"

Not long since, a Western pedagogue, while on his way to teach the "young idea how to shoot," overtook one of his scholars, a little girl about five years of age. She was sobbing and crying, and appeared to be in great distress. Surprised and pained at such evident grief, the good man anxiously inquired, what was the matter? what could he do for her? etc. She sobbed out, "I don't want to go to school, 'cause I haven't any hoops."

THE SHADOW KISS.

IN the twilight's gloom
The family sat in the sitting-room,
Chatting the hour away
Before tea,
While Kate and I were watching the gray
Of evening descend o'er the sea,
As in a bow-window stood we.

We talked of times
That touched our hearts as the evening's chimes;
Holding her hand in mine—
Happy me!
And as we looked at the stars that shine,
I kissed her and she kissed me,
As in a bow-window stood we.

Then ope'd the door,
And the light of a lamp fell on the floor;
While a maid did call
Them to tea.
And as they turned—this sight saw all—
Shadows were kissing on the wall
As in a bow-window kissed we.

ONE of the Tenth Maine Regiment writes to the Drawer: "Our regiment is guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from the Relay House to Annapolis Junction, and our men are stationed at short intervals for the length of ten miles. To carry provisions to the men we have an engine and one car, which go up every morning. A sentry on duty is expected to 'present arms' only to the field or staff officers as they pass. It was noticed by the officer

in charge that one sentry always brought his piece to a 'present' as the dinner train passed. He said to him, 'Why do you present arms to us?—we are not the Colonel.' The answer was, 'Do you think I care more for my Colonel than for my dinner?'

AT a session of the Circuit Court in Pepin County, Wisconsin, last fall, a criminal was on trial for grand larceny—the indictment charging the stealing of sundry articles of dry-goods, clothing, etc.—and the amount proved to be stolen was but little more than sufficient to make the required amount necessary to sustain the indictment for grand larceny. The jury found him guilty; and Judge W—, presiding, asked him if he had any thing to say why he should not proceed to pronounce sentence.

The prisoner quietly remarked that he thought the goods were valued too high, and that they ought to charge them at *cost*.

Judge W— remarked that the construction of the law was such that a prisoner could not steal at *cost*, but only at the *retail price*; and he was thereupon sentenced to be sent to the State prison for two years.

THE schoolmasters have not been in the Drawer for some time past, but here is one who must be allowed to speak for himself. He seems to be a German Yankee, and to have a high opinion of his qualifications to keep school. He writes to the Superintendent of Common Schools in — County:

"DEE. SIR,—I Have tryed all means To Become a teacher in our School hous And it Seams thare is nun to be fount. So i am obliged to Due it myself again. They All a Satisfied without me having A satificat from you,, I am able to Teach Reading, Riting, English and Cherman,, Pike Rose mensuration Surveying &c. which is not all Required in our school and this i am able to Due purfect,, Now if you pleas Sent me a Satificat by male,,

"If you will come and visit my school you may Exemane me if you think Probe to Due so,, You know i have Bin at — at the time of your Exemanation,, I think it is verey Obyous to you that i amable To teach school,, and the Black Board i am Also able to Support in all practical questions Intrest Bark stone circle questions, and obticks, Coans, Squares and cimme Circles and all Cints of questions that you will Require of me,

"youth Respectfully, A. B.—"

This was addressed:

"To ——
" —— County Common school Superintendent
" —— Post office
" —— "if i mistake not"

THE following certificate was given to a teacher by the Trustees in the town of — :

"We the undersigned the Trosthes of the — Cool Tistrict to Reacomant — — as our Cool Deiger To Mr. — — the — county Cool Superintend and wish him to have him to be xamined &C.

"yours Rasptfully &c
" — — } Trustees."

ONE of the Drawer's correspondents happened in at the church of the colored people in —, a few nights ago, and writes us the following notice of it:

"The house was very dark, for a single tallow candle—literally a light shining in a dark place—was all the illumination. The congregation was a match for the house. The colored brother in the desk was holding forth on the parable of the Ten Virgins. 'You see,' said he, 'dese ten virgins had lamps; well now, dat's mighty lucky, 'cause dat

brings to my mind dat de *ile* is all gone out of our lamps, and we has to burn dis little candle, and we must take up a collection for to 'plenish de stock of *ile*. Sing, now, while de deacons goes round. Sing de money out of your pockets, bredren; and you wise and foolish virgins too.' The appeal was well timed, and resulted in a good contribution."

ONE of our contributors in —, Pennsylvania, a very veracious correspondent—and in fact all the correspondents of the Drawer are reliable men, who never write any stories that are not true, or at least as good as if they were true—says that they have a debating society in the village, in which most of the educated men take part, and their debates being public are the principal winter entertainment. Simon Scraper is the village barber; and although a man of color, he has had all the best men of the place by the nose, and so has established himself on terms of familiarity with them all. Simon wanted to join the debating club, and was good-naturedly voted in. It soon came his turn to speak in reply to a learned legal gentleman's argument. Nothing daunted, Simon, who had often shaved, proceeded to cut him up: "Mr. President, the gentleman who has succeeded before me has lucidated the subjects in his own intellectual faculties by his grammatical arguments; but I see he has left your head jist as empty when he sat down as he found it when he fust stood up!"

The applause that followed arrested the barber: the President told him he was shaving too close, and Simon "sot" down.

"OVER here in Connecticut," writes a genial friend of the Drawer, "we have two great, not too great, blessings: a couple of doctors, one who preaches and one who practices. The Rev. Dr. —, our worthy pastor, has one weakness: he is often sent for, in the way of his profession, to visit and console the sick, and having once experienced the benefit of a *carrot poultice*, he recommends it for every thing. Our village medical doctor is sadly annoyed by this interference; for the people think so much of the minister they will follow his advice, and all the more about their bodies than their souls. Dr. Pills comes in and finds that the rheumatic patient has a *carrot poultice*; and the typhus fever has a *carrot poultice*; and the pleurisy has the same; and the sore throat has the same; and he is out of all patience with the minister who thus bothers him in his business.

"Last winter we had a parish meeting to devise ways and means to repair the church-bell, which was unhappily cracked by a sudden blow one frosty morning. The worthy minister learnedly discoursed on the subject, and said it could not be mended: it must be taken down and recast, or it would never ring again. Then up rose Dr. Pills, and moved that before giving up the bell as lost they should try what virtue there is in a *carrot poultice*. Every body in town, he said, that was a little cracked, was using it, and he would like to see it tried.

"The hit was palpable, and produced an audible smile throughout the serious assembly. The minister had sense enough to take the joke, and from that time onward he has let the sick people get well without the aid of his *carrot poultice*."

IN the good old times of travel by the raging canal, among the passengers from Rochester, coming east, were a heavy doctor and a sharp lawyer, friends

at home, and disposed to be funny during the long and tedious days of slow-coach journey by one-horse power.

One day, as they were all on deck, and the lawyer, who had a hat full of papers on his head, was playing checkers with the captain, the doctor shouted suddenly, "Bridge! low bridge!" The lawyer dropped his head; off went his hat, with all his papers flying into the water. All enjoyed the joke greatly, as the bareheaded lawyer had to jump ashore, and with a boat-hook fish his documents out of the canal, and then pursue the boat and get aboard as well as he could. He owed the doctor one, and felt bound in law to pay him.

In the afternoon the fat doctor, wearied of sitting, wanted to "stretch his legs" on the tow-path. The boat was steered near the shore; he made a desperate leap, and landed on all fours. But the risk was so great that he said he would walk to Albany rather than attempt to jump aboard. What was to be done? The captain told him to go ahead, and swing down from the next bridge, and he would give the word when to drop. The doctor did as he was told. The boat came under. "Captain," said the lawyer, "let me give the word, and I'll treat the crowd." "Done," said the captain. Slowly the boat moved under the suspended man. "Don't drop till we give the word," cried the captain. Just as the boat cleared him, "Now drop!" shouted the lawyer, and down went the doctor plump into five feet of water.

Like a hippopotamus, the heavy man of medicine waded to the bank; and the boat held up while the lawyer went ashore, gave his hand to the doctor, pulled him out, whispering, "We're even now!"

THE "notis" joke is getting stale, but the following contains a feature entirely novel. It is posted on the door of a "store" among the pineries of Huron County, in Michigan:

Notes

is Hirby given to the person or persons Who stoll a bag out of my back kiching last saturday nite that if hee or shee dont return it soon they cant hav eny more Whiskey of me

walter Hume

Pinnebog jany 6th 1862

A FRIEND in Philadelphia, writing to the Drawer, says:

"At a young ladies' seminary in our city, a few days since, during an examination in History, *not* one of the most promising pupils was thus interrogated:

"'Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?'

"'No,' was the prompt reply; 'he was excommunicated by a bull!'"

ONE of the army correspondents of the Drawer tells a good thing that rivals the Irish:

"It is the custom of the Colonel of our regiment (Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers) to make the rounds every night in person, and satisfy himself that every sentinel is at his post and doing his duty. A few nights ago, while in discharge of this self-imposed duty, he approached a post, and received the challenge as usual, 'Who comes there?'

"'Friend with the countersign,' was the reply.

"Here the poor sentinel was at a loss. The rest of his instructions had been forgotten. The Colonel is a very particular man, and insists that every thing shall be done exactly right. So after spending considerable time in the endeavor to impress the 'rôle' upon the mind of the sentinel, suggested that he

would act as sentinel while the other should personate the Colonel. 'Blinky'—for such is his surname in the regiment—moved back a few paces and then turned to approach the Colonel. 'Who comes there?' challenged the Colonel.

"'Why, Blinky; don't you know me, Colonel?'

"This was too much for even so patient and forbearing a man as Colonel Howell. The gun was handed over, and the Colonel passed on to the next post."

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan sends us a merry account of a sleigh-ride which turned out more unfavorably to the parties than they anticipated. He writes:

"When the sleighing was in fine condition, a party of four gentlemen, rather jovially disposed, determined on visiting a kindred spirit who lives some fifteen miles out in the country, on one of the plank roads diverging from the city. A fast team and a fancy sleigh were procured, and the party, with all the necessaries for such a trip, started, singing 'Dixie' and chiming in the chorus to the jingling of the sleigh-bells. One of the party had found a pass over the road they were going for 'Rev. Mr. Taylor and team when on ministerial business.' This pass they determined to offer at the toll-gates on the way, and thus obviate the inconvenience of making change. Such a party in representing themselves as clergymen on 'ministerial business' was considered a joke big enough to run the risk of undertaking.

"Accordingly linen handkerchiefs were improvised for white cravats, and as the party approached the first toll-gate they assumed very solemn visages and warmly discussed the Emancipation question. This threw the gate-keeper off his guard, and with a very polite 'All right, gentlemen!' the gate was opened, and on they went. The next gate was reached in due time, after three or four stoppages for the purpose of *warming up*, when the Emancipation question was dropped and the subject of foreign and domestic missions substituted. Here they were again successful, and on they went to the next warming place, where they found some half dozen individuals standing around the fire, all of whom were invited to take 'suthin,' and all of whom complied with the invitation with one exception. This person, who started off with a horse and cutter, happened to be the attendant of the next toll-gate. The party did not recognize him at first, and the pass was handed to him with all possible solemnity.

"'Rev. Mr. Taylor and team on ministerial business,' said the gate-keeper, scrutinizing the gentlemen with the keenest glances. 'Can't come that on me,' and he returned the pass: 'there ain't no religion in the party, I'll be bound. You'll have to pay toll clear from town before you can get through my gate; strikes me that I met you at the tavern just below a few minutes ago,' he continued, as the toll was paid him. This was a damper the party had not calculated on, and which completely spoiled their joke. As they were passing through the gate-way, the wife of the toll-man was heard to say, 'I don't believe there's one of that party ever seed the inside of a meeting-house!'"

Iowa Courts of Justice have as legal a claim on the Drawer's attention as any of the older States. A learned member of the bar writes:

"Smart men peopled the Territory of Iowa, and among them was one Bates, a shrewd, but withal

boastful character from New York. Bates's particular hobby was the fact that no man had ever sold him, and no one ever could. Unfortunately for him, there lived and ruled in the town of Burlington old Squire Fales, sharper by one degree than Bates. One cold blustering March day Bates was brought before the Squire on a charge of 'having willfully and maliciously defrauded' a neighbor to the tune of fifty dollars. Some flaw in the papers was taken advantage of, and Bates (he was his own counsel) moved to dismiss the case. 'Look you here, Mr. Bates,' sung out the old Squire, 'we make laws and correct flaws in this country; and'—turning to the constable—'take this fellow out and give him thirty-nine on the bare back!' Mr. Bates paid the fifty dollars and costs, and the last seen of him the floating ice was bearing away a passenger singing,

"Oh, ain't I glad to get out o' de wilderness!"

"A better than that occurred in Squire Overton's office: A man was 'brought up' on a charge of unrighteously pounding sundry and divers inhabitants. Only six witnesses were called, three of whom swore positively that they saw the blows given, and three swore as positively that they didn't see them given. 'Oh, very clear case,' cried the Squire; 'very clear; evidence equally balanced;' and turned the parties out of doors and the spectators to immense laughter."

AN old lady, who had apparently not long to live in this world, requested her daughter to teach her a song of some kind, as she had never learned to sing, and did not know one tune from another. Her daughter was curious to know what had put such a notion into her mother's head at such a time of life.

"Oh," said the old lady, "what a pretty creature I would be to go to heaven with never a song on my lips!"

IN some of the religious denominations they *license* young men to preach, and let them preach on trial some time before they *ordain* them. At a church meeting in Campbell County, Kentucky, there arose quite a discussion as to ordaining a licentiate who had not succeeded very well so far; and Elder Douson settled the matter by moving that he "be required to remain six months longer in his present *licentious* condition!"

JIM DUMMER is a tall, red-headed Texan, whose education was on the prairies, for he never saw a school-house in his boyhood. He got a new brand for his cattle, and had the two letters A. G. put on, as one of his neighbors had them! One day he took up a newspaper in a tavern, and pretended to read it, though he did not know enough to hold it right side up. Pretty soon he cried out, "They've had an awful storm on the Gulf; there's more than twenty ships bottom upwards!"

THE doctors help us as little in the *Drawer* as any other set of men. Are they so taken up with the sick that they never laugh nor make others? Or do they fear that all the readers of the *Drawer* will laugh and grow fat, and never want any pills or powders? They rarely write for the *Drawer*, and probably rarely read it, poor fellows! But our friend Dr. Jones sends us a letter he has received from a man who used to work for him, but has now gone to live in the country:

"February 20th 1862

Dr Jones dear friend I inform you that all my children is sick with the hooping cough i have had to be up with

them evry night for two weeks there is two of them that can not set up long at a time and there is no doctor here that can do any thing for them you are the best physition that i ever heard of or tried and i would be very much obliged to you if you will write to me what to give them i would be very thankful if you would send me 5 dollars and i will come there next fall and pay you in work for it i hope you will write to me in receipt of this letter so no more at present but remains yours respectfully

"To Dr Jones

"When this you see
remember mee."

THE duties of a good deacon used to be defined to be this: "To travel with the minister and pay all the bills." But the editor of the *Examiner*—an excellent Baptist newspaper of this city—being called upon by a correspondent to define their duties, replies:

"One of their duties, we think, is to see that their pastor is provided with a pair of India rubber pants, to be used in baptizing; and no better articles of the kind are made than those of Hodgson's, the price of which is ten dollars a pair."

And another editor, doubting the validity of baptism administered by the aid of India rubber, asks whether "John the Baptist brought one of these 'articles' with him from the 'wilderness beyond Jordan?' or the Ethiopian eunuch had a 'pair' in his baggage?"

OLD PARSON RIVES, down in Tennessee, was sent by Conference to preach to the negroes in a distant part of the State. He was a man of very dark complexion, but would never have been mistaken for a negro. Meeting one of the saucy overseers, the parson entered into conversation with him, and said,

"Perhaps you do not know me; I'm Mr. Rives, the negro-preacher."

"Oh yes," said the fellow, "I knew you was a negro, but I didn't know you was a preacher."

PARSONS, a lawyer in Chicago, was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner. The judge was very hard on him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Parsons moved for a new trial. The judge denied his motion and remarked,

"The Court and the jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool."

Instantly the counsel replied, "The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a Court and jury of his peers!"

IN our army at the West, one of the officers, whose duty it was to furnish the guards with a password for the night, gave the word "Potomac." A German on guard, not understanding distinctly the difference between the B's and P's, understood it to be "Bottomac;" and this, on being transferred to another, was corrupted to "Buttermilk." Soon afterward the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and approaching a sentinel, was ordered to halt, and the word demanded. He gave "Potomac."

"Nicht right; you don't pass mit me dis way."

"But this is the word, and I will pass."

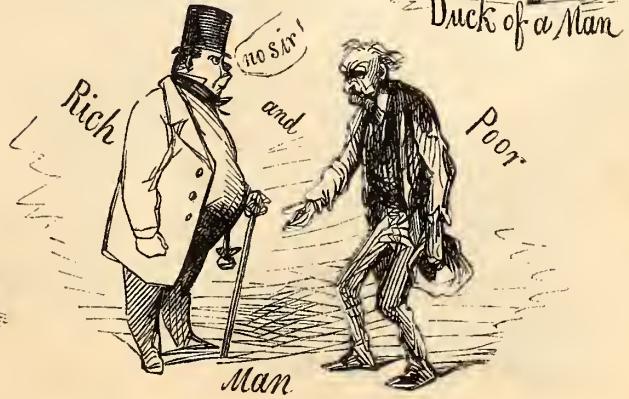
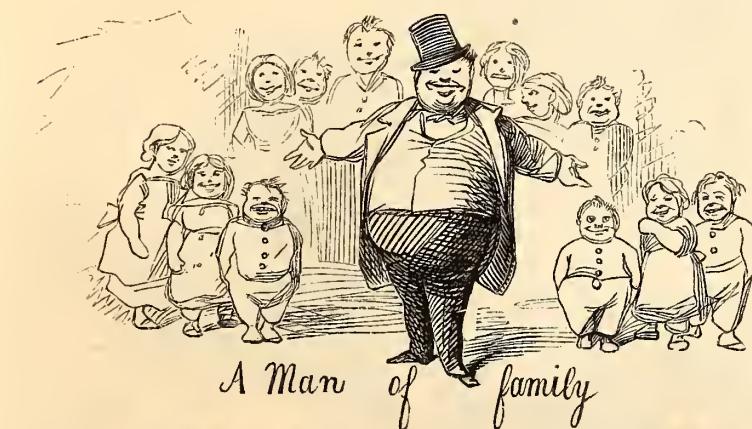
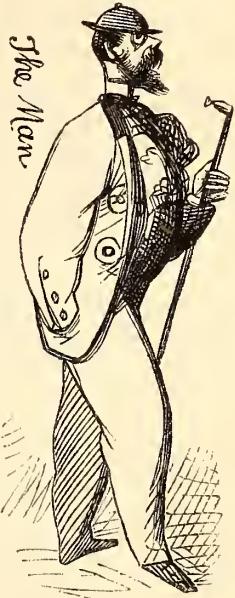
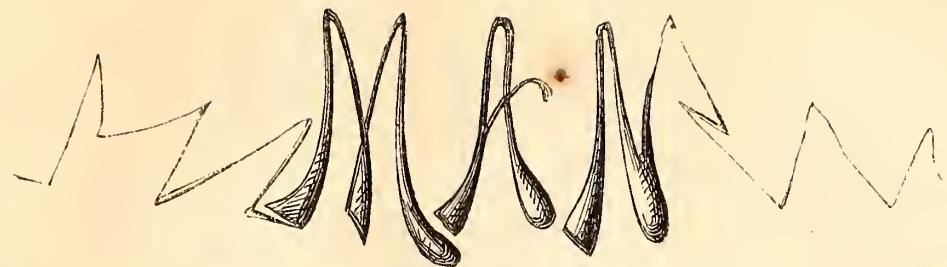
"No, you stan;" at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast in a manner that told Mr. Officer that "Potomac" didn't pass in Missouri.

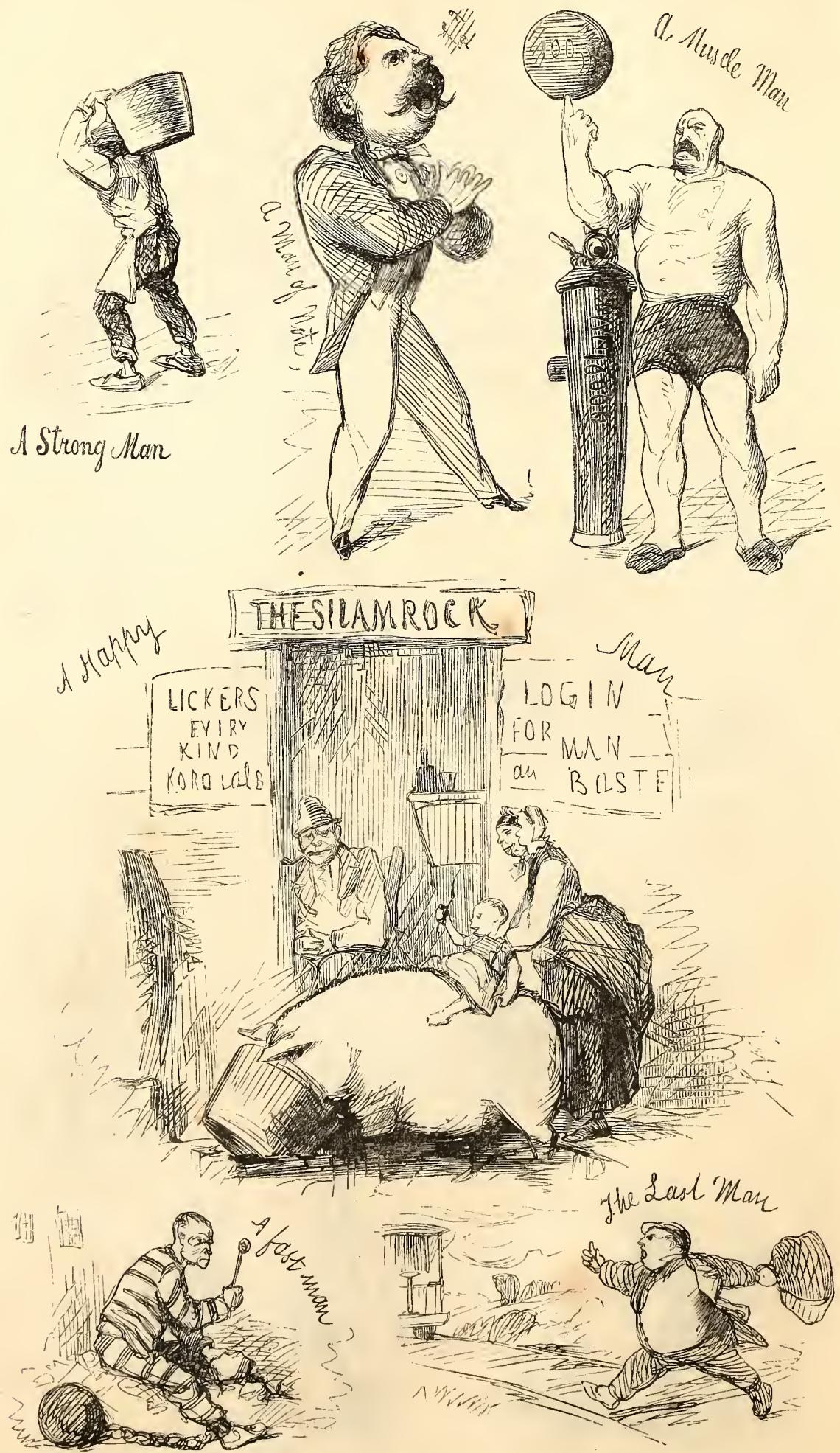
"What is the word, then?"

"Buttermilk."

"Well, then, 'Buttermilk.'"

"Dat is right; now you pass mit yourself all about your pizness."





Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1 AND 2.—SPRING MANTILLA AND CHILD'S DRESS.



FIGURE 3.—PROMENADE DRESS.

THE opening of Spring is characterized by the curtailing of the length of all over-garments. These have resumed the proportions which were in favor some few years ago. The MANTILLA which we illustrate is of black Lyons silk. The front has a

succession of frills, placed very slightly aslant, across the tabs; these correspond in number with those that compose the lower portion of the back of the garment.

The PROMENADE DRESS is of *tan-d'or*, a golden-brown color, trimmed with velvet of dark brown, almost black; the corsage has a waist *à la Suisse*.

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THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

“EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.”

VOL. II.]

NEW YORK, MAY, 1862.

[No. VIII.

Spelling and Definitions

Often Taught in Opposition to the DEVELOPMENT METHOD.

The practice of requiring children to spell and define long lists of words, of whose meaning and use they are otherwise ignorant, we regard as an inversion of the order of Nature, by placing *words* before *ideas*, and hence opposed to the “development” or “Object” method of instruction. We doubt if it is ever desirable, even for advanced students, to learn the meaning of words before there is any occasion for their use. Even under the old system of studying the dead languages, it would have been thought preposterous to require students to learn the meaning of words from the dictionary, before they saw their use in the formation of sentences: and yet the children in most of our primary schools are assigned tasks as hard and dull as such would be; for they are made to repeat unmeaning definitions of long lists of what are, to them, unmeaning words—to take, for example, a column of words from the spelling book, and study out their definitions from the dictionary! This is, so manifestly, an accumulation of words without ideas, that we do not wonder the instincts of children revolt against such mental drudgery. Show children, first, the *things*, and then their *names*: give them, first, the *uses* of words, and their *definitions* are already more than half learned. This is *Nature's* method of teaching, as applied to language, on the true development principle. We approve of frequent spelling exercises: but pupils should have some little knowledge, at least, of the meaning and use of the words which they are required to spell and define. We have our views of the manner and order in which this knowledge should be acquired by them, in accordance with the development or object method, but have not room to present them here. Under the present system of instruction it is very evident that the natural order is inverted, and that spelling, instead of being an adjunct of reading, is made to precede it, as an entirely distinct branch of instruction. For the present we throw out these remarks as suggestions merely.

Similar to these spelling and defining exercises, in their dulling effects upon the mind, are those parrot-like concert drills of the school-room, after they have become so familiar as to require little or no mental effort on the part of the pupil. The tongue may be trained to a mere mechanical repetition of words, just as the fingers may be trained to touch rapidly, in a given routine, the keys of a piano; and there may be just as little mental exertion in the former as in the latter. The tongue was formed to act under the control of the mind, in giving utterance to *thoughts*, and certainly should never be “educated” to act otherwise.

Willson's Readers.

Recent Testimonials, not before Published.

During a year and a half past, the successive numbers of the *Educational Bulletin* have contained numerous testimonials to the merits of these Readers, received from prominent teachers in all parts of our country, and showing an enthusiastic appreciation of the plan and principles of the books, wholly unequalled in the history of school-book literature. Without the ordinary appliances of salaried agents; without gratuitous introductions, but on their merits alone these books have won a reputation, and secured an amount of sale, which no other series of Readers ever attained to in so brief a period. That their course is

still onward in popular favor, and that the test of the school-room meets the fullest expectations of their friends, is abundantly shown by the following, selected from numerous recent commendations, which we have not previously found room to publish:

From those who have used these Readers.

From G. S. SAVAGE, *President Female College, Millersburg, Ky.*, Jan. 30, 1862.

We have been using Willson's Readers in our Female College since September last, and it affords me pleasure to say, that they give entire satisfaction. They are *the* Readers for the School and Family. The selections are admirable, and the paper, type, and engravings are superb. I wish them an immense sale.

From A. F. CLARK, *Principal of High School, Rockport, Mass.*, March 4, 1862.

I have examined Willson's Readers, and have already used some of them in my school. They have created quite an enthusiasm among the pupils on the subject of Natural History. I do not hesitate to pronounce them *the best* Reading Books that I have ever seen, and trust that they may yet become the *Nation's* Readers.

From HENRY W. CLARKE, *Professor of Day and Boarding School, and late Principal in Grammar Department of Public Schools, Newport, R. I.*, March 6, 1862.

Having thoroughly tested the merits of Willson's Series of Readers by a daily use of them in the school-room for more than a year, it gives me the greatest pleasure to express my unqualified approbation of their fitness for the purposes for which they have evidently been designed, *viz.*:

1st. To afford “the means for securing, from the beginning to the end of the course, a free, natural, and graceful delivery on the part of the pupil.”

2d. To convey “the greatest possible amount of instruction, not only in the theory and practice of elocution, but also in those departments of useful knowledge most needed amid the exigencies of daily life.”

Furthermore, I am fully persuaded that, for beauty of finish, typographical execution, and for the number and excellence of the illustrations, these Readers are unequalled by anything of the kind yet offered to the public. They are, emphatically, an *Excelsior* Series of Readers—a Series aiming at, and rising to, a higher state of perfection than any other with which they may be compared.

From C. B. ROUNDS, *Principal of St. Stephen Academy, St. Stephen, New Brunswick*, March 9, 1862.

The more I use Willson's Readers the more I like them. Each day, at the close of the recitation in reading, I feel as though my scholars had learned something besides the mere ability to read. The series will constitute a library, in itself, of useful information.

From W. E. CLIFFORD, *Principal of Wheaton Graded School, Illinois*, March 13, 1862.

I have examined and tested Willson's Fifth Reader. It suits me in every respect. I was afraid that the inculcation of information in your way would detract from the elocutionary excellence that should characterize a first-class Reader: but in this I am happily disappointed.

From W. M. CORNELL, M.D., *Principal of Young Ladies' School, S. Penn Square, Phila.*, March 17, 1862.

Willson's Readers are the best, in my judgment, that I have seen. I am using the Fifth, and shall soon introduce the whole series.

From M. A. EDELMAN, *Rock Creek, Indiana*, March 12, 1862.

I am pleased, beyond description, with the trial of five months that I have given Willson's Readers. The people are equally well pleased.

From H. M. WICK, President of School Board, Leatherwood, Pa., March 17, 1862.

We have been using the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers of Willson's School and Family Series, and we consider them superior to any other Readers ever used in our schools. We wish a copy of the Fifth Reader for examination, with a view of introducing it into our higher grade of schools.

Additional Commendations.

From Prof. A. P. STONE, Principal of Plymouth High School, Mass., and President of the American Institute of Instruction, March 8, 1862.

M. Willson, Esq.;

Dear Sir:

Some months have passed since I received the Primer and the first four numbers of your Series of School and Family Readers. I was anxious to give them a thorough examination before acknowledging the receipt of them.

Before seeing your books, I was apprehensive that a Series of Readers based upon the principle you have adopted would fail to furnish variety in selection sufficient for a good text-book. But I must confess I did not fully comprehend the scope of your plan. I am most happily disappointed in finding a greater variety of interesting selections than I have ever met with in any, or all, other series I have used or examined.

No amount of drill exercise will avail anything in teaching reading, unless the pupils are *interested* in what is to be read. This I regard as the first, and as an indispensable requisite for success in this branch of instruction; and I hardly need say that no department of literature can furnish so much interesting matter for reading, as that pertaining to useful knowledge, and especially the Natural Sciences, from which you have so large and so varied a selection. I think the selections are judiciously made and arranged, and well adapted for the several classes for which they are intended. I like the Elocutionary matter in the Readers. While it is philosophical, it is, at the same time, simple and *practical*. The illustrations add much to the interest of the books in the hands of the young; of which I have seen practical proofs.

I shall be happy to recommend your Readers; and I would like to examine the *Fifth* Reader, which I hope may be of the right grade for my classes.

Very truly,

A. P. STONE.

From Rev. B. C. LIPPINCOTT, Principal of Puget Sound Institute, and Superintendent of Public Schools of Washington Territory, Dec. 7, 1861.

I am so well pleased with Willson's Readers, that if you will send them here we will introduce them into our schools. I have officially recommended them for use in the Territory, and my Report is now before the Legislature.

From Rev. HENRY B. HEAROCK, Principal of Osceola Seminary, Iowa, Feb. 1, 1862.

I have examined Willson's Readers, and give them my hearty approval. Instruction of various kinds is presented in a most entertaining way—and the moral and scientific lessons alone are worth double the cost of the books. The whole series ought to be in every family in the land. I am introducing them into the Seminary as fast as a change of books is required, and hope at no distant day to have them altogether in use.

From EDSON FOBES, Principal of Glen's Falls Academy, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1862.

I have examined Willson's Readers thoroughly, from the First Book to the Fifth, inclusive, and I am free to say, that I consider them the most original and the most useful series of Reading Books ever published. I shall introduce them into my school as soon as practicable, and shall neglect no opportunity to commend them to the favorable consideration of my fellow teachers.

From JOHN N. FULLER, Superintendent of Lacon Union School, Illinois, March 3, 1862.

I have examined Willson's Series of Readers. I have had much experience in teaching reading, and have ever found a great deficiency in text-books. Either they were prepared for giving instruction in the various *sciences*, to the neglect of elocution, or they were prepared as manuals of *elocution* merely, to the utter neglect of a proper series of reading exercises. Hence both systems of Readers have, to a great degree, failed: but Willson's Series seems to combine the excellence of both the former systems, with

none of their defects. I shall introduce them into the schools under my charge.

(We have since received an order for the supply of these schools.)

From Prof. J. HURTY, Principal of Normal School, North Madison, Indiana, March 3, 1862.

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Series of Reading Books compiled by Mr. Willson. I have devoted much time in examining them, from the Primer upward, and have been delighted with them—in the style of the books, matter, and arrangement. There seems more common sense, well employed, in these books than in any others I have ever seen. Other teachers agree with me in giving them their highest approbation. I feel that the cause of Education will be greatly promoted by these books, and shall gladly aid in making them known in our State. Our students are eager to obtain them, and I shall be as pleased to use them.

We have received the following, March 13, signed by 15 Teachers of Morrow Co., Ohio.

We, the undersigned, having examined copies of Willson's Series of School and Family Readers, most cheerfully recommend them to School Boards, School Committees, and Families, as the best Readers yet published. We hope they may be speedily introduced into all our schools.

From PHILIP F. FULMER, County Superintendent of Pike Co., Pa., March 12, 1862.

Dear Sir:

I have carefully examined your Series of Readers, and consider the reading matter of the most choice, entertaining, and instructive character. The illustrations are just of the kind to afford entertainment and instruction to scholars. I have recommended the Readers to the teachers and visitors of this county, and have the pleasure of informing you that they have already been introduced into seven districts. Your *School History* is now used in every school in the county. I consider it the best School History I have examined.

From Prof. J. B. ROBERTS, Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, March 11, 1862.

I have delayed, until the present time, acknowledging the receipt of Willson's Readers, that I might have time to give them a somewhat thorough examination. Having done so, I do not hesitate to say that they fully meet my somewhat sanguine expectations.

When they shall have generally superseded the School Readers now in use (as I think they must), they will do a good and much needed work in creating a public taste for those useful sciences which they so beautifully illustrate.

I shall not fail to use my influence in their favor wherever it is in my power to do so.

From the Board of Education of the Town of Warren, Ct., March 22, 1862.

The Readers which you sent us for examination were duly received, and at a meeting of the Board of Education, held March 11th, it was voted, *unanimously*, that Willson's Series of Readers be used in all the schools of this town, to be introduced at the commencement of the Spring Term. Enclosed please find order for the books.

From the Public Schools of the City of Baltimore.

We have just received the late Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Public Schools of the city of Baltimore, from which we learn that WILLSON'S READERS have just been adopted by the Board, and that they are now the *only* Reading Books authorized to be used in the Public Schools of that city. These Readers are already coming into very general use throughout the State of Maryland.

"American Educational Bureau."

In our last issue we noticed the opening of a "Teachers' Professional Merchandise Department," having for its main object the supply of all kinds of school merchandise, apparatus, etc.; and especially such as is needed for illustrating the *Object System of Instruction*. The idea has since taken a wider range than was then anticipated, and the plan of an "American Educational Bureau" has been perfected for connecting with such a Merchandise Department a general *Teachers' Agency*, on principles which we believe to be wholly unexceptionable. For Circulars address "SMITH, WILLSON & Co.," at the office of the "AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL BUREAU," 561 Broadway, N. Y.

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The *Twenty-Fourth Volume* of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE is completed with the present Number. The Table of Contents and List of Illustrations show the labor and expense which have been lavished upon its pages. Besides the Serial Novels—"The Adventures of Philip," by W. M. THACKERAY, "Orley Farm," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and "Mistress and Maid," by DINAH MARIA MULOCK—each Number has contained Tales, Sketches, and Poems carefully selected from the immense number furnished by American Contributors. While thus giving due prominence to the department of Fiction, care has been taken to supply papers of permanent historical and scientific value. The following classified list includes only a portion of the Articles of this description:

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BIOGRAPHY.—Edward Baker.—William Cullen Bryant.—Fitz Greene Halleck.—Washington Irving.—Samuel F. B. Morse.—Mehetabe Wesley.—Valentine Mott.

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ART AND INDUSTRY.—The American Bank Note Company.—The Building of the Ship.—Caricature and Caricaturists.—Fish Culture.—The United States Mint.

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